

Llanberis? Pass

I had the strangest dream
in which Llanberis set the scene
for a politicians' gathering in the snow,
they were Welsh to the core,
steeped in Celtic lore,
(ay, like Vortigern, if you really want to know).
There were many noted climbers
and some hopeful pocket liners
who searched for iron pyrites in the scree,
while the climbers practised falling
(well, it is part of their calling),
but another party really puzzled me.
It appeared they were beholden
to hunt ermine up on Snowdon,
and they squabbled over who should take the lead.
Things got even worse
with insults and a curse
(a rather uncouth way to act, indeed).
Yet, they must have been religious, see,
or that was how it seemed to me
as they poked around the snowdrifts muttering, 'Lord',
while one fell on his knees
in the stiff December breeze,
and prayed for tapping on the shoulders – with some sword.