

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
Slippery, 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