

Steve Cartwright

St. David's Head

Madly across the downs I look at the criss-cross and the triangle of the pasture and the meadow.
Jack straddled across his tractor or now upright on the stool
as though about to deliver a great oratory to the arching whooping gulls.
Last night I bounced and tripped along these spongy fields.
I saw the moon, a huge orb in all its spangled spooky glory
Dipping behind the clouds.
I saw the dotted sparkling lights of the dozing village and smelled the wild draught of the massive air.
In gulps today I drink it in to cure me of my melancholy.
In gulps my eyes devour the view.
Its being as it is, is therapy.
Its tenderness, its gentleness, its vastness and its wildness.
Its permitting me to sup it up, to step on it and be with it.
It's joy, its generosity, its love,
It's magnanimity