

Spain in the Rhondda

Over Stag Square, in Treorchy:

Screeching black boomerangs
Flown from far-off Spain
Pilgrims in a cyclical journey
All synchronistic feasting again

Snatching the fly like air-borne thieves
For tiny mouths that wait
Mud-cupped under old school eaves
Lie huddled, naked neonates

My mind's eye saw their forebears fly
Over the demise of the Brigade
Over Madrid, Albacete, Brunet
Over Harry Dobson's grave

Oh, swift little bird, carry word
Across your fine azure sky
There are those in another land
Who'd lend a hand and raise a cry:
Never again – No Pasaran!

Written in the Rhondda during the summer of 1997, to remember Harry
and his like.

Nick Nedsky