

# Steve Cartwright

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## HOT SAND

Hot sun warm sand The green water lapping.  
Tom sits  
Perched easily on his haunches scouring debris  
No shred escapes his eagle eye  
And each is balanced in the scheme of his uncanny weighing  
No thing  
however foul, besmirched or slimy  
is beneath his scrutiny  
And each is subject to the clear,  
unbiased nature of his early being  
The perfection of his complete absorption  
is so attractive  
Onlookers recognise its beauty instantly  
Their tears fall at the awful inevitability  
of its passing  
Hot sun warm sand  
The green water lapping