

Steve Cartwright

Lochmariaquet, Bretagne



I'm on the beach
Digging crocodiles and castles in the sand.
There is a bad moodiness between us...
so I am glad to be otherwise employed.
I smell the wind and the wild lash
of the windswept sand stings my face.
It is so beautiful.
I caress the sea-worn stones with my fingers
contemplating the sheer beauty of their complete naturalness.
- Seaweed crumbles in my fingers and slowly I am drawn out.
The pain of being begins to fade as I am mesmerized into gentleness.
Still, Louisson's assertion that this Earth is Hell comes back to me.
Even though God's stones are in my hands.
Perhaps they show the way