

The summit of all the weathers

Mountain half-way met
where weathers come off your shoulder,
wet with granite
and summer's end
just ripe enough in the glistening.

The face you had then,
in the grey shifting light.

Rain falling upwards
curdling boots and socks until like lichen
on gullyrock,
shifting waters,
the ceaseless grunt against gravity.

The hand you held out,
jewelled with horizons.

Clouds dumb-crashing
the fresh bitten edge, thundering slates
with gluttony
for sky chewed up
like moss on ragged antlers.

The voice you loosed,
as if your first sound.

Rockland of water
sounding deeps beneath eagles
and souls engulfed
in the wash
of all the cragged weathers.

The name you had then,
the shape of it.

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