

Gareth Culshaw

Hollander Hyams

Empty pallets stacked like playing cards,
the stale smell, rising in hot weather;

Beep beeping of a forklift
which reversed, spun, and turned
before placing a pallet of skins into the truck.

The driver rolled a cigarette, a bale
of tobacco wrapped, puffing away
like the exhaust pipe below his seat.

Inside the buildings, cattle clothes
were draped over wooden frames
looking like a messy launderette.

A woman with a cow stare looked out
as you walked by, flipping the skins
onto each other, with the same action
as doing the bed sheets at home.

She knew the inside, before scattering
salt with an allotment hand to keep things
dry before the journey to China.

Gareth Culshaw is an aspiring writer who hopes one day to achieve something special with the pen. He resides in N. Wales.