

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

The Heartening Cry of the Banshee

by Stuart Finegan

It's often easier to use the pen
to say what time denied.
Walking into dusk, the heartening cry
of the banshee greets me.

The art of losing isn't hard to master,
yet this now feels routine.
I wear his coat, scent, find nuggets hidden
deep in pockets and the banshee cries

I'm as old as you now, yet none the wiser.
Taken too soon before the sun had time to
rise. Rusted gate opens into autumn's resting
ground and you. The banshee and me.