

## Love in Exile · *Wesli Court*

*From the Medieval Welsh of Dafydd ap Gwilym*

Her grace has charmed away my  
Heart—Morfudd, godchild of May.  
Hail her, give her good morrow:  
Hapless I lie the night through.  
Here the wild sower has sown  
Her seed to break my breastbone.  
Hurt will bloom and heartwail blame  
Hours trystless, bleak as henbane.  
Heavenly being of grace,  
Haunting voice, face, enchantress—  
How I plead, without avail,  
Hunger inconsolable.

Haply, lore might find a way  
Hope can win my fair lady;  
However, into exile  
Hurled, I shun her domicile.  
Heaped within my breast, yearning  
Hurkles and writhes the night long:  
Higher than waves on the shore  
Hurtles the lust I bear her.  
Heart to beauty has been chained,  
Heft to fettering fastened.  
Hard and bright as gold is she—  
Hushed love creeps slow toward me.  
Hale, long life is my wandream:  
How can water flow upstream?  
Hearthchild of Ynr—life were  
Harder than death without her!

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We urge interested readers to look at the entries for “Cywydd” and “Cynghanedd” in *The Princeton Encyclopedia Of Poetry and Poetics*, and in *The Book of Forms*. [Ed.]