

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

## Patience

by Fran Duffield

Paper has patience:

it waits, still as a snowfall  
and as hushed,  
waiting for the quick eye,  
the eager hand

it will wait,  
for long unmeasured years  
preserved in the dark,  
slipped in a crevice,  
holding its breath between  
uncaring wood and stone

until some other impatient eye,  
some other warm hand  
smooths the creases of age,  
traces the faded tributaries,  
the map of veins  
of a mind now dust,  
and feels its blood beat  
in them