

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Autumn's Overcoat

by Stuart Carruthers

Stood in the centre of the room
Wondering what to do next
The tall man with the striking red beard
Sigh's heavily

Buried deep beneath tatty blankets
Lost in a recurring dream
You're the reason
Patricia Donovan.

Perched in the doorway
welcomed by a morning sun, milky moon,
Father's rod, tackle bag to hand,
A pleasure handed down.

Walk beyond the church onto precious ground.
Rooks scream. They know you're here,
Names said in silence.
A pleasure to know.

Dirt brown, eerily still, the Brosna welcomes
the stalker.
It's going to be a good morning.
Patience derived from pleasure.

Yesterday's hand, your hand. Sculptured fly
dances to the tune of a delicate wrist.
Swooping swifts, breathless sky,
A master at work, his only pleasure.

You couldn't help yourself, could you?
A nervous excitement as the water laps your gut.
No sympathy as barb draws blood.
Long pleasure has taught me that one pleasure leads to
another.