

Tributary

Hold on

childhood alchemies

Place

present alive with its past

Sweet rocket

influence on future Regardians

Disused line

hoary monolith

Re-placed

mining

In touch

massage of message

Inches ant industry

feet in mind

Stop

savour

Experience

texture

Circle

the self

Knowing

we mould gods in imagination

Bound

with a white thread

Look down

I look up

Recognise

feminine Llia¹

Meet

below bridges of origin

¹ Brychan's daughter; a standing stone and a river in Powys.

Mirror
our fields across the valleys

Village boys
peeping under the toilet door

Swinging
across the playground

Closed
the stink of fuel oil

Reach me
over the rise

Cut a diagonal
subterranean rivers

Part
a greater oscillation

Isolation
expose

Hold out
scrutinize

Chants
thread historic voices

No capitals
re-used lines

Standing
stones pause

Blank page
no wasted space

Time
absorb

Crisp leaves
tumbling

Need
humus in me

More
wafers of meaning