



Where Did The Fun Go?

by Stuart Carruthers

Wednesday 19:50pm

Sliding the bolt shut on a cold night to keep the demons out. A chilling wind enters under the door and cuts my ankles in two. Its easy to avoid the one you love within the numerous cluttered rooms of this great old house.

20:05pm

At the bottom of the garden, hidden beneath a drooping willow tree I see your light is on. The heart of the storm is above us. Someone of importance is telling someone who's not very interested about the benefits of Brexit on Radio 4, I'm losing the will to live.

20:21pm

You think I don't know.

Rewriting your will in the shed, night after night. Dinner is in the oven. Dried peas in the pan and a half bottle of red sit on the radiator. Tonight's tea feels unloved. But not me.

20:45pm.

A house devoid of love despite its beauty. Emerging from the bath, once with you, pale skin hangs on desperate bones. The mirror never lies.

I'm in love with you and you don't want anything to do with me so I think we can make this work.

21:17

The old house is creaking. But she won't let me down.

Built by men in flat caps, their pride is evident everywhere. It's a love seldom seen today.

Outside, lashings of rain inflict pain that you can't see.

21:59

Remembering the sweet girl of sixteen. Burning red hair, handmade dress, shoes handed down. You, unlike any other. Uncomfortable in company, Poetry was your escape. Love came in words written by you.

22:17

My side of the bed is warm.

Eyes close, open and close again, as the pages turn.

I accept that my love is not what you need, you just have to say.

23:58

I hear you despite the wind and the rain. The backdoor, creaking stairs. Standing in the doorway, my eyes firmly shut. Uncomfortable love for you, passion for me.

Silence in the middle of a storm.

07:20

Monday, Thursday, it doesn't matter what day it is.

I need to be loved, not just humoured.

I know I'm not what you want, but your mine.

15:24

From behind the crittall window, the avenue welcomes autumn sunshine.

Crying softly, drawing your name on the window. I'm in love with you and you don't want anything to do with me so I think we can make this work.

17:45

Routine bites hard. Where did the fun go?

I'm in love with you and you don't want anything to do with me so I think we can make this work.