

Wales, 1997 people filter into echoing halls,  
the turnout almost as meagre, as the offer.

London! Why wet the beef-stealers appetites?

Well! Taffy is a Welshman, Taffy is a thief,

If we offer him too large a slice

He may show his little teeth.

But, Taffy is a kindly man, we hardly hear him growl

as he fattens up our Taffy mice, that plague his little hole

Six months on, we find here, on a rise

above the dark oblong of Ewelly's memorial,

Hawk-eggs, broken among a scatter

of nest debris.

Dropped here, perhaps

by some chancing rodent with hunger

at guile enough to risk talon-wrought

oblivion.

Or is this the matted spoil

of winged piracy?

- a blundering hooded crow, maybe,

or some undulating magpies?

Insects invade the fragments

crowding for a final scouting,

and what of that?

Why dabble in parallels,

the naivety of symbols

dash we turn, briefly, from technomagic,

is the ineffable, — computable?

Al, hold on now, our little bully boys!

were building Taff another Rome,

the setting's rather nice

Some good and true may join him there

but he won't keep out those mice.

and flew, old flew, let him sleep,  
think on fate, think on;

He sloped off to London, his head in the clouds,  
up on its pole there, drawing the crowds,  
dipping and swaying its way to Ludgate,  
where the punters went wild, man, on free entry rate.

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We sit awhile. Below, in the sunlight,  
the slab glints amid the ruin of its setting.

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The last, that long defiance, time's request,  
incised in marble a lingering epithet

shrouds a headless wales - too long at best.

Eggs broken here, as if to jest at those

resolved to know, now, a debt,

and have the re-fleshed dream - manifest.

With stealth, by lantern

'if that way serve best

to disinter long centuries regret,

who first! to left the spade and re-attempt?

feathers skewn about the flighted nest

may take new flight as quill or fatchlings yet,

lose off the ward, though the prattling scribes protest.

Pay siege, then, to our trouble seekers quest,

lest the offal of obedience they beget

a people starved of purpose may inject.

Yes!

The last! that long defiance, times bequest,

incised in marble, a lingering epithet

shrouds a headless walee - too long at best,