

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

On Seven Sisters

Lou Beckerman

She takes nothing but memories to rewind. Leaves nothing but footprints as she falls and climbs; kills nothing but time as wild forces, ebbing and flowing, erode the fragile landscape of her heart below, lost long ago

She takes nothing but a picture of this view; believes in nothing but this moment of adieu; does nothing till it's time to quit, bit by bit, the ups and downs, just as her moods in seasons of solitude

Hard blow the winds on Seven side-by-side with nowhere to hide from tides of envy and pride. She yields to a corroding of grounding - a slow surrendering into some shadow she's borrowed for tomorrow