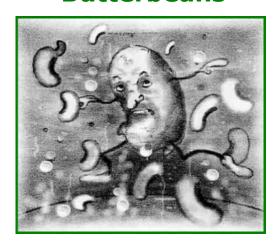
Steve Cartwright

Butterbeans



I am looking at the butterbeans
Drowning
The water re-entering
Shrivelling their outer casing
Shroud like
Peeling
The crimped skin around their edges curling
Like the shells of white mussels
Their silken shifts lifting
Exposing a fragile sexual beauty
Swelling