

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

The Clocks Tick Backwards

by Stuart Carruthers

Awake in the early hours
Outside cats crash trash bins
Stragglers sing over lukewarm wraps
It's cold on your side

My eyes play tricks when I see you
A banshee's cry occupies my mind
Memory is all I have now
Knowing that is what kills me

Table set for two
Your ring as you left it
I write every day in different rooms
From memory, I still remember

Boxes half filled, shoes in line
The garden's a mess
I climb the stairs after you most days
Memory believes before knowing remembers