

The Village

The road falling gently to a glitter of sea,
breaks in the hedgerows, small stone houses
in twos and threes, veg-gardens at rear and sides,
only the tiny fronts sacrificed to flowers,
nothing wasted.

On, from the weathered walls of the old,
the flash and glare of the new.

Spanish style, pseudo Greek -
they're all here, gardens heaving with colour.

A few crisp-suited blaaing occupants
are circling a new Y-Reg toy.

Westmoorland, Highbury, the Shires -
house names slice into the mind,
a vicious assault on sensibility.

Brick piles, new houses in the making,
the crachach invasion is on.

They're building their Shangrila
around the old village pub.

I enter; not a native in sight,
they have retreated, surrendered their haunt.

I am eyed with suspicion as I await service,
the buzz of conversation lowers.

Their strained affected intonations so easy to mimic.

I order a "paint of maild."

Tension evaporates, a blandly smiling face asks:

"making for the yacht club, old boy?"

All eyes are on me, I am the focal point
of a strange intent interest.

"Duw, duw, no mun boy bach"

my voice fills the room.

"From the valleys, see,

I knows nothing of boats."

The faces freeze,

like so many silent skulls.

Inverted snobbery aired,

I make for the door

and that unblemished glitter of sea.