

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Our Song

by Sho Botham

You took me by the hand holding me tight
Skin on my fingers feeling soft to your touch
Reflective gazing between your eyes and mine
Lyrics hung in the air in meaningful harmony
In that moment we heard our song

You often took me by the hand holding me tight
Skin on my fingers feeling the labour in yours
Gazing at each other over years of harsh realities
Life's lighter sides hidden in depressive darkness
Then unexpectedly we'd hear our song

You took me by the hand struggling to hold me tight
Skin on my fingers feeling bones of anxiousness
Gazing at each other through old and tearful eyes
I could feel our time together was running out
A joyous sound surrounded us, our song

You cannot take my hand anymore nor hold me tight
Skin on my fingers feels your body's surrender
Gazing without reflective eyes looking back at me
I'm playing it - can you hear our song?
I'm frightened. Of us. Of me. Of living without you