

Poem For A Croft On The Casseymire

Gareth Alun Roberts

The rain clouds are its roof slates now,
the crows its chimney's only smoke;

and gaps where windows once blanked their glaze
to the wilds and beyond backs of wastelands

are wide and open to inhale their breath
and taste the draught of every season.

Mice build their cots and twitchings in the weed
and moor of its carpet; the gossip is that of the sheep,

huddled from storms and wildcats
while the wind share the crack with the stone,

where the hearth is gone;
the pots, the chairs, the dreams are gone.

Its door, once shut tight against the world,
is now flung back in eternal welcome;

this crumbled house
is still a home.