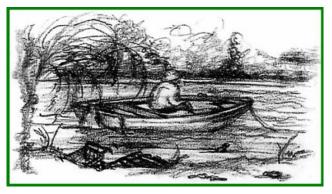
## Steve Cartwright

## God



God

It's lovely in the garden Late at night under the stars

Here

Just three feet from the bastard telly's pulling Grass and trees and flowers tumbling.

Light and shade and colour Shapes against the night sky

Swigging wine and scoffing pizza.

Thinking of that day upon the River Soar

in Leicester

Boating

Water frothing

Trees their branches overhanging S

tuck old Pikey in the water

Making contact with the beastie

Wild and wanton

Slippey, slimey

Other worldly.

In the dark and gurgling water Where the weir has cleared the Mill run

Ostracised the human litter

Pushed it to the outer water

Pallets listing

Bottles bobbing

Paper sinking

Stinking,

Trolleys rusting.

Sent it to where God is slinking

Busy with the trolley rusting

Moving with the pallets and the paper stinking

God is chomping,

Dozing

Snoozing

God is thinking

In no rush and in no hurry

God absorbs it

Drinks it in and merges with it.

Even polystyrene Orange plastic

Paper bags and bits of flotsam

Each one gets the special treatment.

Something wild like laughter

Generating titters out of sadness

Thrusts itself so gently on it.

Nature

E'er the giver

Ne' er the critic

Washing drying pounding shifting Weaves its wondrous magic on it