

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Soundtrack

by Fran Duffield

One of the tragedies of real life
is that there is no background music:
no sinuous strings, no plangent piano
no swooping persuasion to sway
our minds, or others' hearts

there is no agonising crescendo
to dignify our raw and ugly sobbing,
no meditative reeds to fill
the resounding silence of an empty room:
only receding sirens, muffled,
some distant laughter,
as if life really was a laughing matter

At midnight, one of the lost and lonely
vehemently rebukes someone who
isn't there, a raging couple
fling abuse at each other
as they walk away for the last time

Where is the soft repeated theme
to order our discords on a stave,
to edit our jerky jump-cut scenes
into something haunting
and beautiful?

It remains stubbornly missing,
unfound, and we have to go on,
with only the banal percussion
of cups pushed aside rattling,
chairs pushed back scraping,
doors opening and closing,
with a final click.