

I am The Muttering Woman

Lynn Hewitt

I will try to go for a walk this morning. The busy, hot bus is just too much – the smell of the diesel and the lurching back and forth.

I jump off at Lord Street, the pleasant wind blowing in my face.

That's better, that's better.

My mind today is as busy as the street, people bustling here and there, attending to their daily tasks. Rush, rush, rush.

I need some peace.

I walk a few yards and as I open the door to the charity shop, the familiar smell and the peaceful atmosphere flows over me. The shop is empty, then it starts, chatter, chatter, chatter from the staff's personal life, who's working Friday, who can't.

I'm tired, I'm tired. I go to find a bench to sit on.

As I look for somewhere to sit, I notice six people sitting in a row in a doorway, eyes darting to and fro, all looking for danger and peace at the same time. I feel that, I feel that.

At last I find somewhere I can sit.

There is a lady on the other end of the bench, notebook and pen in hand, have I disturbed her? She looks at me quickly and writes something down. Its not my fault, its not my fault my voices tell me,

I don't like that, I don't like that.

She stands up, looks at me and smiles. That's nice, there's nothing to be afraid of here. She walks off and looks all around her,

I like that, I like that.