

# Steve Cartwright

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## The night is full of stars

The night is full of stars  
The silver on the black  
The shed from where I watch  
Is full of wood... God's wood.  
Dried and crackling to the touch.  
The shed is open  
Stilts prop up its sloping roof.  
Its tiles are wet.  
I pick the wood  
Small piles of twigs laid first to kindle  
Then bigger boughs or bits of rotten wood.  
Then last to use... old hoary logs.  
I walk back to the gite each time.  
The ground is sodden.  
I paddle muck and water in  
And scrape and wipe my feet upon the mat.  
At last I lay them in  
The paper and the twigs  
Then bigger bits.  
A match touched to the paper tinder dry  
Sends up a rush of fire  
All through the tiny twigs  
And sets them off.  
And soon a glowing warmth  
Is coursing through the lot.  
I go outside  
The night is full of stars  
And as I walk back to the gite  
A puther of white smoke is snaking from the chimney stack

