

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

## Tumbling Towards Lucifer

by Stuart Finegan

Outside a blackbird watches autumn leaves fall.

The garden blanketed in a crisp white frost.

Wednesday.

It's over a week since the devil came tumbling off Spencer's walk.

Katherine eases into the comfortable chair.

\*

Across the floor empty brown bottles and cigarette butts bare evidence of a good night.

A time of laughter and tears.

The house sits silent, awaiting its occupants to rise.

In the hallway a rainbow of colour casually enters from the stained-glass front door.

Abandoned boots and winter coats cling effortlessly to wooden pegs she carved yesterday.

\*

Christ Church on the hill.

No words to explain upon arrival.

The cold marble floor. The scent of incense as the door opened.

Within old shoes a young girl of skin and bone took her seat.

Tumbling from his presence onto guilty pews, expressionless faces lost for words await forgiveness.

Their guilt unexplained.

Sweat covered shaking hands furiously row back and forth over dirt-stained trouser legs.

The silence is deafening.

\*

Welcome

Forgive me father for I have... maybe I haven't?

Go ahead

I...i

Take your time

He already knows father

Knows what my child?

The devil walked through the door father

How do you know?

She looked like you

\*

The walk over Regan's mound on a misty morning is a rite of passage, but not today.

With purpose in mind, Katherine ignored the voices in her head.

A brisk southerly wind pressed hard into her innocent face. It tried but failed to send her home.

Overhead a blackbird circles on uplifting currents.

Voices emerge from the wind then fade as their message leave their imprint on her mind.

Up ahead storm clouds gather.

\*

Down the East Wall is where he promised to marry me, as we passed a stale bottle of cider between us.

Do you love him?

I'm one of seven father, why me?

Have you asked him?

No one loves a woman like me, sure I'm from the East Wall father!

Your soul will tell you

The Devil doesn't have a soul father

And you know?

Blackbirds don't lie

\*

At the top of the lane with the sea in the background, sits the East Wall.

Stepping over bottles, butts and a rainbow she emerged.

Over years of hurt and words that slowly revealed themselves, Katherine stood momentarily in the morning sun.

A simple task in her eyes.

The child emerging for school, innocent, screamed with laughter. The teenager that followed stopped to stare.

A story can only end one of two ways: truthfully or artfully.

If only they knew the outcome, years down the line.

\*

It's a about escapism father.

Escape from what my child

But I'm not...am I father?

What?

If only you could understand father, twisted minds, lost souls

Have you done something bad Katherine?

Innocent, sexual frustration, nose bastard, that's what I see father

May the lord forgive you my child...you're in his house

I know you know right from wrong father...one day

\*

Blackbird perched on a naked branch.

Christ Church bells slowly awaken its deserted streets.

On cold hardened granite revenge walks slowly to the altar.

Too late for words.

Outstretched blood covered hand stretches in vain.

Deserted house echoes to the sound of Lucifer's laughter

Blackbird.

\*

Why?

I adored you father... but now I must leave you

Katherine

Spencer's Walk father, can't you see who's coming to call?