

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

## The Stone Bears Your Name

by Stuart Carruthers

Waiting in the hallway  
The man in the mirror  
is not a day older  
so he thinks.

Emerging into a soft morning  
as angels pass overhead.  
A curious magpie welcomes another day  
This is how it will be.

Black suit, crisp shirt, polished shoes.  
Last night he can't remember.  
Hour upon hour of needless antagonism  
It was all too much.

Childhood dreams, youthful passion.  
Spencer's Hill night after night.  
Maria's hand, red dress surprise kiss.  
Memory is the thing you forget with.

Flicking stick on granite kerbs,  
a familiar tune. Paperboy smiles as  
cold coins warm frail hands.  
Pearce Street, 1974, lost for words.

Time clouds a restless mind.  
The man in the mirror, the excited boy.  
Anxiety won't open the front door, while  
waiting in the hallway.