

Steve Cartwright

MILL

Some words you eat
Or conjure up an appetite
Impossible to staunch
For me
The word is mill
I can't describe the sensuality it awakes
In me
The pleasureable hum on M
Perhaps
The solid thing itself Its role
Its arms
The way it thrusts
Its massiveness
The job it does
Its links with earth
Its naturalness
Its lovely brick
Who knows
Perhaps a memory back inside the cells before I woke
To catch them all
Has sunk a seed
And every time I water it with sound
A rush of growth is made
And ecstasies of gentleness pervade
And rumble in the depths of me