

Poem

A dialogue of enmity woven between and around us before
we were born
Cymru fach mewn harddwch gwyrdd Wales in green (verdant)
Truth Gwirionedd
Lloegr England, also small, bach, with boots so big you trampled the world
we remain now arhoswn ni nawr
In the fallout

Like Celtic designs can our languages weave together And
heal the rift?
Longing Hiraeth, home cartref, presence presenoldeb
The words of the land around us Geiriau'r tir o'n cwmpas
Sea Môr, moon lleuad, depth dyfnder
Aderyn yn canu, A bird singing,

How would you add your shine sublime in mother tongue to these words of mine?
And go beneath the surface to the deeps
To heartbeat
The lifeblood of culture
Deep roots Gwreiddiau dwfn, strong feelings teimladau cryf
Mother tongue Mamiaith My love.