

Steve Cartwright

Melton Mowbray

The yellow beams from the car lights strafe the highway.
A strange and eerie glow lights up the world.
A snow-filled field, squared and dissected by the tree,
the high-sloping bank and the dark hedgerow loom up before me.
And suddenly,
As I fly along the road from Melton Mowbray,
And joyous memories of my gorgeous Mother Rock and roll inside me,
The shapes of three dark horses, fantastically arranged upon this field of snow, bombard me
Draw sighs of tenderness and love from deep within me.
The dark and brooding brown of that long neck Grabbing my heart.
Its rich and joyous texture.
Exaggerated by the whiteness of the field,
Wrenching sobs of joyous sadness from me.
Releasing the ache I feel
Stoking my bit of good
Recorded for eternity into the memory
Randomly to be triggered as the pain of being
Courses endlessly