

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Standing six feet one and tall

by Stuart Carruthers

The call came early.
As the kettle boiled.
I can't remember what he said.
I sensed it was too much for them.
Half packed bag.
Upstairs innocent minds too young to understand, they
don't need to know.
The long walk to the station.
Dredging up memories I'd locked away.
Empty carriage, cold tea.
Your sculptured countryside flashes by the window.
Grappling to control emotions unknown to me.
Iron fist, loving eyes.
The grey coat hanging inside the back door.
Brown envelope, rolled up notes.
Dawn to dusk, I spied you from my window.
Shelia Finnegan, John's daughter.
You've got some making up to do.
Emerging onto wet platform, it's been a while.

Slate grey sky, Peat scented air.
Familiar faces with a scowl of suspicion.
Just as I remember.
Up ahead Christ Church bell empties the street.
Stood in the doorway, Father Ryan holds court.
Black suit, Knotted tie.
Just as she would have wanted.
The centre of attention.
Tucked neatly beneath your arm, scribbled notes,
Twenty Carrols, Heaney's Bible.
In times of crisis, we must all decide again and again whom we love.
And still they come.
"Sorry for your loss"
The kitchen table overflowing with doorstep sandwiches.
The grey coat still hangs from the back door.
Dying embers, explosive laughter at times gone by.
clear sky, crashing stars.
I sensed I wasn't welcome
But you were mine