

past Cader Iris
and she fifteen in Aberstwyth
as a town a bit too big she said
for the wind blows from the sea without trees she said
not by the mountain we used to walk
and poured tea

served breakfast there to only I

with all the tables

in the big room

by the lobster potted waves

I'm serving the gentleman in here she said

and how far you've been

and where you be bound?

My brother

I must buy him a present

he's a terrible temper with his red hair

and you? I said

with your wilder flames

and O

on occasion

but she'd certainly not then

~1969±