

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Next Door

by Fran Duffield

From the attic I watch,
as hungry for hearts
as Rochester's captive,
and as alone

I watch you laugh,
pacing, smiling,
sign off your call
with a blessing

I think you mean it
because I want to believe,
my own truth excised
from my treacherous body

From the bedroom I watch
your freckled shoulders in the sun,
your strong arms dig
the warm deep earth

I think you could hold me
because I need to be held,
my arms have no power now
to raise me from the ground

From the open doorway I watch
you turn and smile, warm eyes
I cannot know will hide
your empty tin heart