

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

You know, one of the tragedies of real life
is that there is no background music

by Sue Hitchcock

Are you joking?
Music is a powerful tool,
Really listen, it will take control.
Stand in a crowd, sing then riot,
Quietly chant, make Time disappear.
March to the beat and agree with the crowd.
A soulful song will make you weep.

Life has its own music.
I murmur to the cat sitting on the wall -
He purrs in response to my fondling of his ears.
The beep of a van startles, blackbird shrieks,
plays chicken, flying across in front.
Dogs bark, babies cry, little dramas everywhere.
Steady breathing beside me in bed.

Dictators orate, like a silent film,
accompanied by translator, hurried, misled.
In flack jackets correspondents plead,
to the percussion of bombs and sirens.

What you wish for is a sentimental mist
to soften and sweeten a story of life.