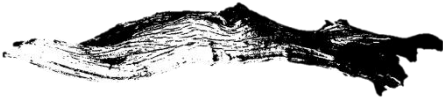


After the Flood: Aberdyfi

Gareth Alun Roberts

while Dyfi slept moonlike on fields
and the windacross sands
peeled the town's lights
down in strings of night
to unused streets
one tea-shop clinging-on

we let ourselves like logs become
uncertain of hearths and homes
the lumpy sounds of our throat
short notes of saying long words
sentences
making ourselves indecisions



lost lands summarised in mountains
where artists valley themselves
creakily with fag-butts
smoked to a comma
the white canvas-boards
staring back

you took the sharp light
and breath of tight corners
had no answer for waters salmon-leaping
at the day's short lap
left a question or two as a homage
in the tumult of its decisions

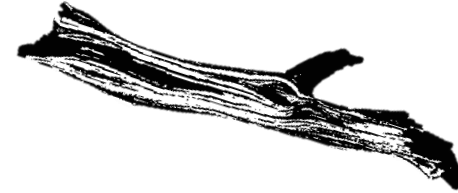
there was an English chapel
hard on the road
with hardly a pavement
a greyness to it
washed-out
and almost abut the backing hill

in the night it was un-lit
a flint bit paddled in shale
a scholarly un-slatted knot of bone
scratching at low skies
and the heaving lands
its door stopped against deciding



the ghost train came at the stop
an un-finished sentence
lights all emblazing the empty faces
beginning and ending in night
and the hard bowl of stars
above the tangling

shrieking where brambles shriek
their dead fruit-for-eyes
shivering the grey embankments
if there were signals here I'd know them
but I did not look
letting dark and the blindness decide



*after the flood
Aberdyfi
still in the salmon's mouth
river mouthing
a net of stars
seren-singing
songs of before
and for tomorrow
another birthing
another bell
amongst the driftwood
Aberdyfi*

