Bourne toWrite...
creative writing workshops

The Dark Room (V1)

by Juliet Robinson

I hope this camera works,
Pressed tight against the door
A second winds incoming
It will sweep away what's sure

What was drawn upon the cave walls
Once written in the ash
Its meanings turned to dust now
Gone up like camera flash

Still, it triggers something
A stirring deep inside
The permanence of nothing (ness)
That scores my skin like hide

A scratching at the deadbolt
The rattle of the frame
The creatures at my back now
Can't you hear it (?) whispering my name

Theres a blinking little red light
A message left unread
And I smack the camera in my hand
While it whispers you are dead

And I'm laughing now
My blood begins to dance
The words you carved into my flesh
Fuck, I didn't stand a chance

I stare into the darkness
it's mixed with flashing teeth
And the camera now is heavy
With the secrets underneath

I press record and drop it
Let it falls upon the floor
The beast that once scratched in the dark
Now breaks apart the door

And I turn and face the creature
It won't hold me anymore
Though the damage is inside me
I won't hide here evermore

The Darkroom (V2)

I hope this camera works,
Pressed tight against the door.
A second wind is incoming
It will sweep away what's sure.

What was drawn upon the cave walls,
Once written in the ash,
Its meanings turned to dust now,
Gone up like camera flash.

Still, it triggers something,
A stirring deep inside:
The permanence of nothingness
That scores my skin like hide.

A scratching at the deadbolt,
The rattle of the frame.
The creatures at my back now
Can't you hear them whispering my name?

There's a blinking little red light,
A message left unread.
I smack the camera in my hand
While it whispers you are dead.

And I'm laughing now,
My blood begins to dance.
The words you carved into my flesh
Hell, I didn't stand a chance.
I stare into the darkness,

It's mixed with flashing teeth.
And the camera now is heavy
With the secrets underneath.

I press record and drop it,
Let it fall upon the floor.
The beast that once scratched in the dark
Now breaks apart the door.

I turn and face the creature,
It won't hold me anymore.
Though the damage is inside me,
I won't hide here evermore.

The words I wrote, my _____,

Are the truth you tried to burn

I am no longer running,

And the tables finally turn.