



WELSH POETRY FOR PIAZZA FOUNTAIN MEMORIAL EVENT

40th ANNIVERSARY OF DEATH OF RICHARD HUWS

27.02.2020

Reservoirs

by R S Thomas

(appeared in “Not That He Brought Flowers”, published in 1968 it was written soon after the opening of Llyn Celyn and Llyn Clywedog).

There are places in Wales I don't go:
Reservoirs that are the subconscious
Of a people, troubled far down
With gravestones, chapels, villages even;
The serenity of their expression
Revolts me, it is a pose
For strangers, a watercolour's appeal
To the mass, instead of the poem's
Harsher conditions. There are the hills,
Too; gardens gone under the scum
Of the forests; and the smashed faces
Of the farms with the stone trickle
Of their tears down the hills' side.

Where can I go, then, from the smell
Of decay, from the putrefying of a dead
Nation? I have walked the shore
For an hour and seen the English
Scavenging among the remains
Of our culture, covering the sand
Like the tide and, with the roughness

Of the tide, elbowing our language
Into the grave that we have dug for it.

Water

by Philip Larkin

If I were called
To construct a religion
I should make use of water

Going to church
Would entail a fording
To dry, different clothes:

My litany would employ
Images of sousing,
A furious devout drench

And I should raise in the east
A glass of water
Where any angled light
Would congregate endlessly.

Directions for Visitors

by Raymond Garlick

If you want to see Wales
Measure the long isosceles
Of Snowdon with your feet:
Fly your heart through dappled trees
Of calm Cwm Cynfal: dip
Your fingertips into the lees

Of the old religion
At Holywell – and see the new
At pink Llantristnant mint.
Ascend the sacred avenue
Of Strata Florida:
Behind the transept seek the yew,

The flame of evergreen
That streams up from dead Dafydd's bonnes,

And know that there, under
The sheep-cropped turf and tumbled stones
Are clenched the corded roots
Stronger than the new pence or old thrones.

Verses from a longer poem about an **Eisteddfod** by Sir Lewis Morris (1833 – 1907)
(translated)

Oh Mona, land of song
Oh Mother of Wales! How long
From thy dear shores an exile I have been!
Still from thy lonely plains
Ascend the old sweet strains
And at the mine, or plough or humble home,
The dreaming peasant hears divine music come.

The Menai ebbs and flows,
And the song-tide wanes and goes,
And the singers and the harp-players are dumb.
The eternal mountains rise
Like cloud upon the skies,
And my heart is full of joy for the songs that are still,
The deep sea and the soaring hills, and the steadfast
Omnipotent Will.