

Steve Cartwright

I go down the winding lane

I go down the winding lane
Everywhere the trees are lopped and the firewood they yield lays between them.
The grass is strong and lush
And the ploughed land shows a dark brown tilth.
Everywhere the earth is wet and sodden.

On the farm the houses are of stone and granite.
They exude a massive strength.
Thick walls tapering inward
Windows hinged with hefty wooden blinds
Chimneys vast and smoking from the inner hearth.

Here I long to live, to be with nature and my inner self
Hacking at the log
My heavy body supple against the onslaught of the wind and rain,
A knowledge of the earth to guide me on A woman Equal At the hob
Joyous in my strength and me in hers
At home within the kitchen or the cowshit or the wheat
Sharing the pain of living
And the joy that brings.
s subject