

Bourne
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creative writing
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I'd Do Anything

by Stuart Finegan

Elaine If you walk out that door.

And what?

Sit at the table please...its important you understand the meaning of the words you read.

Oh I do mother and that's the reason I'm leaving.

*

Tuesday's evenings in Robert Emmet's were usually dead. Siobhan kept a close watch over the few regulars, who without notice were prone to serious acts of violence when too much drink was mixed with the politics of the day. A grey stale cloud of cigarette smoke hung effortlessly overhead. In the corner Sandra Kinsella sat alone, whiskey to hand, ready to explode.

*

You lied to me when I asked you, you couldn't look me in the eye.

I tried to, if only you knew the truth mother.

What?

You're too young Elaine to know what emotions, love, rejection can do to a woman.

And you know do you?

Close the door please.

I've a bus to catch, at least... oh you wont understand.

Close the door Elaine, hear me out please.

*

Unrehearsed Sandra rose drunkenly to her feet and silenced the bar with her heart-breaking voice. Old men lowered their heads, flicked ash to the floor.

“As I went walking, the lads and lassies left the factory floor...”

From behind the bar Siobhan poured a glass of poison and pondered the decision she had made earlier. Unannounced yet welcome, Sandra broke their hearts. Without warning memories came flooding back in deafening silence.

“Every heart has its own skeletons and mine remains secret...”

*

There'll be another bus tomorrow Elaine.

Don't, its too late now, you should have thought of that last Friday when...

I lied to protect you.

You lied.

Yes, but one day you'll understand.

You broke my heart mother.

Words, only words Elaine, spoken without thought.

As the boat leaves Spencer's Dock I'll scream that back to you.

*

Pat Joyce carefully removed his harmonica from his inside pocket and silently accompanied Sandra's words. Outside the rush hour traffic from the coalyard went about its business. It was a time for reflection and forgiveness in Emmet's bar that wet, cold Tuesday evening.

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I don't know why I done it, I was vulnerable to his charm I suppose.

You had a choice Sandra.

I'm your mother.

Yet you chose him didn't you? despite what he had done, said, promised.

Elaine please.

I won't need this anymore, you can have it, give it to him why don't ya?

Please Elaine.

*

In clear desperate emotion Sandra revealed her broken heart to the regulars of the Robert Emmet pub. As her words revived uncomfortable emotions long since forgotten within their hearts the young mother said goodbye to her daughter. Old men sat in silence and recognised their lives in her story. From behind the bar Siobhan carefully removed the cork from another bottle, poured herself a large glass and holding back tears promised herself this was the last time. Putting pen to paper she carefully worded her apology.

"O Liffey take me home, with a wind at my back and my sins..."