

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Fallen Angel

by Stuart Carruthers

Watching the sun rise over wet terraced roofs,
Up the hill washing lines run East to West,
tomorrow's uniforms, divorced socks
dance to a stiff easterly breeze.

Chain smoking before the house awakes
Brown fingertips, ravaged hands
Lonely eyes stare back from the mirror
My mask is your mask, it's her fault.

Bedlam in the kitchen, unconnected conversations, then
Silence. Emerging from behind the books, my friend.
Stop the clock. One two, to steady the nerves
Let's me leave the world behind.