

Penrhyn Gwyr

March 2016

Bae'r Tri Chlogwyn
Parc le Breos

© *Peter J. King*

first published in Tears in the Fence 66, 2017

Bae'r Tri Chlogwyn

Where fresh meets salt
the sand is rippled, ridged, and
sends the water crossways,
back and forth, and
sends the stranded eye in giddy
moiré
patterns whirling
where the river meets
the fast-retreating tide.

*

The eastern headland,
marking out the limit of the bay,
is triple visaged, putting me
in mind of three Egyptian pyramids,
the sand around them glistening
with stranded moisture from the
ebbing tide; or a coven, maybe,
mother, maid, and hag, their
dark hats brimless; or a row of
Blackfoot tepees, skins of buffalo
on canted poles, dark against the
cloudless Gower sky.
Here on the map, though,
their official name's athrob with
all the rich imagination of the Celt:
Three Cliffs.

*

Beneath the largest of the three
is pierced a rocky passageway,
its floor a tumbled stretch of stone and sand
and stranded sea.

In wellingtons we scramble through
from Three Cliffs Bay
to Pobbles Beach, across the tumbled rock and
scattered pools.

About halfway a single starfish spreads
itself, an asterisk that seems to say
that we are merely footnotes to the deep land
piled above our fragile heads.

Parc le Breos Cwm

From the ford below, beside the mill,
through trees that spring has not yet touched,
the potholed road sways up along
the streamside; you discretely clutch
the door as I skirt places where the verge
disintegrates into the valley deepening beside us.

*

A chambered tomb
 lies flat upon
 the forest floor
(the map and territory all in one).
 The path scrapes grey and stony
 up between untended trees
 which rocky outcrops shoulder through;
 two ravens flap and cronk,
 sharp shreds of shadow
 grieving in a cloudless sky.

A side trail, slicing through wild garlic,
 scrambles up to Cathole Cave
 whose entrances
 (or exits)
 echo with frustration
 at the padlocked gates.

*

The evening meal;
a fox steals past,
unreal at dusk.

On the balustrade
moonlight splashes the dog fox —
brush streaming with milk.

Fox
 briskly
 tightropes
 the terrace
 wall.