## Brecon Beacons

Twenty winters in Canada:

Heavy snows have whitened my head,
weighed my legs down.

Ice has gouged wrinkles into my face,
has sculpted these valleys, lovingly,
Carving its subtle beauty into corrie and cheek.

Resting on a roche moutonnée That looked, from below, Like a large black sheep, I watch my daughter's winged feet Lofting her to the Beacon's summit.

A landscape of white rocks, spread out Like grazing flocks, crop at the grass. Sheep are not stupid! For generations they have woven Threads of easier paths Across these contours.

They seem so slow — But forget them for a second And they've passed away.

Below me, in the car park, Forgotten, broken by his stroke, My father listens on the radio To the game he was once paid

to play.

ROGER MOORE