

**Bourne**  
**toWrite...**  
creative writing  
workshops

## Confession

by Fran Duffield

When your fearful eyes  
and familiar mother's voice confessed,  
my fledgling soul beat hard,  
fluttered in confusion

in the chill silence,  
the steel of cloudy winter lake  
was serrated by the water birds

I was not the child I had been, would be:  
I had been remade,  
a living detonator for our disaster

Not a keepsake of a sad union,  
but wilfully created, a lovechild,  
a Frankenstein's creature,  
who would never find  
it's profligate father's love

The birds lifted raucous  
into the white winter sky:  
the muddy swirling water  
closed behind them,  
steadied to reflections  
of the barebone branches

Frowning in concentration,  
the puzzle to be solved  
was how to live now,  
in a world of reflections,  
my doppelganger life