

Portrait in Silent Water

*'I am so many people' (Midsummer Sun Declining, Chris Torrance) **

wondering why I'm here coal-black silhouette old wheels loom

inter-woven roots of language woven into shared entanglement
between rocky outcrops speak the landscape br(e)ak(e)

missing the turn - take the Rhondda road - miner's cottages - tips slipping down - centuries -
lean to the hill - bracken miles-over Maerdy mountain - snake-pass down to meet

Venn of village family poetry and song cottages
neighbours spill over falls overflows
boys playing cricket sepia cousins on an Irish beach

anecdotes from the room behind the shop
passenger in a worn coat nurturing poetics spliffs and tea

boots tramping Vaynor and Fechan
rock in the city stream over the sea

intrigue of a perpetual fire winter and summer
welcoming poets and flies mice to sup your beer

where Neith becomes object of worship
insubstantial play on words

splash in the river water-colouring a likeness
disappear in the crevice of Cwm Pwll-y rhyd

leaving
 blackberries
 to drop
grasses paling to autumn creeping growth
the silvered trail across damp logs
tangled ivy emotional suicide
the university of crisping leaves

leaving
 us
 clearer visions

leaving
 silent
 through the door