Bourne toWrite...
creative writing workshops

Clairvoyant

by Fran Duffield

Pale sun strikes through
the creamy paper, expensive,
crisp-folded
lying on the scratched wood

Clara's handwriting, flowing
expansive, lies inert and fixed
while its meaning runs through
my veins like quicksilver

on the windswept fringes
of her funeral I cried hot tears
while cold eyes watched
now a chill clasps my heart

she knew, and knew she had
connived through my ignorance
and yet despite all the lies
wanted to save me from the dark

a shadow has crept
over the sun now, soon
it will take shape behind
the glass of my front door

I will answer
for Clara