

SHARON MORRIS

Bluestone

This, a ceremonial landscape:

cromlechs, circles, a cove
and a line of cairns

along the spine of *y Preseli*,
intrusive sills of bluestone –

rhyolite a pattern of swirls
like the air of Jupiter,

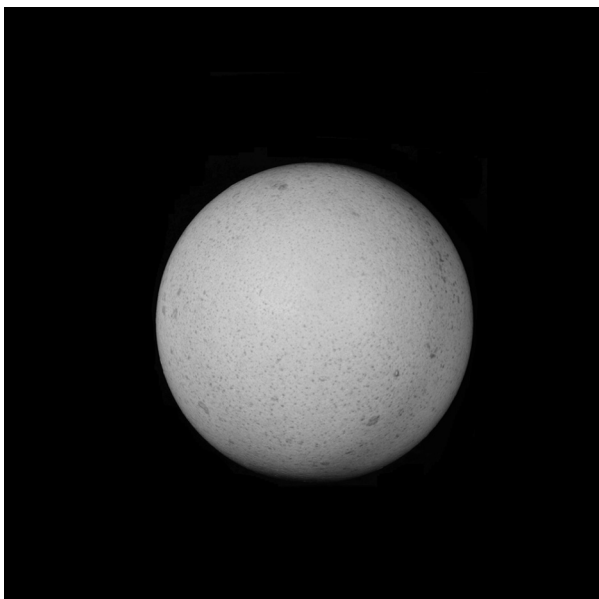
dolerite spotted with feldspar
like stars in outer space –

quarried and carried over land
and by river, Nyfer, Severn,

to Salisbury Plain,
to stand at Stonehenge,

their placement an echo
of their home:

*a land of stone for the dead,
a land of wood for the living...*





Carn Meini

Out of dark matter,
rock broken,
distorted, washed, distilled,

extract the sky,
a common blue
from its dark chrysalis;

hanes from the bones
of hyena, reindeer, bear
and myth;

yr iaith, song,
from the lithophonic bells
of bluestone.





In the Shelter of y Preseli

‘We never go down there,
it’s very lovely there,’

my mother tells me,
looking down the valley

to Glandwr, river Gafel
flowing into the Tâf:

something brave
about these words,

something unheard of
yn cysgu

in the shadows...
ynghysgod y Preseli,

where the trees grow
straight —



Carreg Coetan Arthur

Shards of Beaker
ware, grooved
and corded pots
on the hearth;
the body left
excarnate
to the sun, rain
and scavengers;
bones burnt
and placed in
the *cromlech*;
a capstone,
as if thrown
from the top
of Carningli,
balanced on two
of four orthostats,
leaving
a glow of sky
between stones
for the light,
for *yr awel*.
We visit
the cul-de-sac
of bungalows
at Newport,
take a photo
with a mobile phone —
that's all it takes
to enter through the eye
into the heart
yn ddistaw
and stay there
yn agos.



Pentre Ifan

Light fills me
with silence,

diminishing
death —

mist passes
its cowl

over my head,
breath

over the quartz
entrance

to the cromlech,
a sinuous exit

for the soul,
over fragments

of carinated bowls,
an arrowhead

in the shape
of a birch-leaf,

charred gorse
in the hearth:

Neolithic axe
like an egg

in my arms,
I am attached

by honeysuckle
rope.



The Blue Lagoon

From the cliff edge
he dives

into the flooded quarry,
sea rinsing

over the black beach
of Abereddy,

graptolites,
the shape of tuning forks,

trapped in
Ordovician shale,

its seams running east
to Hebron

and Hermon
ripe for fracking:

in my dream she cries
leave my soul alone —

the water clean
from the spring...

