

corner of a private psyche
that is forever impenetrable by
market forces daylight
birds singing plangent as

poets in wartime.

WASHING UP

In green garden's shade
wind pushes my grandsons' swings:
they are far away.

Flowers fallen, lawns
long, his garden bolted: my
Dad died in dismay.

Secretly I watched
my Grandpa dying, lying
in sun slants alone.

Before him? Nameless
shadows flying like seasons
on tumbled Welsh stone.