

**BARDDONIAETH /
COLLECTED POETRY**

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY - SONNETS

Myron Evans

Published by New Generation Publishing in 2015

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First Edition

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False Philosophers Fall

(“The Salmon”, Galway, Ireland 1982)

When all that is bluff and bull is squandered,
Whom does the wind embrace but simple men,
And soothe their grief with delicate disdain
For those who squandered truth like excrement?
Black-clothed pedlars of universal pain
Came by to my old man and me one night:
As he strained with all the gentle collier’s
Honest strength to lift I shoved a brick
Between the axle’s biting steel and earth
And scurried like a ferret for the stars.
A weight would crush me in its gravity,
On me a drunken university
With reel and bite with teeth of sordid liars
Who sugared our petrol and slashed our tyres.

How often you disdain, don’t comprehend,
And creep around the skirts of abler men:
To crush and break them, make them impotent,
To brew them opium for shallow dreams,
To prostitute the intellect with lies.
And I who cling to winter’s gleaming truths
Am fooled by ghostly dreams of destiny:
Oppenheimer stunned by a fierce light
That threw his madness back at him from eyes
Of Hiroshima, Nagasaki’s light,
Gleams of Einstein, nature’s favourite wand
That broke the bones of men for winter’s truths.
So very few are given nature’s ear,
And these she has left shivering in despair.

A blizzard, dark rendition, darkest fear,
The howl of learned men now flails the ear,
Universities which stocked with icemen
That do no warming kind of work at all
Must dissipate ideas into dust,
Be creatures of deterrence and the bomb,
Vindictive storms that beat for several years,
And spread a cancer that corrupts the earth.
It hangs around, a stench of ruined truth,

The whispered monody that dust choked lungs
Left ashen in the light's embrace, had dawned
With sinews, an anatomy, of hurt.
See? My old man and me were burning tyres,
And tactile minds were sugaring the pyres.

A Scholar Deserted by his University (Aberystwyth early eighties).

Trapped like wit in a foreign body,
I am in this massive etching invisible,
In the window-glass of your architect
Rooting and reflecting like the winter's boar.
On ingrown thoughts you drool and bubble,
Ferment in dust, deserted libraries,
Torn from politicians, bent contractors,
In the years of Vietnam. I think, I am.
Cogito ego sum as black as ink
Grieving for the sun and enlightenment gone
In massive grey corruption comes the night,
The easy laughing fools were yesterday's.
Their embers in harmony glow in the dark,
Their flame light burns yet leaves no mark.

The Assault on Carreg Cennen Castle (“The Salmon”, 1982)

Driven like slaves by trivial convention
Which centuries old became a habit
For bodies that were barely fed or clothed
In old moulds that they feared and despised,
In which elders perceived truth and light,
A busload arrived of the unemployed,
To be shown around the state's old mortar.
In the pointless desolate wilderness
Efficient management of slaughter
Had created inside the castle walls,
Realpolitik of kill, steal and keep,
They forgot for the day their own drab lives.
For years after that, all labouring done,
The castles still filled them with dawn and sun.

The Realizer of Truths

(Circa 1982 or 1983)

The noisy statements were suddenly dead
And all were left with no priority,
Strangers to the rules of sanctity,
Delved among rubbish, gave themselves peace.
They granted it some honour, a forced smile,
A crooked tooth for every work of war
Appeared, spat blood, and spoke absolution.
A pinnacle of civilization,
They marked it with a sharpened bayonet,
Displayed it, a cabinet butterfly.
Tribal patterns and spirals were straightened,
Strangers pretending to meet each other
Converged familiarly, gigantic ruts
Indelicately carved in weaving lanes.

Armour in zero visibility,
Indistinguishable in the darkness,
Weeping the embrace of mythology,
Television programmes recorded war,
Conversed in colour with blank horizons,
Painted plain wallpaper over hard walls
Polka dotted with the blood of innocence.
If it had not been known to be van Gogh
They would have thought it an insanity:
Things said were not meant, those meant never said,
The coin once spun hung weightless in the air
Waiting for the sound of sirens to clear,
Spiralling spear-like in the anguished sun,
In air the instant the war had begun.

A Tramp in the Hugh Owen Library (Aberystwyth about 1982)

Removed from soil in concrete cubicles,
Mountain water and air, the peat of hearths,
Revolutionary habits, struggles,
Were catalogued, conditioned, sterilized.
No sounds were heard and no conversation,
The people grazed on leaves devoid of earth,
Creeped for sensation among miles of spines,
And hid from chaos, nature's solution
To the puzzle of moving in circuits
On silicon floors under silicon roofs,
To the ticking of sophistication
In perennial librarian seas and skies.
These conscious beings mushroomed for folk-lore,
Why should computers have given them more?

For Wales (Circa 1982)

If I had bathed in you a darkling stream,
The cold and dead and intellectual lies
Which consummate their lust in iron waves
And leave their detritus among the seas
To break as killing salt upon their shores
Would not have drowned me in their frenzied wastes.
Your ever mellow timeless symmetry
Would purge me in this wilderness with sound
And stillness as our breaking waters found
Deep solace in a shimmering black-deep pool,
My mind would swim among your shining depths.
And now the tears of your time are gone,
And I am still as if my day were done.

For Jones, a Drunken Professor

(“The Spectrum”, Llanbedr Pont Steffan, Wales, 1983)

Today he sent me another little note,
And very well crafted with shining lies,
Reflections of all things deemed to be corrupt
As the opalescence in a dead dog’s eyes.
Filthiest of these was a spelling mistake,
A pee where two should certainly have been
Dominated the scene: conspired, demeaned
The writer’s motives and bad intentions
And churned them into disgusting nonsense.
Quietly the pee had started to leak
Away my work, and down an unknown drain
I saw my future soaking in the rain.
O why is the admin of Wales so tight,
Ridiculously constipated blight?

For the Unheard

(Circa early to mid eighties)

You were a brilliant child, a model for
Posterity; of these who cares that you
Were told so frequently to go to hell
By those fat and barren politicians?
These fools could bear no offspring, never will,
Untouchable and safe behind the scenes
Their torpid poisons coil around your root
Of child-like learning and integrity.
Hear the master of our worldly disguise,
Hypocrisy, in lurid modern guise,
The corpse that flickers blandly on the screen
Will always be lying and contriving
To perpetuate the all-embracing see,
Rotting in babbling anonymity.

The Consumer Society's Exile

(Swansea circa 1985)

By steadily ignoring myths like an
Old carthorse in his winter's pouring rain
And deserted by sun and certainty,
By the black and white writing of a life
In absolute truths and absolute lies,
He sought the murky bog, hibernant fog,
To weave from the gloom an affirmation,
To spin into life the winter branches,
To make of winter a warm companion,
Something that was neither bought nor sold in
The pitiless light, summer's noisy sell,
Giver of life, progenitor of hell.
Seen and heard in dreams and ghostly mistings,
The summer is sold, and the ice lies thick.

Rain

(Swansea, July 1985)

Falling rain looms heavy on the silent earth,
Brilliant verdant threads are grey with age,
The toiling bureaucrats are penning birth
To woven shadows in an iron cage.
The darkest hours of enlightenment
Run headlong from the July sun
And hide from him, conceal the stinking scent
Among the streams, our leaders on the run.
Quickly the sage and learned turn and flee,
In shining sodden torrents drown their debts,
Custodians swept to deep obscurity,
An army beaten by obscure threats.
The cloth of wisdom is a winding sheet,
A seamless garment full of rotting meat.

The Morgan Brothers Find King Arthur (Circa Mid Eighties)

To the north a glacier roared and cut rock
As the black shotman sliced coal with powder,
The Black Mountain glistens with limestone,
Black, silurian mountain, crag and water
Embrace arthurian in the paths of night.
Llyn y Fan Fach, our lady of the lake,
Veiled above Patti's Castle, Craig y Nos,
Cut by the wind's hard teeth, the caves lie low,
Hid in time's grain that the ploughman had made.
Here, Dan yr Ogof, is the ossuary
Where ancient bones of certitude were carved,
Two Morgan brothers in the coracle
Paddled across time to Arthur's far shore,
And mighty were the idols of their cave.

In an Album (Swansea circa 1987)

Frozen still by the rough stones of the years.
Hear this boy, myself, while he asks me
Why his eyes are blackened like coals by the
Many seams of knowing that mould the man.
For those eyes can see between the dry-walled stones,
The winds have rounded his words to mine
And bind us like the light between two stars.
Light is time, boy is man, the old coal shed,
Peeling, whitewashed; broken gate, twig-like arms,
The asking boy turned man is gone. I am.
Like starlight I am here but also gone,
The winds find no echo of his asking,
But I am his arching sun, his golden day,
And his timeless hours lightly lead my way.

May

(Swansea circa 1987)

Through leaden night the clear dawn of May
Scythes the time of birth in the brilliant air,
Light mile of earthen fragrance bears these fields
To golden horizons, far, far away.
May the first to bear, the first to flower,
The magic child of freezing cold despair,
Breathes with the sun, sows shining seeds of life,
A million pearls of wisdom off-spring shower.
Winter is the cold earth's frozen cynic,
Lightly tread his ice, there is dark below,
His vanished snows have left the paths of life
In silent beckoning born of stormy lies.
Now May is enthroned in her lucent pearls,
Bourne upon ancient time the light day whirls.

In Memoriam: the Poet's Grandmother.

(Swansea circa 1987)

Darkest hours, blackened echoes, cough up dust,
Beat back the suffocating pain of years,
The anthracitic seams where the light must
Die, where the day is a torrent of pain.
There, husband, you harvested me cold coal,
Gathered from an ancient sun, the blood of
Life and the blackened milk of time, the soul
Of warmth you carved, and gave to me your love.
Mine are the notes of music that you made,
Harmonious truths you wrought of forlorn light,
Hope for the tortured lungs of those enslaved,
The light of liberty in dusty night.
On the ocean of time I grieve for you,
Great symphony of dawn, your sun, bursts through.

**Somalia : for the Poet's Aberystwyth Friend
Christie O' Donovan Rossa**

(Swansea circa 1987)

Valley ghost - the chapel cloaked in darkness,
Among the miners cotton-woolled in dirt,
Towering with coal tips, cold and fearsome,
Steep, silent, valleys burn with sudden light.
Silent is the pious black clothed preacher,
The hungry light has drowned his wall of words,
Swollen-bellied light is great with hunger,
Its futile bones a frame for sullen flesh
To sing in intellectual rhapsody
Of coming death and grains of vanished life.
Deafened by whispers and entranced by a
Flickering T.V., a congregation
Remembers famine in the light of day,
Blinded by faith and forced to look away.

Keeping a Calf Dry

(Swansea about 1987)

Our cowshed had a corrugated roof
That time had rusted and I was tarring:
And all the day's folds lay like lakes of light,
Eyes, that propagated wavelike to specks
Of coal dust, deadly as hell, hammered in
The black lungs of my pals - those the night's slaves.
Tarring, see, to keep dry a Friesian calf,
Caulking out the killing rain, and keeping
Dry an intermingled shade, black and light,
So that safe at night I could paint its mouth
With milk, its hide with straw, its eyes with time,
And deep among night's waters find its land.
Now in this contemporary city
Stark, merciless, distracted stare at me.

**Incident after a Fire at the EDCL
Aberystwyth.**
(Swansea about 1987)

Let the ship burn and turn in tidal time,
Bill spat a fag in the bin, as yellowed
As he with years, and the plastic pyres glow.
Bottles of benzene blow back our old bent
Minds to youth again, a great fire is fun.
Evans, that stupid clown, is trying to
Put it out: let him burn too, we hate him,
His accent betrays him, Welsh collier's son -
We are pride-loud, he squirms away his day
Spouting Celtic tunes, branding us foreign.
We imperial anglo's taught him to dance
And the stupid man took us seriously,
His pile of extinguishers, our empty souls,
Rolling like spent shells in our Irish sea.

**1968 Prague Spring, Aladdin Factory, Alltwen,
Swansea Valley**
(Written about 1987)

Beaten minutes, dancing light upon a
Dark, machine clad time, the giant hammer
Pounds the sun apart: a metallic burst
Of photons from the blinding welding torch,
And violent child has risen to be man.
The stink of tric is all at hand to wipe
The greasy lies from pristine parts of life,
Moulded in the press shop in the heat of
Premature Spring. These tanks are small, from them
Are built commodities that crush the crowd.
In its place, light and time are fugitives,
Skeletal, ashen people that avert
Their eyes and ears. Now as the shallow tide
Of hope recedes, the morning shift begins.

**David Havard after a Coal Mining
Accident of the Late Fifties**

(Written late 1991 at Ithaca, New York)

We went to help Dai Havard clean his arm,
A Modigliani in the gallery
Of black time, statuesque and abstracted
Against the unfamiliar light of day.
Stuck like a Braque pastiche, deep to the bone,
A signature in iodine and blood
Were bits of crushed coal dust all mixed with flesh,
Swaddled, a bedouin in bandages,
Dai was quiet, a swath of life that the
Reaper had carelessly allowed to stand.
Dai was always quiet, almost never
Did he open his heart, except to smile.
That was years ago, the name Havard need
Not be soiled now by a primitive's daub.

Royston Rogers, a boyhood friend in Craige f n parc

(Written late 1991 at Ithaca New York)

Cloud-menaced, north-iced Hudson pushed the tide
Past Yankee Stadium where Tommy Farr still
Stands; between the burnt out Bronx and Yonkers
In jet-lagged time, whirlpools, blank concrete eyes.
They'll boot you there, degrees and all, he'd say.
Away from highways, furious cataracts,
The sea-sick Hudson then a coal rimmed pool,
The eyes of stone then sparking fire-fly clues.
We hide under stones, fish-like we are quick
Or dead, he'd say - Jo Louis could really bang.
Those that go to chapel don't care for me,
I see too far; far on a wind-blown day.
As he wandered echoing eerily,
Time's torrents smashed him so very casually.

The Three Lloyd Brothers

(Written about 1991 in Ithaca, New York)

Then, with his leg a piece of weathered steel,
John Lloyd was still a stronger man than me,
Sculpting bales from wild hard gorse, before rain
Soaked the hay, and blood soaked the end of day.
Much stronger. He and his brothers were carved
As half gods, pre Celtic, neolithic,
Laughing at the glacier ,slowly doing
The valley long after they were complete:
Laughing at Hengist and Horsa as these
Saxon visitors thieved and killed the east.
Laughing at Grindle-Mathews' weird lab
Where in a cranky fog he death rayed clouds.
These three giants worked indifferent to time,
A common sight enough and then sublime.

Swansea Town One, Arsenal Nil (Late Fifties)

(Written in Charlotte North Carolina 1992)

'Erbie Williams scored a goal with his 'and,
Alone of thirty thousand at the Vetch
I saw him, and Swansea Town won the game.
This was cheating as bad as cooking prac,
Bad as stealing Betty Corfield's crystals
When mine would never leave the liquid state,
Thick and bad as the mud fo Passchendaele,
And the thirty thousand crosses of Vaux,
Supplicating alone to the gods of
Reason, the Idols of Chance passed me by
On the transatlantic road to wisdom,
And they swam with the stream the other way.
'Erbie, that day the Idol of the Crowd,
Warned me not to think too much aloud.

**On Being Beaten by Bannister, Brasher and Chataway
Ifley Road Oxford, 1975.**

(Written at Charlotte North Carolina 1992)

When Bannister, Brasher and Chataway
Shouted to get the hell out of the way
They still fancied the Olympic five thou,
Breaking thirteen minutes at Ifley Road,
Concealed by thick fog from Magdalen's scorn
And the spires that laughed and shook with fun
At our perennial circumlocution.
Anyway, this is what they thought that
They should do to become ministers and
Masters, breathe life into Britain again.
The rutted blazing sun, U.N.C.C.,
Circumlocution in the stagnant eye,
Tired the ideals, old new world bellow:
"Listen to me, you're not at Oxford now."

Upon Seeing a Photograph of a Slate Tip at Ffestiniog

(Written at Ithaca, New York 1998)

If it were merely winter's black and white,
Shuttered, caught, netted, sketched, smelt in the dark,
If bromide were really beehive cells,
Dwelling among these lashing grains of slate,
Reassuring, beguiling, it would be,
A trade-in of graining, silver for life,
Millennium of talk for a slate quarry,
Poor people for arrangements of stone.
Where are they, where are they, the bright triskeles?
Gold bright as the first light on Ffestiniog.
Desiccated and made dry with all time
They are abstraction and camera charnel.
It was not black and white nor shades of grey,
Their blood was red at the end of the day.

**On Peering into the Entrance of a Drift Mine,
Nixon Colliery Late Fifties.**
(Written at Ithaca, New York, 1998).

I am the Lord of the Flies, this my cave,
You will be the carrion that they feed on
For three hourly pennies each killing day,
The dirty putrescence of a Friday
Shall eat you wages like a methane storm
In the black back garden of the empire.
Don't think boy that you can escape me,
My black eyes are like the seams before you,
Useless for seeing: the day wasn't here.
The flies gather round me in galleries,
Driven by the smell of death they firefly,
Briefly they will live and suddenly die.
Out of the way boy, there's a tram coming,
Didn't you hear just now the sirens sing?

On Hearing the Way Down.

"I don't believe it" laughed O'Donovan,
The rossa of the western world was cold,
The gods had only just let him come down
To gulp his supper full of beans and bold.
Hall was worried, earlier in Punlumon's
Blizzard, he had sensed nothing but sorrow:
A local deity whitewashing us
Into dancing skeletons. So he knew.
Someone had thrown the Hebrides away,
Someone had minimized the human sway,
The Piper of Glencoe was there that day
And captivated the sun on an 'Tron,
I heard no stream to guide me back to ground,
But I saw that up there the gods abound.

Myron W. Evans, Criagecfnparc, January 2005.

Note: These sonnets are often not in iambic pentameter but are always decasyllabic, ten syllables a line, fourteen lines. Sometimes I use the traditional rhyming couplet at the end. They are a kind of autobiography.

SONEDAU (1980 i 1984)

Yn ddigyffroedig, yn aros i'r
Blynnyddoedd droi, o mae dy gloddio'n ddel!
Y mur, calch fel ysbryd y bwgan ir,
Perchenog wyt yn llawio dy ddirgel.
Aros yw d'unig ateb nawr, dioddef
Yr unig syniad. Ac eto mae'r byd
Mor angharedig a throi heb sŵn sef
I addo glaw dros ben dy goncrit clud,
Dŵr ar dy drafferth, a'th darian mor wlyb
Yn gadael di'n noeth heb unrhyw obaith,
Dy wên gelwyddog, y cyffelyb,
Yn marw'n araf ar echel dy waith.
Gwaith o drefni'r byd I gyd i'r bourgeois,
Heb 'r un syniad tlawd am blentyn d'yrfa.

Der, rho i mi aer, mae'r nos yn drewi,
Gofidion y dyfodol main a fu,
Sy'n taro'm llygad ac ynno'n rhewi;
Agora'r ffenestr, der a'r byd i mi,
Mae craith ar f'amynedd, ni allaf droi
Ac anghofio dyddiau'r sacsoffon tew
Yn llyfn fel bronnau a'r allwedd yn cloi
Ar ddeugorff diethr yn fflamio fel llew.
Allan mae heno'r byd, nodiadau pres,
Breichiau, breichiau, y fyddyn yn symud
Fel lafa'r ddaear, dienaid ei wres,
Dicter yn berwi gerddi mwyn y byd.
Pellteroedd a'r awel iach yn feichiog,
Ffyrnigrwydd ddyn yn hadu dan yr og.

Golau, hanner anialwch, gwawr y de,
Tywyllwch bore bach ym mygi diben
A thywyllwch nos, â chwpan o de,
Annibendod y cwm, a chlwm y pen.
Ugeinfed ganrif, amser naid ymlaen,
At efengyl economaidd, beunydd,
Tân, ia diweithdra, sclerosis y faen,
Awyrchylch rhwng spwriel y byd a'i ddefnydd.
A strain ofnadwy papur ddoe y dref
Sy'n gorwedd ar y llain gyda iaith
Yr estron fel coryn cragen cartref,
Fel malwoden yn gadael lôn ei waith.
A'r haul sy'n dangos dros y cwm tu hwnt,
'R un peth sy'n wir am Gymru lân - mae'n frwnt.

Mai (tuag at 1985)

Ar noson wlyb o Fai mae'r wlad yn glir,
Cynteifin, fel cryman, sy'n llunio'i aer,
Mewn arogl glaswelltyn main ei filltir,
A hir, hir, fel aur mae'r gorwel cywair.
Mai ydyw'r ferch mi a garaf orau,
Mi a'i chusanaf a thynged fy myw,
Hi a daflodd gawod fain o berlau
Dan draed y moch, dan ddiben dynolryw,
A mi ag anghofiaf celwydd y byd,
Y celwydd ysgafn yn pydru'r awel.
Mae'u hoelion llwm wedi mynd i gyd,
Heb fygwth flaid mae'r defaid yn dawel.
A Mai yw fy nghariad a'i pherlau mwyn,
Gobeithion yn ddisglair yn ei chadwyn.

Y Glo (yr wyth degau cynnar)

(Er cof am Martha Jane Jones, nee Newlands, mamgu'r bardd)

Mae'n gyffredin i fyw gyda'r peswch,
Edmygu â'r dwylaw, mygi â'r glaw,
Y crewr yn tasgu ar ei degwch
Llwyth o niwmo mor gyffedin â'i faw.
Cofia dy geithwas os gwel di yn dda
Yn nhywyllwch ei ysgyfaint a'i fyd,
Mae'r awyrgylch yn fudr, y gwaed yn dra
Frwnt ble llifodd y llaeth yn ddu o'r crud.
Nawr, dewis d'eiriau'n ofalus,
Cymru lan. Na. Mae'i hesgym yn dduach
Na'na. Felly mae'n well fod yn ddilys
A chloddio am y gwir o'r awyr iach.
Cymlethdod y peiriant ariannog mawr,
Ei unig wely, eiddo i'n horiawr.

Somalia (wyth degau)

(I Gristie O'Donovan Rossa)

Ysbryd y fro sy'n troedio'n y capel
Tu draw i ddeunydd y bourgeois a'i faw,
Ar dduedd y domen glo mae angel
Y mynyddoedd oer, dychrynlyd distaw.
Ad infinitum est, heb dueddiad
O floeddio fel ficer ar Sul wythnos,
Yn aros, ceg-newynnog, heb fwriad
O ofyn am wawr i dorri'r hirnós.
O'r capel, ym mysg y bywyd byddar,
O flaen deledu'r hirnós esmyth cwyrn
Fe welais angel du yn crafu'r ddaear,
Anesmyth, yn wan, â baich ei esgym:
'R oedd gwen ar wyneb Somalia'r syched,
Yr angel du yn dioddef yn ei gred.

Yr un hen beiriant, a myfi'n crynu
Wrth i'm ddychwel tua naws y ddaear.
I ffwrdd o'r labordi, eto'n synnu
Bod pwrpas newn dail y gaeaf cynnar.
Wedi'r cwbl, ateb creadigaeth
Sydd gennym ar ol i'r celwydd ddianc
O'r diwedd o esgyrn ein cymdogaeth,
Hawlfraint y dewr a'r gwan a'r ieuanc.
Felly bydd hi'n bossib i siarad heb
Guddio'r lladd a'r newyn yn ein crybwyll,
Prifweinidog yn dawnsio heb ateb,
A râff ei gwiriondeb yn mygi gan bwyll.
Bydd hi'n bossib rhyw ddydd i ddweud y gwîr,
I gerflunio bodolaeth yn eglir.

Free translation of 2015 of Sonnets in the Welsh Language
(Written about 1980 to 1984)

Without Moving

Without moving, awaiting
The turning years. Oh what a shining silence!
Whitewashed wall, a verdant ghost,
You own and grip your secret.
Awaiting is your only answer now, suffering
Your only idea. And yet the world
Is so unkind as to silently turn,
It promises rain above the neat concrete,
Pours water on your cares, soaks your shield,
Leaving you bare without any hope,
Your false smiles, a drug,
Die on the axle of the working day.
The work of arranging the bourgeois world
Without thought for the child of tomorrow.

Give Me Air

Come, give me air, the night reeks
Of cares about a starving future
That strikes my eyes and freezes;
Open the window, bring the world to me,
My mind is terribly scarred, I cannot turn
And forget the days of the mellow saxophone,
Smooth like grassy slopes as the key turns
On two strangers flaming like a lion.
Outside is the world's night, brassy notes,
Arms, arms flailing, the army on the move
Like earth's lava, a soul-less heat,
Hatred consumes the gardens.
Vast distances away, the air is pregnant
With man's ferocity under the harrow.

Light on Half a Wilderness

Light on half a wilderness, the south dawns,
Pre dawn darkness suffocated purpose,
A black night and a cup of tea,
Chaos of the cwm, and a dull mind.
Twentieth century, said to be a leap forward,
An economic gospel, is eternal chaos,
A cold fire, icy unemployment, sclerosis of the coal seam,
Between the world's dumping tip and exploitation.
A terrible stress, yesterday's newspaper in town
Lies on the tablecloth in a language
As foreign as a spider weaving the shell of a home,
A snail that has wandered from its path.
The sun shows over the distant cwm,
One thing about new Wales, it's dirty.

May (about 1985)

A rainy evening of May, clear land,
Summer begins, a sickle cutting winter
In the aroma of miles of moorland,
And long, long is the perfect, golden horizon.
May is the girl I love the best,
I will kiss her with life's destiny,
She threw a fine shower of pearls
To the pigs that control our purpose.
And I forget the world's lying,
The careless lying that rots the breeze.
They vanish without any trace,
The wolf is dead, and the sheep are quiet.
May is my heart, she is dressed in fine pearls,
Hopes shine bright in her garlands.

The Coal (early eighties)

(In memory of the poet's grandmother, Marth Jane Jones, nee Newlands,
early eighties)

It's commonplace coughing,
Hands clawing, suffocating in the rain,
The creator spits on his beauty
A load of niwmo, it's commonplace as dirt.
If you please, remember your slave,
In the darkness of his lungs and his world,
A rotted environment, its blood is
Very dirty where milk flows black from the cradle.
Now choose your words most carefully.
Pure Wales. No. Her bones are blacker
Than that. So it's best to be authentic
And to mine the truth away from fresh air.
The complexity of the great money machine,
His lonely death bed, gave us our time.

Somalia (early eighties)

(To Christie O' Donovan Rossa)

A spirit of locality walks in the chapel,
Beyond the reach of bourgeois coal-dirt,
On the blackness of a gigantic tip is the angel
Of the cold, silent, terrifying moorland.
Ad infinitum est, without ever ceasing
To shout a sermon echoes like a Sunday vicar;
A waiting, starving angel, without thought
Of asking for the dawn to break the long night.
From outside the chapel, in the midst of deafness,
In front of the comfortable evening's TV,
I saw the black angel scraping the earth,
Disoriented, weak with the burden of bones:
This was the smile of Somalia's famine,
Of those who made the angel suffer for his creed.

The Same Old Machine (early eighties)

The same old machine makes me shiver
As I wander towards the essence of the soil.
Away from the laboratory, astonished
At the purpose of early winter leaves.
After all, creation's answer
Is all we have left after all the lies are gone
At last from the bones of our neighbourhood,
Birthright of the brave, the weak and young.
So it might be possible to converse
Without hiding the killing and famine we barely mention,
A dancing Prime Minister never answers,
He hangs on to a rotting rope of truth.
It will be possible one day to tell the truth,
To make a fine, clear sculpture of existence.

AWDL HEB GYNGHANEDD (1985 / 1986)

1. Y Machlud

Dirwyn graeth y darian gron
Yn frwd elyn afradlon
Môr o waed ar lwydni mud,
Fflach lem o'r haul yn machlud,
Dioddef y dydd a fu.
Gwledd gafodd naws ei gleddyf,
Llosg ei awch yng nghochni'r llif.
Gadael y gwna'n ei gadwyn
Gras yn ymyl gwresni mwyn,
Grid gynddeiriog awr ar gynn,
Ond sgien oerni'n disgyn,
Dwys ei dir yr aradr dyr
A'r gwys ni ry o gysur
Wedi'r ysbryd ymprydio
Ni ddaw dydd o'i ddwyllaw o.
Greal, nwyf o greulon fyd,
Einioes y môr yn symud,
Grym ei ddyfroedd yn ei geg,
Ef chwantus, yf ychwaneg.

2. Y Nos

Yn filain, hi'n aflonydd,
Ennyd y dref, ynni'r dydd,
Yw'r stŵr mawr i lawr y stryd,
Dilyf oer ei delfryd.

Deil hi filoedd o heiliau
Ond trig hi'n unig â'i thai,
Ôg o gysur gwag ei sêr
Â ar frys, yn ei harfer.

Swrth a sydyn rhwyg ei swch,
Fentyll fwynion tywyllwch,
Ganed ffrwyth ei gweithredoedd,
Try ei gwŷdd y tir ag oedd
Fam yr haf yn anaf mud -
Oes y modur yn symud.

3. Y Freuddwyd

Breuddwydiaf am yr afon – â'i thardd â'i
Thiroedd yn ruthr ffrwythlon,
Dŵr hafn ydyw'r dref hon,
Dirgel, hi dyr y galon.

Y llif ar waelod llwyfan - mawr y cwm
Mor hardd ddaw o'i gwpan,
Lliw aeddfed, dwfn, gwin y llan,
Y brwyn ar Fynydd Baran.

I Ryd y Gwin y rodiaf - yng ngysglud
Yng Nghathelyd Uchaf,
Mewn hufen cwm mwyn ei haf,
Yn hufen Llechart, nofiaf.

Y byd yw Rhyndwyclydach - i mi nawr
Ym mynwes bro iachach,
A gyr fy nghalon cryfach
Ym meudy'r Cynghordy Fach.

Aur y tir y gŵr tirion - marwolaeth
Yn chwim ar ei eingion;
Hir y daith ar y don,
E ddeil nerth yn fy nghalon.

Arch y tô, llechi'i garchar, - y llawr yn
Ffiaidd, llwyr aflafar;
O dan erw gron dyner gâr
Poer y llwch o'r pair llachar.

Yn ei fŵg, nwy'n ei fygi, - y llwch yn
Y llechfan yn tasgu,
Gweddw'r dydd yw'r glowr du,
Lles ei galon yn llosgi.
Rhedyn y cnawd, rhwd yn cnoi - ar lo main
Reilwe mud yn crynhoi;
Natur â 'i thymor yn troi
Llosg hi ei doe, a'i hosgoi.
Prin yw nwydd y peiriannydd - nawr, ni â'n
Ddu'r hen afon beunydd,

Daw eilwaith yn lesni'r dydd,
Fywyd o ddŵr ei fedydd.

Y twyni llwydion tanllyd - yn llonydd,
Gellionnen hefyd,
Sibrwd y dŵr eu hysbryd,
Ynni'r gread yn ei grud

Am y sêr ehed amser, - am luniaeth
Y golau'n y pellter,
Gran y nos sy'n gorwedd ger
Yr ennyd, nawr yn dyner.

Y dyffryn â . Deffroaf. - Dyfroedd cwsg
Yn diflannu'n araf,
O dywod bachgendod âf,
Gelliwastad ei gollaf.

4. Deffroad

Golau haul Galileo
Tyr y sarn ger yr Arno,
Fe ddaw gwyर्थ o'i ddwylaw o.

Dilyn reswm ym unig,
Dull siŵr o ennill ei gig,
Dan y ffrwyn y dyn ffyrnig.

E ddeil ym mhalf ei ddwylaw
Rhag gôf ddu'i ogof draw.
Ar loyw gainc yr alaw
Ei fys ar fodd fesurus
Newydd o fyw, cudd ei lus
Ei nwyf â sarnau'i enfys.

Sêl maen Michelangelo,
Gweler y caeth dan ei glo,
Dawn â geidw'i dynged o.

Mur mawr Carrara, marmor
Lliwiau'r graig a thonau'r môr,
Ti yw grawn ffrwyth ei atgor.

Gwisg wen ar hanner ddisgyn
O blisgyn o balas gwyn,
Deil Il Duomo'i dŵr yn dynn.

Nawr Buonamo, gwawr dy wyrth,
Swyn ei phurdeb, sain ei phyrth,
Saith ganrif dyr, hi ni syrth.

Mur clir y Miraculi,
Y Gair ar wynebau'r llu,
Dos â'r afon y nos ddu!

Yr awr hon ger yr Arno
Ennyd, a ffrwd yn deffro,
Cread o'r ysbryd yn crwydro

At nod ei atgyfodiad,
Newydd Ddyn ei wawr, dydd mad
Yw ei olwg o'i lygad.

Aur ac arian, tarian gron - sydd dros ddydd,
Dewr a gyr y galon,
Daear fwyn ydwy'r dref hon,
Hyfryd ei haul afradlon.

Ode without Cyghanedd (1985 / 1986)

(A free translation of 2015, mainly without rhyme or metre)

1. The Sunset

A jagged scar, a cut shield,
Fervent enemy revealed,
Sea of blood on silent grey,
Flashing sun and sky betray
Cold cities to the black night,
Restless day feels no respite.
Sharp sword feasting in the waves,
Edged with crimson, fast enslaves
With black chains that tie mankind,
No grace and warmth day entwined,
Furious the sun's fiery hour,
Lava for waves to devour,
The plough has engraved its day
And harrowed the light away
To famished, spiritless dark,
Ship of the day shall not embark.
The earth bears its ancient grail
Brimming with waters' travail
Potion of the mighty sea,
Takes a drop of destiny.

2. The Night

Villainous, restless,
An instant of city, day's energy
A noise down the street,
Ideals in cold flood.

It needs a thousand suns,
But lives in lonely houses,
Cold comfort - stars' empty harrow
Rushes around eternally.

Fast and sullen tears its ploughshare
The graceful lace of darkness,
The machine's fruit ripens,

Its plough rakes vanished soil,
Mother of summer a mute wound -
The age of motors moves.

3 The Dream

I dream of the river - its source and
Lands a rushing fruit,
This city is a shallow shoal ,
Secretive, heart cutting.

A flood at the foot of the - valley's giant stage
Flows finely from its cup,
Mature wine coloured llan,
In the heather of Baran.

I travel to Rhyd y Gwin - sleep
In Cathelyd Uchaf,
The cwm is a mellow creamery,
In Llechart's cream I swim.

The world is Rhyndwy Clydach - to me now
In the arms of a healthier place,
My heart beats again
In the cattle shelter of Cynghordy Fach.

The land's gold, nobleman - death
Swiftly strikes his anvil;
However long the voyage,
A vessel of strength in my heart.

Arched roof, stones of prison - the floor
Is repellent with coal;
Under the verdant acres of our land
The dust pours from the fiery cauldron.

Smoky fire damp chokes - dust
Spits in this stony place,
Day's widower, black collier,
His heart's comfort burns.
Fleshy ferns, gnawing rust - on the coalwaste,
A mute railway, accumulating.
Nature and season turn a reel,

Their yesterday burns, they forget it.

The coal mine is almost invisible - now,
The river no longer eternally black,
Life again, blue day,
Life from the watery source.

The great fiery mounds of coal - are still,
Gellionnen also,
Water whispering their spirit,
Powerful creative flow.

Time runs for the stars - for sustenance
Of distant light,
Night's complexion rests
On a tender instant.

The valley vanishes. I awake. - Sleepy waters
Slowly disappear,
I leave the sands of youth,
Gelliwastad is lost.

4. Awakening

Sunlight of Galileo
Strikes the Arno road,
Miracles come from his hand.

Following only reason
He surely earns his meat,
Ferocious mind is reigned,

Hidden in his palms
From idols of a dark cave.
He plays a wonderful harp,

Fingers discover precisely
A new thought, energy, a castle
Made of rainbow stones.
Michelangelo's energy,
A captive trapped in marble,
A destiny of genius.

Great Carrara wall, marble
Coloured by rock and sea waves,
You are the grain of creation.

White toga half falling,
From the shell of a palace,
Il Duomo grips the waters of time.

Bonnano's miracle dawns
A pure music, white marble
Stands after seven centuries.

Miraculi - clear wall,
A word, a sculptured countenance,
And dark night flows away.

In this hour on the Arno
An instant of an awakening stream,
The creative spirit roams.

Upon his purpose and renaissance
New man dawns, seemly day
In the light of his eye.

Gold and silver rounded shield - across day,
Brave beats the heart,
This city is wonderland,
Beautiful its prodigal sun.

Bysaidd Amser (1986)

Ar feysydd y lleuad fysedd llwydion
Gosodant llu o ddoeon coed duon,
O gwsg y dydd daw llwyth ei gysgodion
Allan o'r gwllith, a ry'r tir fendithion
Ei gryd dwys i gariadon - ei bridd o,
A dwg ef i'w fro ei rhawd â'i galon.

I gartre Ddyn ger y tir a ddeuant,
Y gwacter yn ymyl ddydnymladdant,
Ar y nos ddu rod o ddydd gosodant,
Yn ddi-sŵn a ry ysbryd ei Nawddsant
Hoen y pentre yn y pant; ef, Amser,
A gŵyr ei ddenydd, sêr a gyraeddant.

The Fingers of Time (1986)

On moon's meadows grey fingers
Put in place yesterdays, a myriad of black trees,
From sleeping day a tribe of shadows
Awakens from the dew, and land blesses
The favoured of his profound cradle - his soil,
And takes to his homeland a course of memories.

To man's home on the soil they come,
They battle the emptiness that tempts mankind,
On black night they crown a circle of day,
Silently they convey the spirit of a patron saint,
Village sheen in a hollow; he, Time,
Waves his fabric, and stars arrive.

Y Domen Waedlyd Ddu (wyth degau cynnar)

“I see the boys of summer in their ruin
Lay the gold tithings barren,
Setting no store by harvest, freeze the soils;
There in their heat the winter floods
Of frozen loves they fetch their girls,
And drown the cargoed apples in their tides”

Dylan Marlais Thomas

Ger bron y wawr mae'r domen ddu,
Daw'r bore a sgain o halen iddi,
Diwygiad hallt ei byd ar wefys freuddwyd;
Tonnau'n araf codi
Yng nghyrff llwydion bythynod y bore bach.
Yn y dwyrain mae'r haul yn deffro,
Y dydd, noddfa anferth o gymylau
Sydd ger eich bron.
Codwch o'ch dyfnderau'r adar duon,
Ni fyddwch yn ddeillion fwyach,
Llefarwch goeso i'r dewin llachar,
Y mecanydd a dyr ar y dydd,
Pysgod ydych nawr yn sugno ysgerbydau'r rhwyd,
Gwledydd yr ugeinfed ganrif,
Eich aberth yng Nghyfarthfa lwyd.

Eich cysgodion ar y palmaint,
Cysgodion yn ymestyn o'ch haul
Sclefriant fel yr olew du,
Brawddegau hynaws, anghywir, celwyddog noeth
O newyddiadurwyr y dydd,
Arathethwyr anghyfiawn
Yn sugno ar eich dawn,
Syniadau gweinion yng nghyrff mawrion
Y teledu a'r selwloid,
Morthwylant ar y gwyrdr
Gerddoriaeth hunanysgogol tlawd,
Graean a grawn i'r cyfoethog a'r cyfiawn.
Mae muriau enfawr yn rhannu'r llwynog o'r ieir
Yr helwr rhag y domen o gnawd

A boerodd y peirant du
Ar lesni'r byd a fu.

Y domen waedlyd ddu, pa beth gododd di?
Ble gleddaist dy fri mewn bywydau'r bore bach?
Yn anghyforddus wyt, a'th angen am gysur
Fel y ddeilen yn y baw a'r gwynt,
Wyt ti'n cofio lesni'r afonydd gynt?
Datblygasant yn gamlesi ffaidd;
Y pysgodwr diniwed yn flaidd.
Wyt ti'n cofio bore gynt o haf fel gobraith newydd
A halen y ddaear yn lân ar y deurudd?
Ma' dyn nawr fel smotyn o ddwst
Ar erw o wydr,
Gwresni'i dynged yn y ffocws yn crynhoi!

Black, Blood Soaked Tip (early eighties)

(Freely translated from the Silurian dialect of Welsh)

"I see the boys of summer in their ruin
Lay the gold tithings barren,
Setting no store by harvest, freeze the soils;
There in their heat the winter floods
Of frozen loves they fetch their girls,
And drown the cargoed apples in their tides"

Dylan Marlais Thomas

Nearly at dawn stands the black tip,
Morning will give it a veil of salt,
Brush its dreaming with the world's harsh awakening;
Slowly heaving waves
In the grey bodies that are the early morning's cottages.
The sun is waking in the east,
Day, huge panoply of cloud,
Is nearly upon you.
Rise from the depths black birds,
No longer be blind,
Cry welcome to the flashing demon,
That beats at day mechanically,

Now you are skeletal, caught like sparrows in the net,
Countries of the twentieth century,
All your sacrifice left at grey Cyfarthfa.
The shadows on the pavement beside you,
Shadows sprung from the sun,
Flow like the black oil,
Genial sentences, incorrect, nakedly false,
From the day's newscasters,
Half - baked orators
Ripping you off
With loud voices and almost inaudible ideas
Launched from cathode ray oscilloscopes,
Hammering on glass partitions
Primitive music devoid of notes,
Grain mixed with grit for the rich and satisfied.
Coal walls carefully separate the fox from the hens,
The hunter from the heap of flesh
That the black machine spat
On the old world's greenery.

You black blood soaked tip, who built you?
Where did you bury your bodies in the early dawn?
You are wretched, your craving a want of comfort,
Like a leaf blown in the dirt,
Do you remember the waters this river once was?
It evolved into filthy canals;
The innocent fisherman made wolf.
Do you remember that hope was a summer's morning
With the salty earth bright on its cheek?
Mankind now is a little bit of dust,
On an acre of hourglass,
Burning him in the focus of new dawn.

AWDL HEB GYNGHANEDD (1986)

Yr Ail Ddyfodiad

“And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?”

(W. B. Yeats)

Awr yr haul; hyll yw awch yr eirlaw
A deifl ei boer ar fywyd fel baw,
Babna Cyfoes, Calan, ddaw - ‘n araf
Rheg ddilewyrch, oerfel rhwyg ei ddwylaw.

Bugail bach ar ei fachyn, - y ddaear
Ddu fagodd fachgennyn,
Addfwyn ddawn rhag ddofi’n ddyn
Lladdodd a roch y mochyn.

Chwyrn, fel y twrch yw’r anaf - mawr, a phoen
Chwerw’r oriau araf,
Ger fedd anghyfiawnder haf
Mae henwr unig gaeaf.

Yn darymred yn ei dir - ond ffrwyth ei
Ennaid ddwys fe’i welir
Yn y glorian yn eglur -
Cread prydfferth cariad pur.

Yn y glorian â golau’r - cyfiawnder
Newydd cryf, mae fflamau’r
Gŵr hwn yn gadarn gywair,
A’r foel yn disglair fel aur.

A nawr yr haul wawr a dyr, - ei rinwedd
A’i raen, hael ei gysur,
Gwrid yr haf aeaf a gyr
Ar gyfer Faban Rhagfyr.

Heddiw ddaw o faw ei ddoe,
Hi chudd yn lesni’i hechddoe,

Fflach liwgar gwaed o fachlud
Ei fladur, arf ei lid -
Yr hen wŵr a'r awr yn ir,
Clod i Fachgen ei genir.

Ganwyd ym mro y glowr
Nawdd o awr a'i newydd wŵr,
Gwyrthiau ddeuant o greithiau,
Gras o adeg rhes o dai,
Y mynydd a'r cwm, ynddi
Afon oeraidd, greulon, ddu
Y nos hir, nawr yn iraidd,
Yr Oen ddaw o ffroen y blaidd.

Fynnon loyw'r afon hon,
Dŵr o Grwys bedair Goron,
Mêl yn ymyl Babylon.

Hoen o haul ddaw'n hael ei ddawn,
Ac ef Pererin cyfiawn,
Ymyl euraidd gymylau
Ar hyd orwel, nos ar drai.

Llain o feini Llwyn Ifan,
Fur o farmor dry'n y fan.

O bair fro daw golau'r byd,
O lefydd nos celfyddyd,
O'r spragie ar y spwriel
Daw rhes o golofnau del,
Pyrth o nwydd y Parthenon
Yn newydd tan darian gron.

A'r gŵr du a ry gariad,
O waelod llwm poen ei wlad,
Haul rhinwedd deil raen newydd,
Haf ynddo, yn hafn ei ddydd,
A dry rhaib mochyndra'r baw
I ddelwedd greithiau'i ddwylaw,
Cerflun mor hardd, marmor gwyn,
O awen ddu, o wenwyn.

Cerflun yn y cwr aflan

Llwyd, perffeithrwydd yn y llan,
Yn ystlys cwm, llys yr haul
A dyf o lwyn yr adfail.

Rhyw bensaer taer ei awen
Ei gywain ar garreg wen,
Ei gasglu gerbron aeaf
Ei hufen, yf yng nghae'i haf.

Arni ei waed a'i rinwedd,
Gwir a phoen yn sarn ei gwedd,
Llythrenau ar y marmor
Llef anferth dros lef y mor,
Dyn a lef, oed yn ei lais,
Cenedl cân hi ei hadlais
Anfarwol o frwd enfawr -
Brodyr, chwiorydd, tyr gwawr!

The Second Coming (1986) (Strict Metre Ode without Cynghanedd)

The following is a free translation of 2015

“And what rough beast, its hour come round at last
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?”

(W. B. Yeats)

Only an hour of sun, ugly cutting sleet
Spits on life like coal-dust,
A contemporary Child of midwinter slowly arrives,
Swears darkly, cold tears his hands.

A tiny shepherd hangs on a hook - black
Earth gave birth to a boy;
He did not grow to manhood, his genius
Was killed like a squealing pig.

As if badly gored by a boar - acute pain
Accompanied always his slow hours,
By an open unjust grave of summer
Barely lives winter's lonely old man.

Wandering in a desolate landscape - the fruit
Of his profound soul can still be seen
Weighed clearly on the scales -
A perfect creation, the purest love.

Weighed in the scales against the light - of new and clear
Justice, he flames
Strong and perfect,
On the bright and golden moor.

His today came from yesterday's coal dirt,
That hid a verdant history
The flashing blood and colours of sunset
Were his scythe, anger's weapon -
The old man in his verdant hour
Praises his rebirth as Child of midwinter.

He was first born in the collier's land,
Succoured by his time,
Wonderment was built on scars,
Grace from a row of grey houses
Amid moor and valley. There flowed
A cold and black and cruel river
Throughout the long night, now a verdant second coming,
The lamb escaped from the wolf's jaws.

The sparking welling river,
Waters of Crwys of the Four Crowns,
Honey of Babylon.

The rising sun, colours of genius,
Awakens pilgrim into man
Among golden clouds.
Along a vast horizon, night fades away.

The misty walls of Llwyn Ifan
Become walls of marble.

From the cauldron of coal light shines,
From night's dwellings springs culture,
From sprags and discarded coal stone

Come a row of beautiful columns,
Gates into the Parthenon,
Newly built under the sun's round shield .

And the black coal miner is generous
In his poverty and pain,
Virtuous, the countenance of sunrise,
He is summer in the day's hollow,
Transforms greed and filth
Into beauty with his scarred hands,
Such a fine sculpture of white marble,
Made from blackened genius and poison.

A sculpture in this grey and unclean land,
Perfection in the llan,
In the shoulder of the cwm, a sunlit palace
Grows from weeds and ruins.

A fervent master, he
Harvests the white stone,
Collects it for winter,
And tastes the cream in a summer field.

Culture rests on blood and virtue,
Truth and pain on the ascent of man,
Letters in the marble
A mighty roar above the sea's roar
Mankind roars, voicing ages,
A Nation sings and echoes eternal
With great fervour -
Brothers, sisters, breaks the dawn!

ENGLYNION

Y Glowr

Poer y llwch o'r pair llachar - yn ei boen,
Yn ei boen aflafar,
Poen ei gymal, sŵn galar,
Rhed y cec ar hyd y cwar.

Y Lleuad

Ael y lloer dros ben îal llwyd - awen fud
O'r hen fyd le'i magwyd,
Oer y ias, y mae arswyd -
Golau glân a glo y glwyd.

Y Madarch

Câf ofn sydyn y cyfarch, - gwddw gwyn,
Agwedd gwael yr alarch,
Llai a brych yw lliw ei barch,
Y tir mud yw tŷ'r madarch.

ENGLYNION Y MISOEDD

Ionawr

Oer a gwyn, mud yw'r gweundir, - oer y dydd,
Y duedd heb flagur,
Daw her sydyn yr eryr,
Ar naws y dydd hinos dyr.

Chwefror

Dan y lloer mae adain llwm, - a daw'r gwynt
A dyr gwan a'i fwrlwm,
Daw naid ddu adain ddwn,
Aradr oes yn ordrwm.

Mawrth

Y mae rhith iâl y Mawrth oer - yn gyllell,
Yn gell llymder di-loer,
Ar y byd yr eira boer,
Ar faes is, ar fis iasoer.

Ebrill

Golau'r coel ar ei foelydd - ar eira
Eryri, ar hennydd,
Ar wyneb bryn, ar wynbridd;
Golau'r haf o gil yr hudd.

Mai

Gwyrdd a mwyn yw grudd y Mai, - y goeden
I gyd yn deg tyfai
Y marw drom mae ar drai,
Llwyn o gwsg yn llon gwisgai.

Mehfin

Cywain gwair yn eurlawn - ddydd o haf,
Hedd a ddofa, gwres orlawn,
Bendigedig a digawn,
Yn ir y medd ar y mawn.

Gorffenhaf

Mal y don, mil adeinydd, - mal duedd
Y moel. Dydd, yr hafddydd,
Daw yn fwyn daw yn feunydd,
Hwyl a sŵn yr hela sydd.

Awst

Nyth a gudd y gwenith gwyn, - y bladur
Y blodau yn erlyn,
Ehed o fraw ar hyd fryn,
Aur ei darf, oer ei derfyn.

Medi

Mud yw mwyar y Medi - y cysgod
Du, y cwsg yn hadu,
Mwyn y byd min y beudu,
A brwyn dan y Baran du.

Hydref

Rhedyn y cnawd, rhwd yn cnoi - ar lo main
Reilwe mud yn crynhoi,
Y cof llosg yn ei osgoi,
Heddiw ddaw o wraidd ei ddoe,

Tachwedd

Llech y maen a llwch y mur, - y gragen hon
O graig hen dy lafur,
Uwch dy loes mae d'achlysur,
O aeaf poen yr haf pur.

Rhagfyr

A nawr yr haul gwawr a gur – a’i rinwedd
A’i raen, hael ei gysur,
Gwledd rhag Faban Rhagfyr,
Naws y dydd y nos a dyr.

Scans

ENGLYNION OF THE MONTHS

January

Cold and white, silent the heathland - cold by day,
Cold on darkness without flowering,
Suddenly the eagle’s challenge,
On day’s aspect long night descends.

February

Under the moon winged poverty - evil
Comes with the wind and its howling,
Black leaping of the dusky wing,
Life’s plough is over heavy.

March

The surface of cold March’s soil - is a knife
A cell of moonless poverty,
The snow spits on on the world,
On the field below, on the shiver-cold month.

April

An omen lights on the bare mountains - of Snowdonia,
On the cold snow of old day,
On a cold face, on a white soil;
Summer lights and darkness flees.

May

May's cheek is green and fair - the lovely tree
Grows beneath the sky,
Heavy dying is ebbing,
Sleepy bush dresses merrily.

June

Hay harvest in gold-laden - day of summer,
Deep in over-full warmth,
Blessed and fulsome
Succulent mead on the peat.

July

Like a wave a thousand wings, - like blackness
In the blazing light of summerday,
Sound and merriment hunting sap,
Fair game and perennial gathering.

August

A nest hides in the white wheat - the scythe
Threatens the flowers,
He flies in fright above the hill,
Golden his source, cold his ending.

September

September's blackberries are silent - in his sleep,
In his own shadow;
Gentle world of the cattle barn,
Heather under black Baran.

October

Fern in flesh, rusty biting - on the coal grains
Of a mute railway, gathering;

Burn the memories to avoid them,
Today comes from yesterday's roots.

November

Slate and stone and dust of wall, - this wall
From rock of labour,
Above the hurt you built your era,
From winter's pain the pure summer.

December

Now the sun strikes the dawn - with virtue
And lustre, generous comfort,
A feast for December's Child,
Taste of day shatters night.

Cantref Gwaelod

Y mae hoen, y mae hunllef - y gwaelod
Yw glywed o bentref,
Ar loer, ar fôr oer ei lef,
Rhed y gwynt ar hyd gantref.

Y Capel Mud

Cip law main, y capel mud, - a ger heol
Ei gri hallt uwch gerbyd,
Y saim brwnt du yn symud,
Ei arw boen ar y byd.

Y Gaeaf Hir

Duedd cul y dydd caled - heb ei haul
Heb ei hwyl, gwres deled!
Gwres ar lwyn a gras ar led,
Yfa'' fedd, haf a fydded!

Y Dref Fawr

Llif o fwrlwm, lliwiau llon - yr ennyd
Ar naid y dydd eurlon.
O mor gul y mae'r galon,
Du'n y dŵr o dan y don.

Y Chwibon

Yr enfys, arch oer enfawr - uwchben y
Chwibon; sain ei oriawr
Ger swyn lliwiog a gyr sawr
Ar hoen a sŵn yr henawr.

Yr Oen Newydd

Ar y gwys hir ei goesau, - daear wych
A dyr gyda'i neidiau,
Hwyl i gael, hela golau,
Dros y mawn yn drysi mae.

Y Golau Wedi'r Glaw

Moel o waed, y malwodun - yn llisgo
Ac yn llosgi'i ennyn,
Glaw yr aeth, gloyw'r eithin,
A braf yr haul ar y bryn.

Ffoadur - I Gyfarch Edward Kluk Katowice

Y brad mor hyll o'r brodyr, - carcharu,
Cyrchu'r gŵr yn Ragfyr,
Dwr oer ei enaid a dyr,
O hel ddoe haul a ddeuir.

Yr Adfail

Mud yw llechi'r tô a'r mur; - y graig hen,
Y gragen, hon o'th lafur.
Haf dy bîn, yr hafod bur,
Y blodyn dan y bladur.

Yr Afon

Sŵn y dwfr, sain a dofrwydd - ar y graig
O'r grugiau, bodlonrwydd.
Haul y naid fel y nodwydd,
Rhed afon ar faen yn rwydd.

Yr Hen Lowr

Duedd a ddeil y dwylaw, - oes byr dan
Ysbryd y sêr distaw,
Banner goleuni gerllaw,
A dan eu byd, du'n y baw.

Natur Ddyn

Dirwyn graeth ar darian gron, - ei aradr
Ar draws blaned ddirion,
Ei raen hyll ar y nen hon,
Yn y gwys nid yw'n gyson.

Y Golau Wedi'r Glaw

Y glaw mawr ar arogl mawn - yn tasgu
Ar hoen tesog brynhawn.
Daw aur o liwiau orlawn,
O ddŵr oer gwlyb ei ddawn.

Niwmo

Barf o lo yn ei berfedd, - a sug ei
Ysgyfaint y pydredd,
O haf ei foel, haf ei fedd
O lwch caled dan lechwedd.

Alarch ar y Nyth

Alarch gwyn yn arch erchyll, - ei chwib noeth
Uwchben nyth a chewyll,
Y cawr a'i lef yn sefyll,
A gil hoen y gelyn hyll.

Er Cof am William John a Gwenllian Evans

Dan y trum a dan y trwch, - yng nghwm mwyn,
Yng nghwm mud gorweddwch;
Clawdd y llan yn claddu llwch
Yn ei hudd, yn ei heddwch.

Twrbinau ar Dor Clawdd, Mynydd y Gwair

Tyr y clawdd, tro y cleddyf - a'i hoen llwyd,
Hunllef yr oer dylif,
Craith ar y gwerin cryf
O ganu oer y ganrif.

Er Cof am Blant y Grithig

Y graith hon o fron Grithig; aethant y
Plant o'r byd; y Plant elwig,
Ymaeth rhed awr fel mwyth rhig,
Cred gwir y Plant Caredig.

Y Wawr ar Aberfan

Llif o ddŵr, llef y ddyri, - dros y tir
A dyr storm yn gyrru,
Hylif dros haul fe dry,
Du'r dŵr a dyr y deri.

Scans

The Long Winter

Narrow blackness of the hard day - without its sun
Without merriment, warmth arrive!
Warmth and growth and grace abounding,
I drink my mead, summer come!

The Great City

Flow of chaos, bright colours - the instant
Of a leaping day clothed in gold.
So narrow is the heart,
Black in the water beneath the wave.

The Curlew

The rainbow, a cold and mighty arch - over the
Curlew; the sound of his timepiece
A colour-enchancement, savour
And sound of the old hour.

The New Lamb

On the long furrow his legs - pound
The fine soil, leaping,
Great happiness, hunting light
Over the peat, he goes wild.

The Coalminer

Dust pours from the fiery cauldron - in his pain,
In his pain, in his harsh pain,
He combs the dark sound
As the pick runs along the seam.

The Moon

The moon's brow over moorland - silent inspiration
From the heaven that bore it,
The stars are frightened -
Dawn, a fair cradle, nets them.

The Mushroom

A shiver as I meet it - a sharpness
Like the white swan's neck,
Silent grey is the colour of its pride
The dumb earth, mushroom's abode.

Light after Rain

Bloody moorland, a snail - slithers
And burns the moment.
The rain has gone, the gorse shines,
The sun's slow light on the hilltop.

Refugee - for Edward Kluk Katowice

Ugly betrayal by brothers, - imprisonment,
The assault in December,
Freezing water cut his soul,
From yesterday's hunting there will come the sun.

The Ruin

The roofslates and wall are dumb, - the old rock,
The shell, this from your labour.
Your summer's pines, your pure summer's pasture,
The flower under the scythe.

The River

Sound of water, a soothing enchantment - on the bedrock
Made of mountains, contentment.
The sun leaps like a needle,
A river runs swiftly on the stone.

The Old Miner

He holds darkness in his hands, - a short life under
Silent starry spirit,
A banner of light nearby,
And under their world, black in dust.

The Nature of Mankind

Fervent scar on rounded shield, - his plough
Across a charming planet,
His ugly aspect on this firmament,
Carving a jagged furrow.

Light after Rain

Heavy rain on fragrant peat - pouring
On the warmth of an afternoon.
Gold will arrive, a fulfillment of colours
Made of cold water able only to soak.

Niwmo

A beard of coal in his guts, - and draw in
His lungs the corruption,
In his moorland summer he drinks this mead
Of hard dust under the hillside.

Swan on the Nest

The white swan, a frightening arch, - its bare hiss
Over nest and cradles,
The giant leaps with a roar,
And the shadowy predator flees.

Turbines near Tor Clawdd, Mynydd y Gwair

Smash the earth, turn the sword - with its shade of death,
Nightmarish cold flood,
Scarring the strong People,
A cold singing of our century.

In Memory of the Grithig Children

Cut from scar of Grithig - the Children
Have gone from the world; noble children,
Away runs the hour, delicate cut of rock,
With the generous Children's creed.

The Dawn on Aberfan

Flood of water, an elegy, upon land
Beats a driving storm,
A flow across the sun,
Black water blasts the oak trees.

CYWYDD

Marwnad ei Dad

Hedd y llan, hudd y llencyn,
Bo lwyd gwsg dan blodau gwyn,
Y bugail bach ar fachyn,
Twyll y tâl, tywyll tyn,
Glo a baw, clai dy gawell,
Addewid gam oedd dy gell,
Canaf glod i dy dlodi,
Dwys yw hedd y glowr du.
Yr hen frain ar hoen fryniau,
Yn y llan mae'r golau'n llai,
Malwoden dan ddeulen ddu,
Oerni nwydd, haearn ynddi,
Yn y cof hun y cyfan,
Yn y maen ac yn y man,
Y mab dwys rhwng grwys a gras,
Hudd heddiw mewn hedd addas,
Ef oedd fawr, ac ef oedd fur,
Gwyn ei gof yn y gweundir,
Ef oedd hael o fedd heulwen,
Ei ysbryd nawr, sibrawd nen,
Dewr yr ysbryd cryf, derwen
Fawr y brwyn, yn fur o bren.
Iôr mawr y nenfyd 'r oedd,
O gwmwl aur, o gymoedd,
Mawr ei fri, a gwawr ei gof,
Graen ei oes a drig arnof.

Scan

Elegy for his Father

The peaceful llan hides the youngling,
Let grey shadow be under white flowers,
The little shepherd on a hook,
Was fed decept, dark and binding,
Coal and dirt, your cradle's clay,
False promise was your cell,
I sing praise for your poverty,
Sullen peace for the black collier.
The ancient crows on aspect of hills,
In the llan the light dims,
A snail under a black leaf,
Cold material, iron in it,
In memory sleeps everything,
In the stone here in place,
The sullen boy among crosses and in grace,
Sleeps today in apt peace,
He was great, he was a bastion,
Blessed his memory in the heathland,
He was generous, of sunlight's mead,
His spirit now whispers in the void,
The brave, strong spirit, the great oak
Among heather, a wall of wood.
Great man of the gods' making he was
Born of golden cloud and valleys,
Great his virtue, his memory dawns,
His life's aspect dwells in me.

Y Machlud

Dirwyn graeth ar darian gron,
Yn frwd elyn afradlon,
Môr o waed ar lwydni mud,
Fflach lem o'r haul yn machlud,
Gwledd gafodd naws ei gleddyf,
Llosg ei awch yng nghochni'r llif,
Gadael y wna'n ei gadwyn,
Gras mawr, y dydd, y gwres mwyn,
Gwrid gynddeiriog awr ar gynn,
Ei dasgu, oerni'n disgyn,
Ar dir dwys yr aradr dyr,
A'r gwys ni ry o gysur,
A hoen y nos yn nesai,
Duedd llwm ac agwedd gwae;
Haul o lid a grael o lw
Ar y môr, ar y meirw,
Yn gochedd diwedd heddiw,
Y machlud a'i lid a'i liw.

Scan

The Sunset

Savage scar on round shield,
Fervent, wasteful enemy,
A sea of blood on silent greyness,
Flash of the setting sun,
His sharp sword had a feast,
The edge burns in the crimson flood,
And he leaves in chains
The great grace, the day, the fair warmth,
Great anger of the burning hour,
Its pouring, descending cold,
On a sullen earth the plough beats,
The harrow gives no comfort,
And night's aspect nears,
Desolate blackness, aspect of sorrow;
Angry sun, whose grail is a curse
On the sea and on the dead,
In redness ends today,
In sunset and its fury and colour.

FREE METRE VERSE

Aberfan

(Refrain from “Gwalia Deserta”, Idris Davies, the Miners’ Poet)

We are crushed who now lie in this sultry grave
In the dark mountain’s heart
Now, forever, we are stilled,
An earth, an age, apart,
“And who robbed the miner
Cry the grim bells of Blaina”

Man’s black hand is evil on our brow,
The slurry and the sword cut deep,
For us, the prey, in this indifferent soil now
The mourning blind mists weep.
“Even God is uneasy
Say the moist bells of Swansea.”

The spared have heard the valley roar
A shadowed, deathly psalm,
They claw in horror at the shroud of coal,
Still, we the dead lie calm.
“They have fangs, they have teeth
Shout the loud bells of Neath.”

The blue scarred hold us as we bleed,
Take us as the carrion,
The burning eyes, the burning sun, are blind,
For now the day is done.
“O what can you give me,
Say the sad bells of Rhymney?”

(First published, “Contemporary Poets”, 1974)

In the Damp Winter Air

In the damp winter air
A bare latticed willow frames the lair,
The noon dark valley with the red shoulder,
Of the dead mine owner.
“No dumping of rubbish” to the green flowing stream
From Clydach Merthyr Colliery, Craigola Seam,
Bubbling on its ancient bedrocks
By order of the National Coal Board.

Rusting ferns on a dusty Christmas day
Adorn an old lung shaft that a death ago
Drew spring’s life to a catacomb,
The rain pools tremble with the ghostly wind,
Mirroring a purple wreath.

A rusty skeleton with corrugated bones
Is enthroned in exploitation’s rotting corpse,
The pay office is bricked up rent in grey lament,
Bitter toil, primordial strife, a ruin.
The tram rope is a gallows in the packed path,
Of death’s grim domain, timbering rules,
Faded on the bone, whisper windy defiance,
The old cross sower is burned in the wood.
A low god breathes dust,
Beware of the engine that carried him here,
The willows mourn his mortality,
His soul is at sea.

(First published, “Contemporary Poets”, 1974)

For a' That

We are one with the wind
And laughing earth,
Eternity smiles in our image,
And carries us from the prison
Of mortality.

(First published, "Contemporary Poets", 1974)

Yn y Llwchfeydd ger Bow Street Dyfed

Mae'r ffyrdd yn dawel,
Ac yn berlau coed y gorwel,
Ar ffedog rhew'r nos mae'r lloer
Yn syfrdanu'r mecanyddol.

A'r lôn syth, enfawr,
Yn rhuthro at y wawr
Fel tarw at y dur
Dan drwch o eira mae

Gosododd yr oerfel ei linydd
Yn dawel ar ei ganfas
A'r heol syth yn feddw-gysglyd
A ddiflanodd ym merthi's tywodydd,
Y swyngyfaredd berffaith newydd.
Y tarw'n suddo i gyffur ei gleddyf,
Ei wely cynnes yr eira dwfn.

(First published, "Poetry Wales", early eighties).

Scan

In Snowdrifts near Bow Street, Dyfed

The highways are quiet,
Trees, horizon's pearls,
The moon, night's icy wizard,
Astound all things mechanical.
The straight unyielding path
That rushes for the dawn
Like a bull at the steel
Is buried thickly in snow.
Cold draws its own circle,
Woven on a delicate cloth,
And the bull-road, sleep-drunk,
Floats to ground in snowdrifts.
A perfect enchantment,
The bull sinks into the drugged sword,
Welcomed warmly by the white matador.

Y Nos a'i Harianrod

“I saw Eternity the other night
Like a great Ring of pure and endless light
All calm as it was bright.”

Henry Vaughan

Trobwll yn rhewi'n sydyn yn d'afael
Yw'r eiliad olaf.
Tragywydd ar dafod y boddwr,
Cywydd o ddeigryn y dŵr:
Trobwll yn tynnu at ei phurdeb,
Yr arianrod.
Ar dduedd y domen o lo gerllaw
Mae'r mynyddoedd oeraidd distaw,
Dychrynlyd maent, diderfyn,
A'r golau'n chwyrn.

(First published “Poetry Wales”, early eighties)

Scan

The Night and her Silver Ring
This whirlpool freezes
Your last drowning second,
Eternity on tongue,
Cywydd, tear, of water:
The silver ring beckons.
On a black tip of coal nearby
The mountains are cold and distant,
Terrible and eternal
In the fierce light.

Pisa, Mawrth 1982

Mi a ddfilanais fel gwllith rhwng bryniau o feini
Meini'r blynyddoedd fel cymylau's addo'n drwm
Â'r Arno i rodio'n dawel
A llygredd eu henaint, yn araf i'r gorwel;
I lifo ble ddoe eu cyflymder
A darodd â dwr y graig,
Fel gŵr a gwraig
Eu plant yn feini llyfn.

A'r tŵr ar hanner ei ddisgyn
Mi a welais ddyd y dewin
Y addo wedi'r llif
Gwyrthiau ei bensarniaeth fel nawdd,
Gloria mundis, clawdd,
Arian afon ei oesoedd fel tarian
Yng ngwacter nos
I ddisgleirio ym medd-dod a ffos.
Gweithredoedd ddyd, o'i ogofau
Yn danllyd a'i gerbydau
Ymladdant am aer
I ddilyn y disglair;
Yn yr Arno yn dawel ger ei bron,
Yn gysglyd ym mronau'r don,
Toddi maent fel gwllith o'r gwair.

Mân yw'r meini,
Tywodydd yn eu breichiau,

Bryniau cyntaf Pisa,
A dofrwydd afon yn difetha.

(First published "Poetry Wales", 1983)

Scan

Pisa, March 1982

I have vanished like dew between hills of masonry,
Stony ages, clouds that gravely promise
To journey with the Arno, quietly
To frail old age, to the slow far distant horizon;
To flow away from yesterday,
Whose waters struck the rock with vigour,
And sculpted children
As man and wife.

The half fallen tower
Is man the miracle maker,
Seeding after floods
The fruit of his skill.
Gloria mundis on its banks,
The river of his ages flows
Around his stony shield,
And the vacuum of night
Strikes home on the black and frenzied earth.

The works of man
Are illustrious cave-born dreams,
A brief firmament
To the quiet Arno,
Lapping in its ancient waters
The morning's dew.
The stones are dust
In her arms,
The gentle river
Bears to the sea
The first hills of Pisa.

Yn y Labordy

Yma'n ddiogel dan ei glo
Mae'r gŵr gwyn yn agor ei gân
A thinc gofalus, llywodraethol.
Yn hecian yn ddall yng nghalon y nos,
Beth oedd ond wargaledrwydd
Mae nawr yn chwarae rwydd
Â'r fformiwlai.

A phan mae'r gynnu mawr yn tanio
A'r arfau newydd cryf yn glanio
Fel dyrnau brwnt ar blant ein byd,
Mae ef a natur yn gyhyd
Â'u galar mud.

(First published, "Poetry Wales", 1983)

Scan

In the Laboratory

Here, safely locked away,
A man in white is declaiming
On a very careful, controlled, beat.
Hesitantly, almost blindly, in the heart of night,
What used to be just stubbornness
Became easy playing
With formulae.

And when those big guns fire,
And powerful new weaponry, dirty fists,
Hit the children of our world,
He and nature lie content
In mute confession.

Streic y Glowyr

Yng nghwmni'r hen gellwair
Ma' pob dyn call
Yn cadw'n dawel fel cadno dilys ei dwyll,
Yn dywyll, yn ddall;
Distaw frenin dirgel yn ei lys,
Yn feistr ar y ffwl ei dynged.
Mae'r haf yn oer yn ei gastell unig,
Dan y ffrwyn y dyn ffyrnig,
Yn malu'r muriau, grawn gan rawn,
Ei oes yn gyfiawn.

Scan

Miners' Strike

Accompanied by an old lie,
Every salaried man jack
Keeps his face shut, is a fox intent on deceit.
He obscures himself, is blind
At a kingly distance in the court,
Master of that fool called destiny.
But in his castle, summer freezes,
The brave warrior is ensnared;
In beating at the walls, grain by grain,
His being turns dust to dust.

Viva! Viva!

(April 1982)

Ysgyfarnog Mawrth a ddiflanodd
I gyfeiriad ei gorwynt,
Nawddsaint Ebrill, mae rhyfel ynddynt,
Eu cnawd a ddur y llynges llwyd
Yn canu'r calan ar aelwyd
Y cyfiawnder ger eu bron.
Yn eu hesgyrn, dirgelwch,
Yn eu gwaed, difyrrwch
Diniwed eu cyrff yn malurio'r don.

A dadlau mae'r tonnau hallt
A thynged eu dagrau'n torri
Ar ynysoedd unig eu glwadgarwch -
Clywch! Viva ! Viva! Gwedd y weddw
Ar wyneb ei llain yn sych ac yn arw,
A gwyneb ei chariad yn lwyd yn farw!

Ebrill â'i gawodydd daeth a therfyn i'w ddydd.

Scan

Viva! Viva!

(April 1982)

March hared madly
In a great storm.
April's idols have war in them,
Their flesh drawn in steel of great warships,
Welcomes in the new day on the doorstep
They rightfully call theirs.
In their bones lies murky hatred,
A marrow of unfinished business,
Their bodies innocently thrash the waves.

The waves are bitter, steal the waters
Of she whose tears break
On lonely, patriotic islands -
Listen! Viva! Viva! New widow screams
On faces of our dry and barren dreams,
A dead and grey complexion.

Y Filltir Scwâr

(Er cof am Tomos Elim Jones, Craigcefnparc, ei ddadcu)

Mae'r haul ar Fynydd y Gwair,
Miloedd o leiniau disglair,
Mi a gymeraf wres i'w wydd,
Gwau ef bridd yn frethyn aur.
Edafedd dyfroedd afon,
Fflach o fywyd bythol hon,
Ennyd y dydd, dŵr ei oriawr,
Deil y wawr yn nhardd ei don.

Mi a glywaf Blant yr Haf
Yn chwerthin yn ei gaeaf,
Dilladach llwyd eu tlodi mawr
A dry y nawr yn harddaf.

Llachar, hir, ar hyd y bryn,
A welaf ddydd yn ennyn,
Yr hen fro hon yn fam ei byd
A'i chwm ei chrud cyntefin.

Dros fy wyneb mae fy llen,
Arch y garreg oer uwchben,
Fy ngharchar unig oedd i mi
Yn nhywyllwch ei thalcen.

Caeth i'r glo nid ydwyf nawr,
Ond glasder nenfrwd enfawr
A ry i'm eto olau ddydd,
Aer y mynydd, pêr ei sawr
Mi a grwydraf yn fy haf,
Yng nghwresni'r brethyn harddaf,
Yr ysbryd cyntaf eto'n rydd,
A'r pridd euraidd amdanaf.

Scan

The Square Mile

(In memory of Thomas Elim Jones, Craigefnparc, his grandfather)

The sun on Mynydd y Gwair,
Thousands of shining measures,
To his loom I'll take day's warmth,
Of soil he'll weave the wool cloth gold.

Threaded in river water,
Life flashes eternally,
Day's instants in the stream,
Fragments of his rising dawn.

I hear now Summer's Children
Laughing in their winter cold,
Grey rags, poverty,
Flash in harmony.
Vivid infinity, beckoning hill,
I feel the daylight glow,
This ancient land is mother,
The cwm her first born cradle.
My winding sheet lies over me,
A cold rock arches over me,
Encaged in woven cold,
Threads of blackest coal.

But I am free of master coal,
And the great blue arch of day
Breathes life into me,
Once more the mountain air.

Arm in arm with summer
And dressed in finery
My spirit freely wanders
My soil my cloth of gold.

I'r Glowr

Yng ngwresog haf, ef y llencyn,
Gaeaf yw yn lwch ei wanwyn.

Y bugail mwyn ar fachyn ei oes,
Scerbwd mochyn yn ei loes.

Gweled y meistri yn dy wlad,
Rhedyn lliw dy waed yn tagu'r had.
Haid o ddefaid ydyw'r wedd,
Yn gorwedd yn ei pydredd.

O ddyfroedd canrifoedd tlodi,
Glo dy ddilladach disglair du.

Lluniaeth a llan dy ddwy gell,
Glo caled, clai dy gawell.
Medd-dod byd oedd dy gyfnod,
A thi a ganaist ei glod.
Milenium milain fel clog amdanot,
Barrug iaith, olion arnot.

D'ysbryd yn sarnu'r chwedlau,
Yn crwydro lle by trai.

Yr hen frain ar dy fryniau
Yw milwyr duon yng nghae

Dy ddoe, a thi y plisgyn o'r Somme
Malwoden, cragen drom.

Trefydd anferth y byd newydd,
Gweigion maent gan ddydd,
Ar drothwy bedd, wrth eu bodd,
Yn gwreiddio am ef a'u creodd.

O feibion yr eigion braf,
Tybed a thi yw'r harddaf?

Glaw'r efengyl ar y wawr,
Cymylau'r cymoedd ar lawr.

Scan

To the Coal Miner Of Black Gold

Warm hearted youth of summer
In spring's old dusty winter,

Black shepherd of the coal seam
Hooked like pig meat on a beam

In his greed ravaged country
Whose hillsides choke bloodily,

Whose burden of sodden sheep
Dream corruption in their sleep,

Bears black centuries of poor
Dressed in the rags of folklore:
Dreams of truth and sustenance
Framed in golden elegance,

Prisoners of a drunken time,
Eulogies of filth and grime.

Cloak of thousand stones he wears,
Frosty echoes of the years,

Songs and myths and mysteries
Buried in his tidal seas,

Croaks of crows are piercing,
Black soldiers dimly marching

For his Somme; time's fragile hell
He bears like a snail his shell.

Great cities far, far away
Echo emptily by day,
Dance the dance of time's hard beat
With his world beneath their feet

Day supplicates to a new night,
Shows him, in a silent light,
First son of the mighty sea,
Who will bear, will always be.

Dawn's evangelistic rain
Buries the Valleys again.

(Accepted for publication, "The Salmon")

Sacred Progress

(In Memory of Harry Jones, Pont Nedd Fechan)

I

In Wales the gods had set in concrete
Patterns of somnolence and innocence,
Petty rules their caesars hoarded
Crushed the little people
In narrow lines of thought and action.
They scarred her with accent and attitude,
Blithe liars both,
Impediments as hard as coal and steel
Which bar her the way to constancy,
Her sun's blood splashing always
On jagged edges.

Across her face they stick to walls of stone and iron,
Their ruin stares stilled in her hills,
The self-imprisonment of beings
That lithe as wolves had savaged her
With mines now numb and statuesque,
Each an acropolis
Under the fierce hammering of early winter rain,
A bludgeoning castle of intruder stone
About which man and brother
Squabble for succour,
And lie to the weary traveller.

The waters have scattered
In arid plains and towns
Sterile from long argument
With the featureless land,
They have carved for the intellect
Vast highways,
Their feet in chains.
High above Thermopylae
The vicious eagles scream
And missiles darken
The golden Parthenon's brow.

Across the walls and broken stones
The winter slashes,
Godhead is corrupt.
The war-like machinery
Of many a century
And the ruins of symmetry
Crowd at the lowering cloud,
Arid in the atom's awakening.

II

They bent the backs of tiny relatives,
Fugitives in monstrous galleries
Crawled like ants for betterment:
Ideals like lead.
Strange in mode and purpose
They breathed filthily
The dusty entrails of the earth,
Found the old war dog
Growling a hoarse familiar tune.
In the black gutters of their hills
Their day was their night perpetually,
For many a blackened Troy
The small ants scuttled,
Built the Titans' furnace on their shores,
Wrought weaponry for pointless wars,
Incestuous grumblings of their makers,
Obscure, terrible emperors
Of the Western World .
Beyond the Pillars
Their labours of Hercules
Exploded in battle,
Dreadnoughts from the land's hard guts
Gave to the sea
Incarnate savagery.

III

Who are left undrowned
Astride skeletal rock
Torn bare of trees and greenery
Black with dust and gravity
In the hidden sun,
The ruin of mankind
Is devoid of pity,
Whose epitaphs are coldly calculated,
Whose destiny is foreseen.
They are Doric columns
Strewn on the ground
In Old Parnassus,
Pits of black sludge, lumps of slag,
Where once the pastures clawed,
Progenitors of childhood's visions
Vanquished.
Here broken on the walls
That human faces made in unison
The tell-tale drops of moisture
Among the desert grains
Endeavour to embalm a golden age.

IV

The graves are set in concrete towns and cities,
Here the collier's offspring wrestle,
Woven in history's labyrinths,
Wrought by platonic bureaucrats,
Among corrupt professors,
Oozing days and clinging
To the origin of classes,
Their spring of knowledge
That will never dry.
Here among the mortar they will die.
Slowly the golden sun's corona
Is pushed to darkness -
The earth's wound gapes in the void.

V

The round shield bares a savage scar,
Alone on the horizon's line
The earth is a bloody grail,
Night's fires move and leave
With the sun, promising with tomorrow a new age.
Under the moon's pale aspect
I go home at end of day,
Goetterdammerung's hour
Asks praise from setting,
On the grey horizon, drinks from the burning grail.
The savage twilight burns,
And great cold descends.
The plough has broken its earth
To seed the stars in a great cold void
In which pain and guilt are dissolved.
Black and light are harrowed together,
The firmament is starred.
Promise grasps the grail and drinks
For light through the black night,
And the day's great cities
Lie until dawn in unease.

(First published in "Spectrum", Lampeter, Wales, early eighties)

SATIRE

George and the Flagon

George now oozes years of academia,
And is languid as cigar smoke in his cups,
That aromatic sheen, cold vortex, beckons
To the used and servile forces,
And the turgid elements are fused.
They distort his time's horizon
Like the howling Irish sea, its landmark flow.

Young time flowed from giving earth,
Water bearing willow leaves;
The boyish years were bent with gravity,
Though he envied the bright kingfisher
As it flashed to prey across his mind,
True master of those elements.

The years made a stoned and cold laboratory
And have ossified his soul.
Slabs of fishy flesh
Now gasp for air among retort stands
That grasp their fill of water by the throat
As languid George, befuddled, wakes, then roars
Among the cataracts of hell.

FREE METRE

Sunset

Firmament, fervent traitor, bloods the day,
Scars that were cut in morning's side
Have endured time like a squire on the dole.
That half known, half tamed savage,
Black night, has betrayed his age.

For the sun, no longer young behind the plough,
Has watched the one he had always known so well
Build his jagged cities, plan his wars,
Ever thirsty, ever hating, ever frail,
Sucking poison from a dusty grail.

Vessel of earth no longer smells of warmth,
And Chivalry, Sir Percival of old,
Lie with the outcasts of the dirty city's night;
Man, who left the field of old,
Is dying on a cloth of gold.

Gŵr a Welais yn Henwr

Anesmyth, gwan, baich yw d'esgyrn
Ar dy wyneb syched am ruddhad,
Tydi y plisgyn o'r Somme,
Malwoden dy gragen drom,
Fe daflaist dy gawod fain o berlau
Gerbron dynolryw,
Ieithoedd y gwacter du,
A'u celwydd yn pydri d'awen.
A gefaist am dy boen
Y blaidd yn bygwth y ddafad dawel.
Gwelir y golau'n disgleiro'n dy gadwyn,
Nofia at y war.
Tydi'r hen grewr a wasgaraist dy degwch,
Gola'n tasgu
Ble'r oedd y niwmo mor gyffredin a'r baw,

Yn mygu'r heulwen a glaw.
Tydi'r hen gaethwas,
Edmygedd wnaethost â'th ddwyllaw
O'th awyrgylch budr, ei gwaed yn frwnt,
Ei llaeth yn ddu i'th grud,
Rhoddaist i ni gerflun o gymlethdod;
D'unig wely, eiddo in ni, ein horiawr,
Gwelir dy sathr ar ein gwawr.

Free Translation

I Saw You Old

Weak and uneasy, your very bones a burden,
You thirst for release.
Crawling, a snail,
Bearing shells from the Somme.
All around you, fine showers of pearls
Have been thrown at Mankind;
Into the languages of his eternal night.
They lie to your soul,
Wolf-glare among his many flocks.
The dawn searches in sheep's clothing,
But the morning light is silent,
You swim weighted by many chains.
Ancient creator,
You once were light
Where the niwmo was as common as dirt,
Strangling air and life with dust,
Sunshine with eternal rain.
Ancient slave,
Administered
By the filth around you,
The cradle's black milk,
Carve for us a sculpture
That is complex and forlorn,
Your blacker grave.
Your destiny is ours,
Footprints in our dawn.

(Accepted for publication, "The Salmon").

SONNETS of 2006 ONWARDS

The Yew Tree

In six millennia I have seen many
Obscure community notices,
Appearances of impending night, blurs
In the darkness of heavy mid-day rain,
I continue to stare at these creatures,
A static, silent, rooted point of view.
What community use am I? Churchyards
Are littered by burnt out websites. The schools
Are patched and pockmarked by the stones and words
Of contemporary barbarism.
All humankind to me was dawning dew,
At eve it drinks the sap of poisoned yew,
At noon in stones like lizards lie our saints,
At dusk their dust the darkness slowly taints.

The Wild Geese

A windblown howling. This old orchestra
Plays on its own. There is no conductor,
And the auditorium glistens with shards.
Pieces of time smashed by casual stones
From a still present past. The formulae
Of distant wolves that howl amid the chairs
That once were learned. Iconoclasm?
But why are these abstractions so destroyed?
Was the science so meaningless as to
Yield us no function of the beating heart?
And how many roads must a man walk down
Amid echoes and shades of old renown,
The colours of time that his life rescind?
And the answer is blowing in the wind.

Lluest Treharne

Pines of Lluest Treharne give sound to time,
For history would have broken step,
And there would be no reason for this rhyme.
Why let this ruin irritate? The strep
In the throat. The farmhouse is a pile
Of old stone, that is all. Centrally arranged.
To sell it all let's spit it out in style,
A poisoned well and a caved in roof deranged.
At an angle to the pterodactyl
Clawing at ten thousand years of pure land
To make a pipeline full of human bile,
And dissolving the hourglass in its sand.
Around the pines, around this ruin, blows
The rage of time: the blood of people flows.

A TRANSLATION OF DAFYDD AP GWILYM, (mid nineties)

Part of the Cywydd "Mai"

The Lord knows that goodly ray,
First gentle light, the growth of May.
Great greenery soars away
This first day of mellow May.
The strong trees keep me at bay,
Great Lord is heaven of May.
The wise bards did not mis-say,
The world's glory is in May.

Dawning traperies repay
The generous Lord of May,
Sent me warmly to portray
With hazel brush the green of May.
High florins that won't betray,
Fleur-de-lis of treasured May.
Groves that keep me away
Cloak me too in leafy May.
Angered that time won't delay,

I dread the leaving of May.

Gently she comes to waylay
The harmony of choired May.
Fosterer of bards, nosegay
Made of the pleasures of May.
Baptised Son of God, parlay
With me the glory of May.
Heaven purify, assay
My world, my living in May.

Mai

Duw gwyddiad mae da y gweddaï
Dyfodiad mwyn dyfod Mai.
Difeth irgyrs a dyfai
Dyw Calan mis mwynlan Mai.
Digrinflaen goed a'm oedai,
Duw mawr a roes doe y Mai.
Dillyn beirdd ni'm rhydwyllai
Da fyd ym oedd dyfod Mai.

Harddaws teg a'm anrhegai,
Hylaw wr mawr hael yw'r Mai.
Anfones ym iawn fwnai,
Glas defyll glân mwyngyll Mai.
Ffloringod brig ni'm drigai,
Fflur-dy-lis gyfoeth Mis Mai,
Diongl rhag brad y'm cadwai,
Dan esgyll dail mentyll Mai.
Llawn wyf o ddig na thrigai
(Beth yw i mi) byth y Mai.

Dolais ferch a'm anerchai,
Dyn gwiwryw mwyn dan gôr Mai.
Tadmaeth beirdd heirdd a'm hwrddai,
Serchogion mwynion, yw Mai.
Mab bedydd Dafydd difai,
Mygrlas, mawr yw urddas Mai.
O'r nef y doeth a'm caethai,
I'r byd, fy mywyd yw Mai.

SOME MORE FREE METRE POETRY

Dream Elegy for Human Bondage

(In the style of Samuel Beckett)

“I’ the how dumb deid o’ the
Cauld hairst nicht
The warl’ like an eemis stane
Wags I’ the lift;
An’ my eerie memories fa’
Like a yowdendrift”

Hugh MacDiarmaid

I

Again and again, look to see,
Look to sea, again, again and again.
Past gaping teeth, jaw open, jaw shut,
Shut and open, over and over again.
Rain storms, years outside heard,
Still heard, jingle-jangle jungle sound,
Two mouths gaping, brute saying,
Four walls answer, beat around.
Look to sea time, gone, gone past,
Gone again, gone, gone again.
Wave crash, clock tick,
Beating, pendulum pulling earth,
Beating again and over again.
Heart and mouth, earth boned, caged.
Look to see, flames in eyes,
Fire smoking, clearing,
Look to see, look to sea,
Through eyes not seeing,
Ears not hearing.
Don’t hear, don’t hear, over and over don’t hear.
Look in eyes for death time coming -
Behind eyes may be light,
Dead black night hides nothing,
Shows the grey wet town not there -
Gone, gone again.

II

Hate tick hate tock,
Years beat, beat by,
Ears beaten to earth, beaten to crust,
Beaten to melting rock,
And hear again, here again
Small man, mind amok, no thought,
Amok in hate and echoing again and again,
Tick, tick, tock of clashing teeth,
Words fall dead to earth,
Falls the rain, grey, grey, old.
Thousand years of falling,
Winds burn men who hate
And weave them into walls
And echo years of bitter words.
Words, teeth clashing sound,
Noises, deep hatred,
Music harks in cloisters,
A plain song for pain,
Echoes are golden in the grey day.
Worlds are plain heard, yesterday
Which shakes with sound, shakes windows
In a dulling grey winded day,
Grey day, again grey, grey again and again grey.
Thousand ticks make plain song,
Held in four walls, fingers point and shake,
Clicking teeth and ticking flesh
Grow fearful in the idol's cave,
Man molten, earth screams.
Clock waits awhile, waits, waits,
Ticks on, again on, on and on again.

III

Light-dart on water, come and gone,
Come and ever-gone, come and gone again,
Dance, sun-fluted fever,
Silver dart, golden flute,
Do not hate, sing warm the day.
Melted rock in bursting light
That comes once in one place only,

Melts to water, pulled to sun.
Shaken stone is all the world,
Four walls fall to light and sound,
Cannot keep warring teeth.
Jagged lands fall to sea,
Sea seen again and again and again,
Fists pound rocks to atoms,
Worlds gape in open mouths.
Time returns to sea,
In the mighty sun
Survives its agony.

The Second Coming

“And what beast, its hour come round at last,
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born,”

William Butler Yeats

Ugly is the sleet's edge,
That cuts this contemporary eve,
Dirt thrown at the skin, the frail shield,
Of this town on the doorstep of Christmas.
Out thrusts its beery head to ice and cold
To bellow at man and destiny
“Come and partake of your pleasure”.

Wallowing on the pavement,
Old Christmas was a cradle,
An infant on a cold black lap
Is now the roaring sea.

He will awaken, quickly awaken,
And cut at the night like a scythe,
Hammer back the frosty dykes
Of piety.

The sea with net and legend
Partook, partook of the many grey fish
That the waters bear,
That he found there.

Marwnad
(Mehefin 1982)

Cleddwch â ryfel eich difyrrwch,
Trugaredd aeddfed, hedd,
Fydd gyda'ch ar eich traeth, yn ildio
Ar ddiwedd y dydd
I freichiau'r Iwerydd.

Drosoch mae hunllef y nos
Yn llifo'n swrth I'r bore;
Geiriau llyfn y golygydd
Yn clecian am feirw newydd.

Yng Nghymru machlud gwlyb,
Eich anial oedd y glaw,
Patrymau'r enfys,
A chymylau, caeau, melyn
Fe luniodd yn eich baw.

Fe dasgodd fel adenydd ar y wawr,
Dros Dŷ Cyffredin newydd sbon,
Y chwith yn sgrechain gyda'r dde,
Yr awyrenau creulon.

Elegy
(July 1982)

Let peace bury the frivolity of war,
Mercifully spreading,
Yielding at the day's end
To the great Atlantic sea.

Let go the night,
Let it escape to day;
Smooth editorial mornings,
Gossiping of the newly dead.

Wales is always a wet day,
A wilderness of rain for you now.
Rainbow patterns,
Clouds, sweet looking fields,
Are drowned in sorrow.
Pour and beat wings of dawn,
Wings of Parliament,
Left and right in harmony,
The cruel missiles scream.

Y Ceffyl Gwyn

A mi ger yr afon ddu yn crwydro,
Fe'th welais, y cawr gwyn, bythol gawr,
Golau'r gwyfyn,
Dy holl fyd yn wyn
Dros fychan ddyn
Â'i dafodydd yn rhedeg i'r mor,
Â'i gysgodion yn llisgo amdano.
Y march gwyn wyt yn camu'r graig,
Hi a'i cherflun amdanot.
Ar filltiroedd amseroedd
Pedolau o olau
Ar y mawn fel efail,
Dyrnau hunllef, briwsion bywyd,
Y gwreichion o'th bedolau,
Hunllef ar ganfas caethion y dref.
Cynddeiriog anadl,
Llwydni corfforol,
O'u hamgylch storom wyt,
Rhyddyd wyt y ceffyl gwyn,
A mi dy fardd.

Free Translation

The Celtic White Horse

Briefly in time's torrents
A white and eternal giant,
In the firefly light
You are blinding.
In modern man's minute domain,
Where history flickers to the sea,
Waters rush contrarily.
White Horse of Celtic Time,
Hammered in the rock,
An instant of sculpted fire
On the dark and ancient miles
Pound your hooves;
Peat flashes on the anvil
Among the ruins of culture

And a stallion thunders.
The canvas of the modern city
Is vulcanized.
Grey commercial beings
Are seared
In a howling forge.
Ancient freedoms and knowledge
Bear away the underling.

Jim

(With Great Respect and in Memory of Jim Jenkins)

He was opaque and ordinary,
Was born of dignity and hope,
Felix et Regula, twin images of Zurich,
Faith and Order,
Two faces, ancient and cold Swiss stone,
Reflections on the Zurichsee,
Is hanging on a cross beam,
Swinging on a hole in the garage floor,
Ambushed by black infinity,
Bounteous time is eternal.
Shivering high on the Celtic Rhine
Is an anonymous Welsh speaker
Labelled like that by strangers.
He is older, much older,
Much further away than ever could be.
Suddenly, an office, a clockwork box,
Purgatory, decorative chocolate,
High on the Celtic spine of Turicum
Is all of Jim, a memory.
For Jim is a bit of old Cambrian News,
An afterthought in Irchel and Dyfed,
As fleeting and pointless as profit,
Jim was found dead in his garage you see,
Very early one morning,
He died of anxiety.

II

Two thousand winters deep
In the packed Alpine glaciers
That tower over merchants,
Contemporaries confused in time's tram lines,
He is dressed in finery,
Is cloaked, purple wreathed,
Is bronze and glittering gold,
Spiralling triskeles
In life's mighty furnace.
Is fierce and fiery.
Irchel on high and Dyfed gleam
In the harvest of Celtic time,
Brilliant Alpine oratory,
Towering Land of the Young.

III

Jim became a stranger's tale,
A monosyllable
For tourist consumption,
Aber is not pronouncable
And has wilted in the forging.
The Uni is administered
And governed from afar
Transmuted into bacon
By landladies for visitors
To sun, sea and scenery.
The eternal stranger
Lies packaged for posterity
Born to toil and remnant values.
Son of Dignity the bearer of shields,
And Hope the eternal provider,
Eyes the horizon
And yearns for the Land of the Young.
The visitors despise abstraction
And spiralling thought,
No longer keep the tongue
And blaze with random anger
Detonated by a game of rugby.
Their brilliant, blazing, aureal sun
Will never rise.

IV

There are fragments
Of magnificent light
In farming talk,
But lie buried in weeds
That grow from a time
That was resplendent.
A time that steeled in starving winters
Was generous,
And wove into birth the fibres
Of a many coloured land.

V

Deeply carved
Were these triskeles
And were caught and classified
As disposables
When a technician is stamped as redundant.
Pointless egotism
Needs its human sacrifice
In a damp eccentric town
That bears no trace of finery,
Of what men should be about,
Nor of admonition
From the old land.

VI

Cloaked in redundancy
But cold in ancestral land
And its many saintly waves
He appeared unmoved.
He was determined to.
At the end of a boring week
He was sentenced to die.
He had been profitable
And had brought amusement to visitors,
Some Welsh themselves,
Had toiled dutifully
In his ancient piety
And he would die quietly.

He was spared minutes of time
As the sentence came
Snipped from busy schedules.
They, not he, wrote history.
For the sake of decency
He would be given these minutes.
This was necessary,
Apparently.

VII

His long silent winter,
Grains of ice now on frozen Cayuga,
Knew no greasy landladies
But was lighted by the very distant stars
Roaring in time's winds,
He would be and yet not be
In crabbed and selfish Aber,
An occasional memory.
With the river in Glyn Eithrym
That was filthy with tips that killed,
And coloured with suffocating dust,
Wanton carnage,
He would journey.
There would be no diurnal sobriety
And no pretence to life without end
At the age of forty five.
In the jungle of NYC
The wind cut him to pieces
Amid the crazed bullets
Of modernity.

VIII

In the cold pre dawn
When he was utterly alone,
Elli, Teilo and Tysul moved unseen
In the poisonous eddies of time.
Three saints moved silently.
Three Welsh speakers
Whispering anciently
Had no property for rent or sale,
But beckoned to time,

Greeted him as man,
Imago hominis.
He was a brilliant scribe and goldsmith again
Of Colum Cille's Scriptorium,
Weaving triskeles.
They greeted a man of great genius
Who had wrought many an Ardagh Chalice
And carved Glendalough.
Full of courage, full of wisdom,
These three had toiled in fields
And knew the Code of Giving.
They had hidden words and metres
In remote hillsides,
Many needles for a cloth of gold.
They greeted him as equal,
No longer slave,
And calmed time's roaring wave.

IX

Elli the fiery eagle
Glides high among times
And brings truth to Dyfed
From the wild beehives of Skelling Fichil
And its anchorite echoes
Of yesterday's beating waves.
Thundering among the skies
There speaks the truth
That leaves drops of moisture on Elli's brow.
Corpuscular, ineluctable beads of water
Binding earth to sea.
Croeso adre, welcome home,
You were butchered
In howling deserts
Of small ambition.
Here you are among us
And we will converse
In our natural tongue.
Our long day comprehends
Every second of its harmony,
Listens, absorbs, our words.
It moves among our fields,
Blistered with painful toil,

As we swing the sharp scythe
To succour winter
With summer's hay,
So that shivering calves
Live until spring
And cycle time anew,
Leave one more drop on the brow.
In the pocket of the weary day
Time gleans us words,
Syllables, golden hay,
Leave us poetry.
Croeso adre.
The great shire horse is wise
With strength of fifty men,
Ploughs surely, furrows arrows
Even on the steepest valley sides.
The emerald turns to bracken
As we bargain with the soil
That gave us words, ourselves, for toil.

X

Teilo the giver of warmth
Cut peat and strata of years
In the drifts and pits and storms of time.
The great and enduring Valleys.
Teilo sparks the gleaming crystals
And steam coal bursts into being,
Blazes into freedom.
Colliery shotman, free, no slave,
Faced death on a daily basis
In the anonymous cloisters
Underground.
Teilo greets him in the early dawn.
Each element of forty centuries
Is wrought in his greeting,
Elements that detonate
To firestorms
In the vacuous blackness of redundancy.
Creative machinery
Is arranged in symmetry
In the ordinary talk and cadence
Of two trudging colliers.

From the caverns of night
They bring light.
From the gleaming seam
Teilo blows away
The form stuffing bureaucrats
And executioners.
The relativistic sands
Of Aber's shifting beaches
Are ocean steppes of howling hurricanes.
The nucleus tears apart,
A spiral of golden torque unwinds
And the pen wielders are hurled
Into cold void.
Teilo warms him by the lucid, fiery coal,
And gives him back his soul.

XI

Tysul the thoughtful,
Shield of truth,
Is an intricate silence.
His gaze a deep pool.
He paints the rocky, cruel land
With harvest.
His the burden of his Nation's mind.
Slate lashed together by rain,
The slaves of Gwynedd toiling.
Tysul gives him profound dignity
In which faint words would be stones
Thrown into silence.
They would reverberate
Like a steam hammer
In the silent Scriptorium
Of Iona.
So silence is sufficient.
Words would crush like a breaking sprag
Beneath a mile of rock.
Tysul welcomes him
With photons of light,
With hope freely given,
Yet mined in monstrous cruelty.
The new day arises
And swirls on the axis

Of Tysul's vision.
Crazed bureaucrats supplicate,
Trapped in their passing hours
By lines of stony walls,
They see only transiently.
Bound by their own gravity
They ensure self-oblivion.
They cannot hide their pitiless killing
On highways of prosperity,
NATO tornado claws them,
The new eagle of Eryri.
The paper said that the balance
Of his mind was disturbed,
But Tysul weighs another lie
And adds a grain of eulogy
To his harvest of mankind.

XII

I am free, do not grieve for me,
But for yourselves seek destiny.
Great bars and walls of iron
Amid the savagery of warped time
No longer impede.
The Generous People have found me
In my solitude and great pain,
And have given me the village
Of my youth
Where life's scythe
Gives way to winter's food.
Wisdom in the warm breeze
Is an eternity
In the small fields of Wales.
Flow upstream to the source of life
The source of twin progenitors
Where the nucleus of a Nation
Wells indestructably.
It is graceful and pristine
Even in the ghastly grey pre dawn.

In the Land of the Young
His song is sung.

SOME METRICAL POETRY

Dylan (Villanelle)

Ble gleddaist dy galon, Dylan Eildon?
Beth gwrddaist yn iach ar y deilen hon,
Yng nghartref d'afallon dan fôr creulon?

Ar wyneb y môr âth elynion
AR oedd bara bywyd yn briwio'n yfflon;
Ble gleddaist dy galon Dylan Eildon?

Â'th friwsion, d'ymlau yn d'eiriau graslon,
Ar anial dudalen graen dy galon
Yn nghartref d'afallon dan fôr creulon?

At gartref dy lesni'n dy fore llon
Suddodd dy gwch o'r anialwch estron;
Ble gleddaist dy galon Dylan Eildon?

A nawr â blodau d'urddas ar dy fron
Gorffwysa'n grwn a tharddiad dwr d'afon
Yn nghantref d'afallon dan fôr creulon.

Mor bur dy darddiad, mor chwyn yr afon,
Mor hen yw dyfroedd y môr dan y don.
Ble gleddaist dy galon, Dylan Eildon?

Yng nghantref d'afallon dan fôr creulon.

Dylan
(Villanelle)

Now why did Dylan sea son leave the land?
He came from waters of the wave's blue brow,
He left a living imprint in the sand.

His words of Laugharne were wrought with silver hand
But flew away like fledglings from the bough.
Now why did Dylan sea son leave the land?

Did the tide come in to claim its own and
Cut away the landlocked with its plough?
He left a living imprint in the sand.

Did the ebbing tide despair and leave bland
Endearing greed to suckle from the sow?
Now why did Dylan sea son leave the land?

Did heron sternly speak and then demand
That waters are what words and thoughts allow.
He left a living imprint in the sand.

His shadows are what golden words command,
At dusk he left, his being to avow.
Now why did Dylan sea son leave the land?
He left a living imprint in the sand.

RECENT SONNETS

Gelliwastad Burning

The machine has stopped, the earth is trembling,
Individuals descend towards ground,
Tinged and sudden, a laboratory
In which green is worked to desolation
Is all that is left of Gelliwastad.
The bones of being lie on stony ground
Torn up by bikers burning randomly
Millenia made of heather, gorse and trees.
Authorities cower in many lies
And search among charcoal for inertia.
They are there on paper but tyre tracks
Write history with roaring dust and flame.
Now the green coming of humankind sees
An inferno of copper coloured trees.

Sonnet in the Manner of Shakespeare

When eve come by the weary shadows bow
In wonder gazing at her timely grace,
The sun enchants the leaves with golden glow
And takes his leave with coat of fiery lace.
The day departs and fades upon the weald,
The old makes way for waking day anew,
Now wisdom bows and knows that he must yield
To wonderment amid the morning dew,
And minute upon minute guide the way,
Companions in the darkness of the night,
While shreds of light around the fires play
With children huddled out of sight.
Almighty clarion and the morning's song
Have echoed clear but now have stayed o'er long.

Sonnet Against Wind Turbines

“Man is not whom to warn, those few escaped
Famine and anguish will at last consume,
Wandering that watery desert. I had hope
When violence was ceased and war on Earth,
All would have gone well, peace would have crowned
With length of happy days the race of Man;
But I was far deceived, for now I see
Peace to corrupt no less than war to waste.
How come it thus? Unfold Celestial Guide,
And whether here the race of Man will end.”
To whom thus Michael - “These whom last thou saw’st
In triumph and luxurious wealth are they
First seen in acts of powers eminent
And of great exploits, but of true virtue void.”

(John Milton, “Paradise Lost”, Book Eleven)

A monstrous flailing greed the land consumes,
The blades that execute democracy
Corrupt like a peaceful deadly plague
Takes all like war and leaves no stone unturned.
The happy days of golden minds are flailed
And all that is left is pitiless night,
The giant arms turn time to misery
And mocked the tongue of those who lived in grace,
They turn and turn and never cease to kill,
Innocence habitually slaughtered,
The dead shall supplicate to gods of wealth
With feet of vacuous stupidity.
For now is peace corrupt, a desert land,
The soil of innocence an arid sand.

Meeting Cliff Morgan

Among dimmed ward lights
And aching wounds of children
Cliff Morgan came to visit
My kind of rugby.
They told me he was famous.
But he sat a humped figure among reality,
Parked near a bed.
Here was another side to life
That he tried to give cheer to,
A whiteness dangerously close to death
In those so young.
It was incomprehensible,
And at night very silent.
It was not a rugby crowd,
In green daylight.
Cliff Morgan was my hero
And scribbled an autograph
For a useless bird.
Nye Bevan was my hero,
Before him I was sold
And beyond repair –
This my first official visit
To the world outside.

