

A Graig Prelude:

High-Summer, in the winter of my life
Here sweet daisies track to the sun
Fine foxgloves bow as up and up
I walk to where I used to run

Unlike Frost, I've trod this path before
Here amidst your silent sighs
You let me binge on whats and whys
In the harbour of your hand, my paw

I squat atop an erratic stone
A poet's need to assuage
A busy black ant crawls
Across my blank white page

In a bell-filled Ponty below
People mimic ant-like ways
Are we at all free: the people, this
Ant, or me, invoking past days?

Here my past and present coincide
Here my old and young collide
Here I hear your warm voice
All across this mountainside

I close the curtains of my eyes
My face in the sieve of my hands
I see me here as a boy
As mountain-mothered man

The Graig, cornerstone of Spring:

Phaeton's chariot, one Easter day
Rose from-out the east
Its gleaming pendants lit the way
Illuminating our great moveable feast

Here, for solitude, I helped you search
As we sat umbrellad by new-clad birch
Here I came to fully understand
How the birch recalled the borderland

You told how Earth made the Graig
But, truly, not for evermore
How first the ice, then the rain
Would wash it to the shore

This was your favoured time of year
With Nature's renaissance and renewal
When lambs' sweet bleatings conquer
Bleak Winter's chill so cruel

The Graig, keystone of Summer:

Here amidst the scent of may
We traversed a land of larks
As they exalted the eye of day
And Summer's arrival marked

You escaping that deep, dark mine
Eluding the discipline of industrial time
Indulging for stolen moments in the joy
Of the dandelion time of a little boy

Slow-mo, simmering summer, so calm
Big Raphael-blue sky overhead
Stigmata of whimberry on my palms
You on this stone, where you 'oft read

We played catch, with me stretching tall
Hands clasped hands that held the ball
Explaining reasons for the seasons
The great oceans' rise and fall

The Graig, touchstone of Autumn:

On badger-grey days Graig's wind toiled
Snaking 'round the heather's sheaves
To hold us, for a moment, in its coils
Of shivering vortices of leaves

Here we travelled in Time
Through stories set in stone
How this place was once a sea
These rocks were flesh and bone

Wading in bracken, now fox-russet-red
Stumbling, tracing drystone walls
Stars punctured the sky overhead
The Graig waltzed to stall our falls

A glistening Taff embraced the park
As Evan and James danced in the dark
And our old friend the Moon shone
On Shoni's Pond to guide us home

The Graig, foundation stone of Winter:

Our winter walks were surely poems
Where you taught me deeper rhymes
How each and every thing
Relates and intertwines

So very few amongst us had a walk
With father explaining the trees can talk
You feeling Nature's flow, its ebb
You comprehending the wood wide web

Here, in frozen moonlight, long ago
With the Graig caped in fresh-laid snow
Cold magpies, fellows of daring and dash
Cackled to us from a bare mountain ash

You showed no fear of the cold
You deemed it inconsequential
You simply framed winter as
A bounteous, frozen potential

A Graig Coda:

Here few eagles flew overhead
Here no tortoise assailed your head
An amazing grace played a leading part
Though Holodomor dripped on your heart

A wisdom born of suffering
Given as a great gift to me
The peasant's baton handed on
With love, for me to See

Father, your love reaches me still
Like impulses of stars travelling until
Our eyes deemed them wonderous
Here, on this verdant hill

Like Hardy, I walk alone, but I don't mind
I don't think of you as left behind
Since, here, I have come to see
What you meant by eternal entropy