

Steve Cartwright

IN A PICTURE FOR THE FUTURE

It's snowing
Acres of it rush and push me Back and biking In Earl Shilton
Very early morning on my Coventry Eagle
Slipping sliding
On the snowy virgin carpet
On my way to Mr. Easton's dairy
No one stirring
Much too early
Snowflakes bomb me
Wet and wake me
Coldness clubs me
Tiredness rushes from me chastened
Shivers rack and shake me
Clothing flails its sails around me
Let's the wind in wild and rushing
Up the leg and down the backbone
Up the sleeve
And in the earole
As I pull my body inward
Tense my arms my back my shoulders
Grit the teeth and tense the buttocks
Peering out at dear old Shilton
Through the squint of eye that's left me
On the hilltop near to Eatoughs