

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

## Garden Path Story

by Fran Duffield

I live now in Looking Glass House:  
in the mirror I see the other me  
smiling, coming and going,  
talking with people I can't quite see  
behind the sharp angle of the door  
the weather changes, the sun moves,  
the tv screen flickers just the same,  
but with different images

On this side, it's always  
five o'clock and snowing:  
always winter, but never Christmas,  
my dark thread steadily unravelling,  
spooling hopelessly over the floor,  
like the endless statistics

I have tried to leave  
but whichever path I take  
I find myself walking back in  
at the front door, forever  
clicking shut behind me