

**Bourne**  
**toWrite...**  
creative writing  
workshops

## The Book of Life

by Saffron Swansborough

Each full stop on a page is a fly that is resting  
Hiding from the thumbprint between each word  
It thinks if it lays low it won't be crushed. Yet  
It is the dots and spaces working collectively,  
flanking each noun and verb,  
That hold the manuscript together.

Arcs of semi-colons hang like moons;  
No wonder you take a breath when you see them.  
Really nothing can get in the way of words. Except  
More words. Killer phrases mete out punishment  
On every page. Commas are cleavers grabbing at your ankles.

If you want to move ahead, flick forward

But STOP at the black pages or you'll have gone too far.

We are always looking for *The Word* and we may have found it,  
but

It didn't sink in. So we start again, skim reading not realising

It is not *The Word* we need. It is all of the words

Together and all at once.