

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Canary

by Fran Duffield

You sensed it first, as it crept
at ground level, invisible,
insidiously poisoning the air
between us

You sounded an alarm call:
I thought you were singing
a new tune, in a minor key,
until you fell silent

The open door, the empty cage:
there can be no other
sweet yellow music to fill
the aching air of my heart