

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Why

by Paul Hunter

I can't explain why I did these things,
A cockerel crows and a blackbird sings.
Magpies and Jackdaws steal trinkets and rings.
I can't explain why I stole those things.

I'm trapped within my box of shame.
My luck ran out in my last game.
Why, Oh why could I not stop?
For goodness sake, my Dad's a cop!

But wasn't that how he'd met my mother?
Same raven black hair and pale complexion.
There had definitely been a connection.
The goods were all returned and warnings given.
Knowing glances exchanged and all was forgiven.

Perhaps now I know why I do these things.
A cockerel crows and a blackbird sings.
It's all unseen..the fault of a gene!
It might be pathetic, but I think it's genetic.