

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

## The Half Life

by Stuart Carruthers

Screaming, animated between the naked autumn branches,  
either friend or foe, Starlings on a bright sunny day.  
Below crumbs fall into long grass.  
Watching, while the radio talks to me.

My body is broken yet my mind's alive.  
In the distance I hear the horseman coming,  
he who took you. I feel I'm hanging on,  
but not today.

Standing on the sideline, you've gone your way  
I'm not sure of mine. The girl with few words.  
On a blank canvas I scrawl your name,  
again and again, until the evening draws in.

My eyes confuse the written word, my mind at ease to sound.  
I took him down from the wall, when the horseman passed.  
I summon breathe from my gut, it pains with anger,  
I feel life is outpacing me

How wonderful to be alive, but I ask myself why does it always hurt?