

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

A Secret Life

by Fran Duffield

Curled like a fox from the heat
A child in unmown grass I watched
through half closed eyes, the secret life
staggering with burdens, crawling with exact direction,
waiting, for what only they knew, humming
shimmering and translucent, iridescent,
or dun monk brown, mechanical-legged
stumbling to an unheard command
through their dense green-lit forest
with no distant view

curled like a cat from the cold
I am old and watch through half closed eyes
my secret life, the time that is only in my head
watching myself lost in a dim-lit endless wood
where creatures flash by full of beauty and terror
I plaited leaves for shelter
made marks in the tree bark to find a way through
waited for the unheard command
with no distant view

