

In The Llantsylleo Mountains

I take my bearings
From the constancy of this stream
Depth of these valleys
Solidity of these rocks
Whether under earth
Or within walls:
Permanence of these hills.
Even the sheep
Are seldom secondary
Manifestations of movement
From the past: they wander
Or shelter; confirming the present
In the image of the essential past. Even
The moral of disregarded bracken
Proved more permanent
Than transitory profit-yielding trees.
This is my apple orchard
My vale of Hesperus:
These fruits of peace
Are more nourishing than apples:
Warmth of this sun
Bringer of bliss
More tangible than Avelon.

John Hands