

Steve Cartwright

Old Driftwood

We walked along the angle of the bay
Three figures pressing footsteps in the sand
The sun was huge and orb like in the sky
A strange and watery light lay on the land

And everywhere upon this golden shore
Lay relics from the belly of the sea
Odd blobs of splattered jellyfish we saw
A myriad of shells washed from the deep

Old driftwood too was scattered everywhere
Each piece, its contours rounded by the waves
And each lay faded, stripped and bare
And yet a work of art in every way
Now as I touch the driftwood, drink the air
I sense the touch of God's almighty sway