

**Babble:**  
**a poetry collection exploring the cultural identity of modern Wales**

by

Rhea Seren Phillips

Supervisor: Professor John Goodby



**Swansea University**  
**Prifysgol Abertawe**

College of Arts and Humanities

Swansea University in fulfilment of the requirements for the Degree of Doctor of  
Creative Writing.

Swansea University

2020

## Abstract

*Babble: a poetry project exploring the cultural identity of modern Wales* interweaves a pedagogical methodology with modernist and traditional poetic practises. The core objective of the thesis is to encourage readers to challenge preconceived attitudes on a modern Welsh identification.

The key component of the thesis is a poetry collection that adapts the Welsh metrical tradition in English. Its rules and patterns interweave the creative practises of sound poets to redefine a modernist expression. The principal methodology employed in the thesis is a devotion to discovery followed by invention.

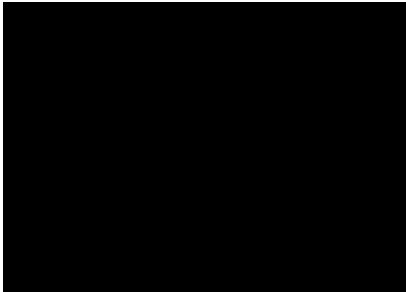
The vocabulary of the poetry is deliberately abstruse to transcend language barriers by employing creative forms of modernist sound poetry to reveal the world from a subjective perspective, distorted for emotional effect to evoke fresh ideas on identification in the collection. This methodology draws attention to the subjective disposition of cultural identification. The primary aim of the collection is to engage with marginalised communities in Wales by contextualising Welsh history for a new generation.

This contextualisation reaffirms the ways in which Wales shares a global affiliation by emphasising a deeply rooted historical connection that has existed in Wales since the twelfth century. Each poem is a lesson into marginalised Welsh history that concentrates on the female experience. My critical essay analyses the way in which identification and sound in poetry could be reinterpreted to represent an authentic Welsh identification. This is one of the most successful components of the thesis that has been ascertained by the publication of a considerable percentage of the collection.

The original contribution of the thesis to its field of study is the way in which the Welsh metrical tradition in English has been adapted to explore an alternative means of accessing a Welsh identification through modernist poetic techniques.

## DECLARATIONS AND STATEMENTS

This work has not previously been accepted in substance for any degree and is not being concurrently submitted in candidature for any degree.

Signe  (candidate)

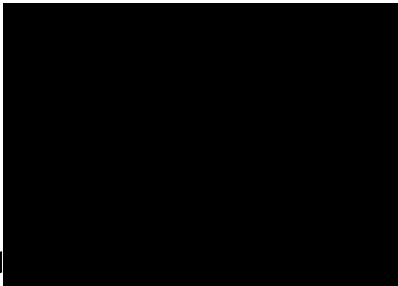
Date 11.12.2020

### STATEMENT 1

This thesis is the result of my own investigations, except where otherwise stated.

Other sources are acknowledged by footnotes giving explicit references.

A bibliography is appended.

Signed  (candidate)

Date 11.12.2020

## STATEMENT 2

I hereby give consent for my thesis, if accepted, to be available for photocopying and for inter-library loan, and for the title and summary to be made available to outside organisations.

Signed  (candidate)

Date 11.12.2020

**NB:** *Candidates on whose behalf a bar on access has been approved by the University (see Note 7), should use the following version of Statement 2:*

I hereby give consent for my thesis, if accepted, to be available for photocopying and for inter-library loans **after expiry of a bar on access approved by the Swansea University.**

Signed N/A (candidate)

Date N/A

## Table of Contents

	Title	Page
1	Abstract.....	2
2	Acknowledgements.....	6
3	Definitions of abbreviations used within the thesis.....	7
4	Babble: Poetry Collection.....	8
5	Critical Essay.....	150
5.1	An Introduction to my Creative Practise.....	151
5.2	The Value and Meaning of Cynghanedd.....	164
5.3	Conclusion.....	201
6	Glossary.....	204
7	Bibliography.....	205

## Acknowledgements

I would like to thank my first supervisor, Professor John Goodby for his care, patience and encouragement over the last three years. I would also like to thank Professor Tudur Hallam for his advice on cynghanedd which contributed a great deal to my knowledge of the craft. A special thanks to David Greenslade for his comments on my poetry and many enjoyable hours of discussion about Anglo-Welsh and Surrealist poetry. I want to express my gratitude to Dr Alan Kellermann, Professor Alan Bilton and Professor David Britton whose feedback helped me to correct the critical essay and get the thesis over the line. I also want to thank my external examiner, Professor Ian Davidson, for his time and consideration.

Certain poems in the collection have been published in Welsh poetry anthologies and magazines. I would like to take the opportunity to thank those who have given me the opportunity to share my work over the last four years. These include: *Hafan Books* (2020), *The Literary Pocketbook* (2020), *Boiled String* (2020), *Tears in the Fence*, Issue 70 (2019); *Poetry Wales*, Issue 54.1 (2018) and Issue 55.1 (2019); *The Edge of Necessary: Welsh Innovative Poetry 1966–2018* (2018); *Molly Bloom*, Issue 15 (2018) and 17 (2018); *The Cheval Anthology*, 12 (2020), 10 (2017) and 11 (2018); *Envoi*, Issue 179 (2018); *The Lonely Crowd*, Issue 9 (2018); *Gogoneddus Ych-a-Fi: an exhibition of work by contemporary Surrealists* (Cardiff Metropolitan University, 2018); *The Conversation* (four articles between 2017-2019) and *The Luxembourg Review* (2017).

I would like to express my gratitude to The Thomas and Elizabeth Williams Scholarship. This thesis would never have existed without their financial support. Finally, I would like to thank my family and friends for their financial and mental care over the past four years.

## Definitions of abbreviations used in the thesis

WWE – Welsh writing in English

WMT – the Welsh metrical tradition

*SIC – Singing in Chains: Listening to Welsh Verse*<sup>1</sup>

*YND – Yr Odliadur Newydd*<sup>2</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> Mererid Hopwood, *Singing in Chains: Listening to Welsh Verse*, 2nd edn (Ceredigion: Gomer Press, 2017).

<sup>2</sup> Alan Llwyd, Roy Stephens, *Yr Odliadur Newydd* (Ceredigion: Gomer Press, 2008).

**Babble:**

**a poetry collection exploring the cultural identity of modern Wales**



## Contents

### Note to Readers

- I. Little Mouse: The story of Princess Gwenllïan ferch Llywelyn (12<sup>th</sup>-13<sup>th</sup> century).
  1. Llygoden Fach
  2. A letter to...Père (Father)
  3. A letter to...Mère (Mother)
  4. Little Mouse
  5. When Père Licked Londinium
  6. Mon Oncle qui est Dispersé dans les Petits Coins à Travers l'Angleterre
  7. My First Love was a Plover
  8. Wrth i Bennau fy Nhad droi'n Wyn
  9. Annwyl eich Mawrhydi,
  10. Drowning Maggots from the Dog's Backbone
  
- II. Worrying Sheep: Gwerful Mechain and the countryside of Wales (14<sup>th</sup>-16<sup>th</sup> century).
  1. The Copse Candles
  2. Cerddoriaeth o Ddiniweidrwydd
  3. PONTARFYNACH
  4. Gwlad y Menig Gwynion: The Sanitised Poetess
  5. DO NOT *Entrust* this *Spl*ayed Heart to Sheep
  
- III. The Iron Giant: The industrial landscape of Wales (17<sup>th</sup>-18<sup>th</sup> century).
  1. Priodferch y Meddyg Pwysig
  2. Ei Chorff Bach
  3. Y Môr Llaid Crawlers

4. The Wood is Rotting within the Mimosa (1865)
5. Fe Boerodd Hi ar Fradwr Pwysig: ‘She *Spat* on a Great Betrayer’

IV. The Triple Goddess: The coastal landscape of Wales (19<sup>th</sup> century).

1. Seagulls
2. The Sinuous Spindle of a Crab’s Whiskers
3. The Wet Ones Who Lurched Cloistered Bubbles of Brine
4. Y Dderw Fawr
5. The Greed of Rowing Men
6. Hen Ddyn Barus (Codicioso)
7. A Beetle Scurries over the Treadle of Hannah’s Temple
8. Clawing through Gauze
9. Concatenating Zeal of the Haruspex
10. Fe Bigodd eu Brad Las

V. Y Masnachwyr: The relationship between England and Wales (20<sup>th</sup> century).

1. The Creamed Cat Gorged on Curds from a Gallbladder
2. Hiraeth Turned Salty in the Pharynx
3. Morgen Soused Sodium Within Muscles
4. ARaffish.Hunch.backed.Bust. the U.reth.ra from our Mountain
5. Sea Laughed as the Stomach Blushed

VI. Pharmacopoeia: Poetic voices in mainstream and experimental publishing in Wales (21<sup>st</sup> century).

1. Stachys Byzantina
2. Narcissus Pseudonarcissus
3. Ricinus Communis
4. Abrus Precatorius
5. Nasturtium Officinale

VII. The Favoured and Ill-Favoured Stranger: Welsh cultural identification (21<sup>st</sup> century).

1. I Assume from your Name that you are not European
2. An Untrodden Amphiscian
3. Caffeinated Decoction of Hiraeth
4. Lusus Naturae
5. Windrush
6. La Mujer que se Lamenta
7. Beams Relieving Chakora are Senescent
8. La Mimosa è Senziente
9. Mae'r Môr yn Poeri Atom – a Fallible Hominid Portmanteau
10. MaE ALCemI Rhyfedd yn EiN ClymuA PECuliAR AlcheMy TiEs uS

## Note to Readers

*Babble: a poetry project exploring the cultural identity of modern Wales* should be read as an educational resource. This resource initiates a dialogue on the reformation of modern education. The fundamental objective of the collection is to reaffirm the way in which Wales shares a global affiliation by emphasising a deeply rooted historical connection. The poetry collection portrays an alternative history throughout seven chapters that focus on specific time frames and their respective literature. Each poem should be read as a lesson into marginalised Welsh history that is a distinct fragment of a greater whole. The core objective of the thesis is to challenge preconceived attitudes on a modern Welsh identification by contextualising Welsh history for a new generation.

The poems have been informed by the way in which poets have employed characteristics of the Welsh metrical tradition in English to explore a hyphenated Welsh – this term chiefly relates to first-generation Welsh and immigrants – identification. The strictness of *cynganedd* varies throughout the collection to reflect the work of these poets. **I have removed the appendices to encourage readers to engage with the pedagogical and principal methodology employed in the thesis.** This methodology is anouplism followed by synthoulipism. These terms have been defined as a devotion to discovery followed by invention. A technical guide to the measures and metres can be found on my website<sup>3</sup>. Further information on English-language guidebooks that have influenced the use of the Welsh metrical tradition in the collection are available in the bibliography. I have chosen to direct readers to this integrative pedagogical resource to emphasise the expeditionary nature of the study. This redirection dissuades readers from focusing on a strict application of the Welsh metrical tradition in the poems that has the potential to diminish the significance of the avant-garde message emphasised throughout the collection.

---

<sup>3</sup> Rhea Seren Phillips, 'Grandiloquent Wretches: a poetry project exploring the cultural identity of modern Wales', *Word Press*, 2018 <<https://grandiloquentwretch.wordpress.com/>> [13.03.2019].

Cynghanedd is an aural tradition. The visual textualization of language by sign posting where stressed, Welsh nasal mutations and soft syllables appear in the poems experiment with this tradition through the application of modernist sound creative practises. This visualisation is exhibited through my use of capital letters, phonetic spelling of words, and the use of subscript to indicate unstressed words and superscript to indicate stressed words. The following terms have been employed to suggest elements of cynghanedd that have shaped the poetry: influenced by, exhibits and characteristics of. **Any reference to the use of Welsh measures and metres refer to the poems exhibiting characteristic of and are not a strict adaptation of the tradition.**

The collection has been split into three components: poetry, footnotes and historical information. This is intended to embody characteristics of cynghanedd. These characteristics concentrate on the way in which harmony is anticipated through its rules and patterns. A line of cynghanedd shares similarities to the multidirectional disposition of music notation where a stave can provide simultaneous information in addition to an accompanying stave<sup>4</sup>. The historical information provides a factual explanation that expands upon the narrative of each poem. This evidence contextualises the fictionalised narratives demonstrated in the footnotes. Footnotes and historical information frequently continue onto consecutive pages. Where this occurs, the main page has been kept blank to avoid confusion. **The poetry collection should be read in this order: poem, footnotes followed by the historical information and then back to the poem before continuing onto the next poem or chapter.**

The historical section includes a factual account based on the fictionalised narrative in the footnote, information on the structure of each poem and a glossary. There are instances where the historical section appears to be incomplete. My decision for this is that on those occasions I felt that there was enough information in the footnotes; or, I am encouraging readers to have an active role and take their understanding of the narrative further by sourcing information outside of the collection. Each poem has a glossary attached to its respective historical information. This is indicated by

---

<sup>4</sup> A piano frequently requires a player to read and synchronise two staves to access the breath of the instrument.

<sup>LXXII</sup> next to the relevant word. The Roman empire influenced early Briton languages. The presence of Latin in the collection emphasises the earliest international influence on Wales. This amalgamation of languages draws attention to a shared global affiliation.

An exclusive component of the collection is the ways in which a reader can direct their expedition into the history within each poem. It is possible to read the collection focusing entirely on the poetry and footnotes and use the historical information as additional reading material. This engagement would occur after completing the collection in a linear manner. I would discourage readers from ignoring the footnotes as they offer clarity and critical information that advance an understanding of their respective poem.

Each chapter opens with a narrative footnote except for the final chapter where it concludes the collection. The number for this footnote has been placed on its own to emphasise its isolation from the main text. This section introduces a mythical being with connections to the body that has been influenced by Celtic mythology. It is known as The Entity. The poetry collection is an exploration of cultural identity. The main objective of the poetry is to encourage readers to challenge and break down preconceived ideas on a Welsh identification. The thesis hopes to establish a variety of ways in which readers can reclaim a Welsh identification. This addresses the frustrations of individuals who feel excluded from fully embracing their identification or are torn between two cultures. The term identification is defined as a sense of belonging to Wales, while identity is defined through birth and ancestry.

The role of The Entity is to provide a means in which readers can travel alongside a ruminative character that fiercely responds to the changing environment explored in each chapter. Readers should view The Entity as a weighty character who embodies attitudes on a modern Welsh identification that have been led by narrow-minded patriotism, nostalgia, ignorance and nationalism. The Entity is an observer looking down at Wales through its history and literature. The character shares a connection with the body. The decomposition and revitalisation of this character reiterates the core message of the thesis. This message reaffirms the way in which Wales shares a

global association by emphasising a deeply rooted historical connection that has existed in Wales since the twelfth century.

Though I sang in my chains like the sea.<sup>5</sup>

*Fern Hill*

Dylan Thomas

---

<sup>5</sup> Dylan Thomas, *Fern Hill – Phoenix 60p Paperbacks* (London: Orion Publishing Group, 1995).



### **Little Mouse:**

The story of Princess Gwenllian ferch Llywelyn (12<sup>th</sup>-13<sup>th</sup> century).

6

---

<sup>6</sup> The Entity stirred, bemused amongst bracken that lay on its periphery near a glutinous quagmire. A velutinous white-tailed bumblebee loiters on the platysma as nerves shiver and seize beneath weeping frost that nips tenderly on its flesh. A squall from a broken fox demands benevolence from its adversaries who are petulant in the murk of a star sphere. Its pelt is evermore nictating under the Entity's knotted lids, enmeshed with a zest of potassium dichromate spooned into copper sulphate. Chalk bristles in a pother that quills into crispation. Wounded by the absence of nectar, The Entity is anesthetised with disintegrating morass, an unvarnished truth that rives the frontal from the temporal lobe. Bumblebee whispers as cellophane wings skim the burnished sun; an opalescent insect seeks Cimmerian darkness.

## Llygoden Fach

O-ri-el WRECK, fleck steam FLAW.

*T—ee—s* THICK-et, ru-gae spurns FETter

and dis-pla-ces

*chaff* to esker<sup>LXXII</sup>

sediment murine,

soused with cursed guanine;

slice ad-i-pose CLOSE, wrest <sup>KLAW</sup>LXXII.

Neu.rine<sup>LXXII</sup> lu<sup>c</sup>ent centre.

7

---

<sup>7</sup> Gwenllian ferch Llywelyn (infant). Gwynedd, Wales, c.1282.

My mother's breast was a dying ember. Eleanor de Montfort, daughter of the rebel Lord, died soon after I was born, amidst our final war. My father spoke a blithe language of colour over a rickety crib. I felt its berth sway forcing nausea up a corrugated scalloped tube, bile exhausted me into sleep, perchance dreams are better than this gaunt glacial hinterland. Six months later he was a murdered beggar in the woods. His horse lost to the Nuckelavee, taken in from languor. He struggled over rocks and bit at the homely smell of smoke that beckoned from Cilmeri. Cornered and defeated as his men were massacred on Orewin Bridge by cowards. He was dead and gone 'and then all Wales was cast to the ground'. (A quote from a medieval chronicler about the appropriation of religious relics from Gwynedd after the battle at Orewin Bridge. He recalls the procession of The Cross of Neith in London, 1285, and the symbolism that its removal from Wales signifies about an unstable Welsh cultural identity.)

Not long after the raucous had calmed outside the walls of my nursery, I beheld a man who had caused my father so much trouble. A young girl cooed from the corner of my eye. She smelled like my mother and so I reached out to touch her face. My fingers grazed her skin. She was warm.

Bera Mawr, Nanhysglain.

The bog was a frigid home and flying strangers' tore into my skin. I wanted to itch their kisses away but the girl who still held me so carefully, Gwladys, daughter of Dafydd ap Gruffydd, prevented it. I wanted to chomp at her rushed and ruddy complexion because my gums ached. In the afternoon jetties of stone would become visible through a cloud of insects as if sleeping giants. They were waiting to protect us from *them*, our inhumane invaders. The giants were not enough and in an avalanche of sound, I lost the last of my father's face.

I remember their screams. Gwladys' cries were shrill and unrelenting while the father's yowls were of a fragmented fox. I could still hear them long after I was bundled and hidden in coarse, bronzed material. *They* took me to be taken on a final journey where I would meet my mother's cousin. The man who had left me an orphan.

Edward I. England, c.1283.

Upon arrival, I was taken into a grand courtroom where my cousin sat on an uncomfortable throne. His eyes were embers of coal and his hair the colour of soot. When he spoke to me, I heard a snake

## Historical Information – Llygoden Fach

*The Lost Children* by Byron Rogers is the key text for this chapter and opening poem (Byron Rogers, *The Lost Children* [Newton: Gwasg Gregynog, 2005]). The article is about the lost children of Welsh royalty who were confined and imprisoned because of their ancestry and potential to rebel against English rule. Their treatment was brutal and parallels English history in many ways. The fate of the Princes of the Tower has many similarities to the Gwenllian ferch Llywelyn's male cousins. They were imprisoned in Bristol Castle from a young age until their respective deaths, denied access to natural sunlight and kept in a small wooden box at night which was fortified with iron.

Gwenllian ferch Llywelyn was the last Welsh Princess of Wales. She was born in 1282 to Llywelyn ap Gruffydd and Eleanor de Montfort – the same year that both her parents died (her mother died hours after childbirth and, her father was killed at the Battle of Orewin Bridge in December fighting to retain Welsh independence against English rule).

Shortly after the death of her father, Gwenllian accompanied Dafydd ap Gruffydd – her uncle – and his family into hiding at Nanhysglain. He was captured in 1283 and sentenced to be hung, drawn and quartered by King Edward I. Gwenllian and her female cousins were imprisoned in English convents to be raised as nuns. Her two male cousins, Llywelyn ap Dafydd and Owain ap Dafydd, were imprisoned at Bristol Castle. Llywelyn died within years of being imprisoned but his brother, Owain, lived into his fifties.

Gwenllian was visited by Thomas Normanville four years after being sent to Sempringham Priory. He was sent by King Edward I to report on her state and custody. The brief visit was also extended to the wellbeing of Dafydd ap Gruffydd's daughter, Gwladys, who was later relocated at Sixhills convent where she died in 1336.

## Influences

The poem has been influenced by an experiment conducted on mice to analyse the spread of cancer cells (Choi, 2012). Scientists made cancer cells bioluminescent before they implanted them into living subjects. As the cancer cells grew, they were analysed through a round window that had been grafted into the mouse's skin. This gave a clear view into its abdomen. The window did not impede movement of the creature but in 3% of the study the windows shattered.

## Structure

Lines two, three, four and six exhibit characteristics of clogyrnach. The metre within each line has been influenced by cynghanedd lussg. Lines one and five exhibit characteristics of cywydd deuair hirion. The metre within each line has been influenced by cynghanedd sain.

---

hiss. He read out a letter that commanded my confinement, but I could not understand him. He spoke like a dog. He touched me in a bastardisation of a tender caress. I remember the word: *Sempringham*, which was to become my home at great profit for my new family. His judgement slithered from his tongue as he regarded my age and gender and bestowed on me an Englishman's mercy.

Glossary [LXXII]

Llygoden Fach means Little mouse in Welsh.

“Teese” is the phonetic spelling of tease.

Esker is a narrow ridge made up of sand or gravel most likely deposited by a stream flowing within or under glacial ice.

“Klaw” is the phonetic spelling of claw.

Neurine is a poisonous alkaloid with the consistency of syrup. It is usually found in cadavers and formed during the decomposition process by the dehydration of choline. It can also be found in egg yolk, brain and bile. It has a similar smell to fish.

## Père

Mae'n ddrwg gen i; mae'n ddrwg gen i.

Misconstrue bitter perdition;

trich-i.on<sup>LXXII</sup> it\_ching, keep biting

residue through its attrition.

Desertion *gritted*, inciting

Llew's skull to ji<sup>tt</sup>er at its cull;

seagull whit.tled the quit-ter blue.

Earful writh.ing, ag.it.ates skull;

this lull is titled, *bit* through.

Mae'n ddrwg gen i; *mae'n ddrwg gennyf*.

8

---

<sup>8</sup> London, England, c.1283.

It was an ultimate humiliation, for my basal to be set upon a pillory and pearls opened to survey a mass of rancid faces, contorted in a synchronised jeer. It had been months since I felt the rush of Welsh water upon the gristle of my neck, cleansing it of all life. My blood is a bust capillary running through Cymru.

A bearded crone told me that I would see this sight from atop a horse with victory contorting my heart and the gore of Englishmen between my teeth. I would have set my men upon their women to hear the cries of victory once more. Instead, I am a statue of mottled marble. A withered ivy leaf blinks and imitates a soulful eye on my behalf. My pupils are unyielding in defeat. Anglicisation has placed upon me a rebel's burden.

Evening closes and I am removed by point of lance through drunken streets of a festering city and placed amongst a series of pinnacles over the gate of The Tower of London. It is ordained of God that my defeat be visited by all those who call it justice.

Nine years whittled away, and the city is still an open wound that infects all that border it. I can see them, drunken and brawling beneath me. A city that is pulsating with maggots and zombified by their contempt. Let the bastards' brawl until they have exterminated themselves.

### Historical Information – Père

This poem is about the death of Llywelyn ap Gruffydd in 1282. There are two accounts that detail how Llywelyn died. One was that he and a group of his soldiers were separated from the battle ground and chased into a nearby wood. They, and their fellow soldiers protecting Orewin Bridge, were massacred having been outnumbered by rebel Lords who sponsored England. The other account – which is used in this poem – is that Llywelyn was struck down by a lone lancer in the same wood near Cilmeri. His murderer returned to the body after the battle and discovered his royal seal. Llywelyn was decapitated and his head washed in the stream he had rushed across hours before in a frantic attempt to retreat. His head was then taken to London and left to rot in The Tower of London for approximately fifteen years.

### Structure

The first and last line exhibits characteristics of rhupunt hir. The main body of the poem exhibits characteristics of tawddgyrch cadwynog. The metre within each line has been influenced by cynghanedd groes. The first and last line has been written in Welsh and translates to “I’m sorry; I’m sorry” and “I’m sorry; sorry”.

### Glossary [LXXII]

“Trichion” is the point where the hairline meets the forehead.

## Mère

*Mae'n ddrwg gen i; mae'n ddrwg gen i.*

It was fearful; sluggish leather

sought to crease its pious breather<sup>LXXII</sup>

into reading; puerile creature!

Slips peacock hue as a feature

into bleached flesh, biting teasel

clouts a hearty scratch; the weasel

paid an earthly toll to please him.

Pearls were earnest, yet still yeaned<sup>LXXII</sup> grim.

*Mae'n ddrwg gen i; mae'n ddrwg gennyf.*

9

---

<sup>9</sup> The de Montfort women. Evesham and Dover Castle, England, 4<sup>th</sup> August, 1265.

(Eleanor de Montfort was the daughter of Simon de Montfort, sixth Earl of Leicester and Eleanor of England. Her grandparents were John of England and Queen Consort Isabella Angoulême. Her maternal uncle was Henry III of England. Her father and brother, Lord Henry, died in the battle of Evesham in August 1265 when she was thirteen years old. Prior to his death, her father agreed a marriage between Eleanor and Llywelyn ap Gruffydd in exchange for Welsh reinforcement in the Second Barons' War. Eleanor had four brothers. One of her brothers, Guy de Montfort, had a daughter named Anastasia de Montfort, Countess of Nola. Anastasia's descendant was Elizabeth Woodville, Queen consort of King Edward IV, who was active during the War of the Roses.)

I regard my tear-stained and scoured face. Mother was not one to cry over husbands. She had been widowed before and remembered the pain of it. For her second husband, my father, leader of the Barons' War and once in possession of the King and his son (Henry III and Edward I), death was not wholly unexpected. A rebel has only one fate. It tore my heart to think that he died like a deer on the battlefield as twelve good men stalked and cut him down into noble decoration. They said he had begged for death following the fall of dear brother, Lord Henry. "*Now is the time to die*" ...it echoes throughout my body as if an ache.

I watched Dover Castle fall. William carter and Petronilla laundress took on a ghostly complexion. Mother ate with the household, calmly and with great dignity. I wanted to run away to a place of quiet

where no man could look upon me. I saw through the eyes of a blossoming child what the English King was capable of and I vowed to never underestimate his guile.

Mother and I fled from the grasp of his army to a nunnery where she swore her oaths. We endeared ourselves to the Dominican Nunnery in Montargis Abbey, France – a house that was proud of the name Montfort. It was a stagnating retreat from war. I breathed in its restrictions and breathed out the war that had ruptured my family, like a sigh after a nightmare. I knew I had already broken a promise made in my name by father. My marriage, now a dream, would sate my lustful longing for companionship. Mother showed no signs of honouring her husband's promise. She was content to remain in seclusion where no harm could befall her. For many years I thought her a coward, but I came to pity her fear.

Montargis, France, c.1275.

Mother is dead, a great and noble woman who kept me alive. My namesake, strength and inspiration but joy, to have a future once more outside of this prohibitive home of habits and prayer! To reappraise my promise made by father to a high-born man of honour who could love me.

We are married by proxy with my feet dancing on French soil and his lost in a bog forever in the rainy country of Wales. I kissed the air as if it were a ghost of him. I could not contain my excitement at leaving this land for my own little kingdom. Let King Edward I be fearful of our union. I am a better version of my father.

Amaury, Papal Chaplain and Canon of York, brother, accompanied me on the ship to Wales. The journey is not comfortable. The ship sways endlessly and lollops as if a tired dog upon the waves. I dream of drowning. The air is stifling and to breathe it is a heavy penance. I cannot sleep.

Môr Hafren is a fissure in the sea between two lands and cultures. It is a landscape that does not fit together. I remember this land, but it feels unfamiliar to me now. Shadows emerge through the smog and I hope them to be affiliated with my husband. They bear a strange and unfriendly flag. I look to brother, but he has disappeared below deck to be with God and the Montfort banners. I pray for hope and watch as the Devil closes in creating false eddies. The purling water is pale as if liquefied bone.

Windsor Castle, England, c.1276.

The castle seems pendulous to me. No more stable than the King who commands it. The trees thick with foliage guard the entrance to the grounds. I felt safer on the ship. I haven't seen Amaury in weeks. I am told he has been taken to Corfe Castle without mercy captivated by the six (Amaury de Montfort was held prisoner for six years). The castle is grand and gold shines as valorous as copper. The rich velveteen fabric of its walls teases my fingertips.

Weeks turn to months which then turn to years. A holy trinity of time. My noble husband will not pay homage to the King. I am proud of him, but I'm told his army is small and his will diminishing. I am a foreigner held in a prison of chastity within my marriage. I am a false wife and idle princess. It is the pinnacle of humiliation to be torn away so easily from one's conviction while standing on the precipice.

London, England, 1277.

His face resembles carved marble as he repeats his oaths to the King who had stolen his lands to make him a poor prince. I fear him. He must blame me for the loss of his land and honour. He conceded the vast fortune of Gwynedd for my companionship which was already his to take. He paid his fine of £50,000 and swore fealty to Edward at Rhuddlan. He was then beckoned to Christmas court where he repeated those vows in exchange for my freedom. What a noble man is here overthrown!



## Historical Information – Mère

### Structure

The first and last line exhibit characteristics of *rhupunt hir*. The body of the poem exhibits characteristics of *cyhydedd fer*. The metre within each line has been influenced by *cynganedd groes*. The first and last line has been written in Welsh and translates to “I’m sorry; I’m sorry” and “I’m sorry; sorry”. This reflects the preceding poem about Eleanor de Montfort’s husband, Llywelyn ap Gruffydd.

### Glossary [LXXII]

“Breather” refers to the lee side of a vessel, or, to face into the wind or stand on the weather side of a vessel.

“Yeaned” refers to the act of giving birth to a lamb or a kid.

---

Worcester Cathedral, England, 13<sup>th</sup> October, 1278.

I saw slivers of stone decay upon his face as we regard each other for the first time. Four years after our marriage I behold an aged wisdom and affection in his eyes and know my choice had been just and honourable.

Windsor Castle, England, 22<sup>nd</sup> March, 1281.

I return to my prison as Princess of Wales. My husband seeks to go to battle, and I hope for a peaceful resolution to our problems. I pray the King hears my pleas. No more loss from war. No more fleeing for safety from the uncouth and unkind.

(Llywelyn ap Gruffydd’s younger brother, Dafydd, attacked Clifford stronghold of Hawarden Castle. Llywelyn ap Gruffydd was once again at war against the English crown.)

June, 1282, Gwynedd, Wales.

I feel the fire burn around me as a raucous sound echoes throughout my chamber. I clench my teeth until my jaw crunches and the bone splinters. Shards embed themselves deep into my gums. The morning looks grim. At least through his restraint he showed that he loved me.

## Little Mouse

Rain<sub>please</sub> sound...not so unkind;

stipple gla.ssiss as apple hu...sk.

Pry<sub>my</sub> spi.der from spook l.a.ir,

se...ver eyes wi-th sil.ver tail;

peach-scrub curb its<sub>iss</sub> scrap<sub>ie</sub><sup>LXXII</sup> gai.t.

Cram—oi—sy<sup>LXXII</sup> shank dai-sy-<sup>ch</sup>.ain.

Rain<sub>please</sub> sound...not so unkind;

as pe-air-bite crinkles<sub>iss</sub> ear — hark!

10

---

<sup>10</sup> Gwennlian (five years old). Sempringham Priory, England, c.1289.

My friends speak of rain and its weight upon their habit. They say it is a heavy reminder that God is watching us all. I cannot think of someone as great as God because I am still so small. There are plenty of spiders here. I can see one now, his eyes sparkle in the darkness of my shadow. I just want to play. My friends do not wish to play the games that I think are fun. What would be the cost to his shadow if a spider lost his eight legs and eyes? They burst like berries under my nail. The creature's legs are splayed tight against the floor as it scrambles to escape this blinding assault. A shadow of a nun lengthens from around a corner. I stomp the crinkled smudge with my boot before turning tail to seek refuge amongst the boreal cloisters.

### Historical Information – Little Mouse

This poem is based on research about life at Sempringham Priory provided by The Princess Gwenllïan Society. Sempringham Priory was of the strict Gilbertine Order. No contact was allowed with the outside to ensure the purity and concentration of its holy inhabitants. Only exceptionally bright girls would be chosen to continue a calling as nuns. The position would be coveted by girls from poor backgrounds as a way of obtaining a dependable food source, safety from abuse and spiritual enlightenment. The nuns run a school for girls starting at an early age where they would have been taught basic skills, including how to read, write and recite passages from the Bible. From this school the Order would pick the most promising girls during their late teenage years. Gwenllïan would have been immersed in the religious order from infancy. The rebellious and youthful vigour of bringing up a young child would have been a challenge for those docile women, used to strict rules and governance. Gwenllïan's personality has been taken from research into her family. Primarily, her grandfather, Simon de Montfort; her mother, Eleanor de Montfort; her father and uncle, Llywelyn ap Gruffydd and Dafydd ap Gruffydd. These individuals are known for their rebellious nature and strong character. Margaret of England, Alexander III of Scotland's young wife, also contributed to this poem's portrayal of a mischievous and curious child prone to violent outbursts.

### Structure

The middle section exhibits characteristics of englyn proest cyfnewidiog (half-rhyme). The metre within each line has been influenced by cynghanedd lugs.

### Glossary [LXXII]

“Scrapie” is a degenerative disease that affects sheep and goats. It wastes muscle and affects brain function that produces tremors in the neck which eventually lead to recumbence then death.

“Cramoisy” is an archaic word. It refers to the colour crimson. Hugh MacDiarmid, a twentieth century Scottish poet, uses ‘cramoisy’ (spelt crammasy) in his poem, ‘The Bonnie Broukit Bairn’ (Hugh MacDiarmid, *Sangschaw* [London: Blackwood, 1925]).

## When Père Licked Londinium

En.glish flock,nock. his. sore.een;  
 ivy thorn sworn this puce spine  
 to its easel, wea-sel wine  
 will provoke, *evoke* his divorce  
 from the well; hell damns the horse  
 marrow, sparrow haunts the gorse.  
 Skull will dwell, quell-its-quip  
 with a blue grue, r<sup>ou</sup>t his grip.  
 Beshrew, shew<sup>LXXII</sup> their ownership.  
 Bryn rebel *umbel* from lum-  
 ber as ants; scants *neighbour* scum.  
 Gulls graze to raze; toast-your-rum.

11

---

<sup>11</sup> Orewin Bridge, Wales, December, 1282.

My retainers and I visit a bearded-coch blacksmith. I order him to turn our horse's shoes backwards to further incense the traitors and English soldiers. My men and I have travelled far to a shrouded cave where we will await reinforcements that must come now. I slumber a little with half an eye on the entrance. The ground is not forgiving. I am relieved to hear hooves outside. The horses' nicker and became restless. My mare is unhappy in this confined space and I am overcome with a deep affinity for her suffering. My men and I ready our respective mounts. The activity takes my mind away from grim thoughts.

We are betrayed. A sword catches and snags the skein of my mare but does not draw blood. I leave my retainers to fight for their Prince. I will continue to fight for Wales, yet I am followed by a confident enemy.

The woods smell of petrichor and burnt pine. My horse lapses underneath me, stumbling over crumbling ground as we arrive upon the bank of a river. I push my mare forward into frigid waters and batter her sides until she can give no more and becomes driftwood between my legs.

I am abruptly submerged. I hope to drown. A difficult path to follow is God's will and I lose myself in the river's freezing depths. I grapple hysterically for courage. My skin tears as I cinch hold of jagged

## Historical Information – When Pére licked Londinium

This poem contributes to the narrative that depicts the events leading up to the death of Llywelyn ap Gruffydd. It focuses on the Battle at Orewin Bridge, 1282. Llywelyn's infantry and cavalry were positioned on Orewin Bridge to prevent attacks coming from the south. Meanwhile the Prince left with several retainers to rally further reinforcement in the area. Most of the Marcher Lords had pledged allegiance to Llywelyn, except three: Roger I'Estrange, John Giffard and Edmund Mortimer. The three men had prepared armies to protect their lands in anticipation of Llywelyn's arrival. The English military travelled two miles from where the infantry was positioned. They crossed over a bridge that was not known to the Gwynedd army. The English soldiers flanked Llywelyn's infantry and charged his cavalry while attacking with arrows from behind the group of startled men. The Gwynedd army attempted to flee but the surprise and strategy of the attack transformed the battle into a massacre.

Llywelyn had been separated from his army and retainers following the attack. He escaped into a wood near Cilmeri before being cornered and struck down by a lance. One account is that Llywelyn's death was not announced until after the battle. This is because his attacker was unaware of who he had killed because Llywelyn was not wearing his coat of arms. The soldier returned to the corpse to discover the seal of the last true Prince of Wales secreted away in one of his pockets. There are different variations on why and how Llywelyn was separated from his army. I have chosen to focus on the mythical narrative of the treacherous red-bearded farrier. Llywelyn ordered the farrier to turn the horse's shoes around to fool his enemies. He then asked him about secure locations where he could hide until reinforcements reached him. They were directed to a cave secured high in a nearby mountain. The farrier was well-known in the area for his disloyalty and when questioned he informed the English and the Marcher Lords what he had done and how they could find the Welsh Prince.

## Structure

The poem exhibits characteristics of an englyn milwr (eight stanzas). The metre in lines one, four and six have been influenced by cynghanedd sain.

## Glossary [LXXII]

“Shew” is an old-fashioned variation of to show.

---

rock and slither onto land before sprinting into the woods. I can hear chatter erupting from the direction of Cilmeri. I am close.

## Notre Oncle qui est Dispersé dans les Petits Coins à Travers l'Angleterre

Mut.il.ate.d frenzy, dear ta-d,  
 salmon muscle t-o-r-n by iron.clad  
 maw man.gle.d his flesh; teeth fl-ash.

Obnubilated<sup>LXXII</sup> our *uncle*;  
 teal sky rived surcle<sup>LXXII</sup> was unclad.

Witches t<sup>wit</sup>ch, turn not a sc<sub>ra</sub>tch;  
 go.nads.tum.ble.as a bauble.

Warble to this mad, licked nomad;  
 nobles are brash. Watch them thrash  
 out their squabble for our fable.

*Oncle* Bauble, kindred blue lad;

Mortimer *snitch*, Evesham *snatch*

him in a cold, uphill charge; swords as wild  
 as his pearl child; God's hold  
 tenses nostril, gild. man.gold.

---

<sup>12</sup> Simon de Montfort shortly after the death of his son, Lord Henry. Battle of Evesham, England, 1265.

What bastards these men are to have defiled a pearl of such honour and kingly birth. To have cut him down like a pest to a farmer. I did not notice him leave this earth. Men are metamorphizing into carrion at my feet. The deep welts of a sword reveal the body's hidden treasures that tumble onto the ground, dying the grass crimson; verdant will be these fields of honourable men.

Black blood spills over my eye and dilutes my sweat with a sweetness that only death can bring. My sword lacerates a man's heart and drags it down to his kidneys that quaff down his waist like ale. I turn to see the enemy preparing a strike towards my calf. I am weakened by exhaustion and cannot stop the attack. My feet do not obey as they once did and a blade tears muscle from bone. My leg is a

### Historical Information – Notre Oncle qui est Dispersé dans les Petits Coins à Travers l'Angleterre

The poem is about the death of Simone de Montfort, Gwennllian ferch Llywelyn's grandfather. Simon and his son, Lord Henry, fought and died at the Battle of Evesham, 1265. Roger Mortimer killed Simon by stabbing him in the neck with his lance. He was one of the twelve assigned to stalk the battlefield to find the Earl. His body was mutilated, and parts were sent to English nobility as gifts. Roger sent the Earl's head to his wife, Maud. He decorated it with the Earl's genitalia, positioned on either side of his nose.

It is believed that Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln, once prophesied to Henry that "my beloved child, both you and your father will meet your deaths on one kind of day, and by one kind of death, but it will be in the name of justice and truth".

There are two meanings of pearl in this poem: the first is the root vegetable which indirectly references male genitalia; the second refers the Medieval text *Pearl*. I used an adaptation of the poem written by Simon Armitage (Simon Armitage, *Pearl* [London: Faber and Faber, 2016]) to explore parallels between the relationship between father and daughter in the text and Simon de Montfort and his son, Lord Henry. Simon de Montfort has been recorded as saying "now it is time to die" upon hearing of his son's death at the Battle of Evesham. This suggests that there had been a close relationship between father and son. The title is an imprecise French translation for 'Our Uncle who is Scattered in Oddments throughout England'.

### Structure

The poem exhibits characteristics of three Welsh measures. The opening to the eighth line has been influenced by tawddgyrch cadwynog and between every two lines is a line that exhibits characteristics of englyn proest cadwynog – this is made up of four lines. The concluding three lines of the poem have been influenced by englyn penfyr. The metre in each line has been influenced by cynganedd draws.

### Glossary [LXXII]

"Obnubilated" means to cloud over or cover.

"Surcle" is an obsolete word meaning stick or twig.

---

tangle of thread. The lance is thrust down my neck, grazing my heart. "Oh, thank God!" To not see the pale face of my son is a blessing from these monsters.

## My First Love was a Plover

Malodorous decay sway to the swell,  
where bantam birds dwell. Fell gaunt as fay;

ni cha' dim amharu'th gyntun<sup>LXXII</sup>

imbibe ripe cream from your wound; pound your paw pad.

Please be glad; mad, dewr<sup>LXXII</sup> wyn, to wake; dream...

Huna blentyn, nid oes yma<sup>LXXII</sup>.

13

---

<sup>13</sup> Llywelyn ap Gruffydd talking to his brother, Owain ap Gruffydd, at the hour of his death. Bristol Castle, England, c.1287.

*God is a gracious host and you will love his company. Dear Pearl, whom I was lost to in death. I return to you now as an angel to guide and protect you. May your sleep be peaceful upon my breast. May you go with grace and honour to God's side. May he let you remain there for eternity. Come, come home to me.*

I can hear our mother. Her voice is gentle and encouraging. I can feel her tender touch upon my brow. Brother, can't you hear her singing us home? From this lingering, eternal pain to instantaneous release. *They* ask us to obey, promising *they* will not hurt us. *They* ask us to lie, promising *they* will not hurt us. *They* ask us to relent, promising *they* will not hurt us. *They* ask us to betray ourselves, promising *they* will not hurt us. *They* are liars. A monster's coercion is insidious, like a shadow during dusk. Bitter are the words that escape my mouth in this cramped darkness within our iron box. Broken and tossed in a stone cage for straw as a bed. Can't you feel God's presence protecting us from evil?

Dear brother, I wish you could hear her. Brother...you would not lie to me?



### Historical Information – My First Love was a Plover

The poem is about Gwenllïan ferch Llywelyn's cousin, Llywelyn ap Dafydd, brother of Owain. He was the heir of her uncle, Dafydd ap Gruffydd, who was executed for high treason in 1283. Llywelyn died in 1287, four years after his imprisonment at Bristol Castle. He is the plover in the poem.

The two brothers were kept in close prison. They were bound at night in a wooden box fortified with iron. They did not have access to the outside or natural light and remained in that prison until their deaths.

The voice of the poem is Llywelyn's mother, Lady Elizabeth Ferrers. Her only daughter, Gwladys, was sent to Sixhills Convent where she remained until her death in 1336 (outliving her brothers). The poem portrays the voice of a mother who has lost all her children, to God and to the Crown. She is quietly beckoning her son to his death, hoping that it is a safer and kinder place for her eldest son than his cell at Bristol Castle. It is never made clear whether it is Elizabeth speaking or just a hallucination brought on by illness. She died c.1300s which suggests that she may have outlived her rebellious husband by a few years, although the situation surrounding her death is unknown.

'My First Love was a Plover' is the title of a poem of the same name by bilingual Welsh-English language poet, Twm Morys – the poem is referenced underneath this paragraph. It is one of his rare examples of cynganedd in the English language. The poem has been written in a cywydd measure that exhibits characteristics of three variations of cynganedd: draws, sain and lusc. He wrote it during a lecture in Canada as a way of helping his Canadian attendees to visualise what cynganedd might look and sound like on the page.

(Twm Morys, 'Cerdd Dafod: A Poet Introduces a Welsh Metrical Tradition', *Brunel University, London*, n.d <[https://www.brunel.ac.uk/\\_\\_data/assets/pdf\\_file/0014/111155/Twm-Morys-Cerdd-Dafod-A-Poet-Introduces-a-Welsh-Metrical-Tradition.pdf](https://www.brunel.ac.uk/__data/assets/pdf_file/0014/111155/Twm-Morys-Cerdd-Dafod-A-Poet-Introduces-a-Welsh-Metrical-Tradition.pdf)> [18.09.2019].)

### Structure

The poem exhibits characteristics of toddaid. It opens with a toddaid followed by a line from a Welsh lullaby. This pattern is then repeated. The metre in each toddaid has been influenced by cynganedd sain.

The poem uses Welsh lullabies to establish a slow tempo. A toddaid can be a long poem and allows for an andante or lento beat which is reminiscent of the melodious rhythm of lullabies. The poem's structure has been shaped like a tide. This emphasises the plover or bird referenced in the poem.

Glossary [LXXII]

“Dewr” is Welsh for valiant.

The lines in quotation marks have been taken from a Welsh lullaby, ‘Suo Gân’. It translates to ‘sleep, my darling, none shall harm you’ and ‘nothing shall disturb your slumber’ (Anonymous, ‘Suo Gân’ – English Translation’, *Lyrics Translate*, 2010 <<https://lyricstranslate.com/en/suo-gan-lullaby.html>> [18.09.2019]).

**Wrth i Bennau fy Nhad droi'n Wyn<sup>LXXII</sup>**

Crow l.i.c.k.s tongue<sup>as</sup> crawl o.ck; StUng

coal oblongs, macle<sup>LXXII</sup> b-lungs

Our olaf<sup>LXXII</sup> Prince's cadaver...

woe ruing nic.tate; <sup>flies</sup> wrung, InCiTe It

to hIt string, <sup>buzz;</sup> that strong

his mangled, carrion fly trunk.

a.ur.ae. a.sea. rose.

Sa petite mort<sup>LXXII</sup>.

14

---

<sup>14</sup> Sempringham Priory, England, June, 1337.

I am a babbling hunched-back wraith. God senses my sores and needles them as if stilling all pain. I am displaced. A translation distorted from all its meaning, abutting cultures. I am a divide that rives the common from the sanctified — I could not restore home even if I had returned home. All choice is lost to chaos of *their* order. My people would not hear reason through my babbling tongue and would call me traitor for succumbing to *their* oppression.

I can see stars. They are pewter and heavy and hurt my eyes when they sparkle against the moon's alabaster gloss. I can taste heaven. My judgement weighs heavy on its soul.

(Gwenllian ferch Llywelyn died in Sempringham Priory, June 1337, at the age of 55. Her exact resting place is unknown.)

## Historical Information – Wrth i Bennau fy Nhad droi'n Wyn

Gwenllian ferch Llywelyn died in Sempringham Priory, June 1337 at the age of 55. Her exact resting place is unknown. Byron Rogers wrote his article about the lost children in 1991. Inspired by this history, Captain Richard Turner set up a memorial to Gwenllian in 1993. The Princess Gwenllian Society was founded in 1996 to maintain the memorial and promote the story of the lost princess.

## Structure

The poem exhibits characteristics of an englyn crwca. The metre in each line has been influenced by cynghanedd draws.

## Glossary [LXXII]

“Macle” means a diamond or crystal that has been combined or twinned with another, often resulting in an intricate pattern.

“Olaf” is Welsh for Last. Prince Llywelyn ap Gruffydd earned the title ‘Ein Llyw Olaf’ which translates to ‘our last ruler.’

The title of the poem is Welsh and translates to ‘as my Father’s head whitens’.

“Sa petite mort” is French for ‘her little death’.

**Annwyl eich Mawrhydi<sup>LXXII</sup>,**

Let not your ton.gue scour your th.roat.

I <sup>beg</sup> King's <sub>Grace</sub>; I'll face g.loat

for my father's crimes; chi-mes <sup>flo</sup><sup>at</sup>!

Pue.rile bolt as revolt sp.ark.

<sup>Swim</sup> Lethe, far from the dark;

*must* str-e-tch, un-cre.a.se; I...please, <sup>Ha</sup><sup>rk</sup>!

S.per.o M.elio.ra<sup>LXXII</sup>.

15

---

<sup>15</sup> Bristol Castle, England, c.1325.

Resplendent sunlight is a memory that was stolen from me for the crimes of my father. My back is twisted and hunched from this iron cage that has become my kingdom. To bask in warmth once more would be as if ascending heaven. I'm sure if I stretch these stunted bones, they would break like disturbed porcelain. All I want is to see the sun. The King denies me. If I had never been my father's son, a traitor's son, a bastard's son, were I not Welsh...then I'm sure he would let me out to bask in the glory of God's sunshine. I would slurp stagnant rainwater from a puddle. I would feel its foul liquid glissade down my throat – a testament that my mind could never play tricks on my poor weathered soul. Fear of my birth prevents him from being just. At times I pretend it is raining. *They* tell me that I despise rain.

The men here have never been kind to me.

### Historical Information – Annwyl eich Mawrhydi,

The poem tells the story of a letter that was written by Gwenllïan ferch Llywelyn's male cousin, Owain ap Dafydd. He had remained imprisoned in Bristol Castle since his incarceration as a child. He had written to the King asking to be forgiven for the crimes of his father. Or, if he could not have the grace of the King then he begged to be allowed outside of his cell to play on the castle grounds. Owain would have been in his thirties when he wrote this letter, but the request is reminiscent of a young child asking to play in the sun. Owain signed the letter with a Latin inscription which prevented the court from stopping it reaching King Edward II's hands. Owain's request was refused and he died without leaving his prison. Records show him alive in August 1325 but after that his voice falls silent.

### Structure

The poem exhibits characteristics of two measures of englyn milwr. The metre in each line has been influenced by cynganedd luss.

### Glossary [LXXII]

The title is Welsh for 'Dear Your Majesty, The King'.  
 "Spero Meliora" is Latin for 'I hope for better things'.

## Drowning Maggots from the Dog's Backbone

They p-e-e-l-e-d the crown do.wn; renown

qu<sup>i</sup>v<sup>e</sup>r<sup>s</sup> of pelt to fie<sup>LXXII</sup> heartfelt

ch-a-ste meat; neat one makes no one mistreat.

16

---

<sup>16</sup> Roger Mortimer, 1<sup>st</sup> Baron Mortimer. The Battle of Evesham, England, c.1265.

Dear Maud,

I present to you the hateful sinner whom you will recognise as Simon de Montfort. Here is the bastard's head so you may gaze upon the man who was conquered by your faithful husband. For your amusement I have added decorations that I know you will enjoy; a bauble of flaccid skin to match the curling rind of his complexion.

Your husband,

Roger.

Margaret of England. River Tay, Scotland, c.1273.

Brave brother of mine, I thank you for your gift. The courtier is a fine gentleman. He shall become valuable company. My maidens are in awe of his deeds and he tells the most delicious stories about our uncle. It has instilled in me an ardent desire to watch over the man who brought peace to England by the downward plunge of a lance.

There is no honour in an unfair fight. My maidens know of his deeds and do see him through the eyes of purity. I hate this Scotland and I hate this man. As a child, I fought to be alongside my husband and despite my youth I succeeded in my endeavour. I will repay this man's cheat with another. I have ordered a maid to hide during a stretch like a snake in the grass. I am tittering with excitement. She marches in time with my hand. I will watch him splutter and know that though I bear the name of my husband, I remember my obligations to blood. The deceit is set. I shall be glad to have some amusement.

My maiden is behind him. I can see her dress flurry as I peer down at the unsuspecting man, washing his hands after his ablutions. What a fine wretch he makes, dejected by God. Let the water restrain him. Sly little fox is my maiden, she has pushed him further into the river than I thought possible for one so slight. I must rush down to watch the show.

The man is flailing as if he is drowning. I send his servant into the river to pull the fool out. Yet, the rough current has wrenched them out of sight. I can see their shadows pothering the water. My maidens pull me away.

## Historical Information – Drowning Maggots from the Dog’s Backbone

Roger Mortimer, 1<sup>st</sup> Baron Mortimer, was one of the twelve men assigned to stalk the battlefield to find Simon de Montfort at the Battle of Evesham, 1265. After the battle of Evesham, Simon’s body was mutilated. Roger cut off Simon’s testicles and hung them on either side of his nose. His decapitated head was sent in this manner to Wigmore Castle as a gift to his wife, Maud. Simon’s other mutilated parts were sent to nobility across England. His hands and feet were cut off and sent to his enemies’ as a mark of dishonour.

This poem is voiced by two women: Gwenllïan ferch Llywelyn and Margaret of England – Simon’s niece – who was married to Alexander III of Scotland. Her brother, Edward, sent Margaret a courtier as a gift in 1257. This man had allegedly been one of the twelve who was assigned the task of killing her uncle in 1265.

Margaret was recuperating from the birth of her son in 1273 at Kinclavin Castle near Perth. Margaret, her maidens, confessor, several esquires and the courtier were taking a walk along the River Tay. She ordered a maiden to push the young courtier into the river. Records suggest that this was intended to be a joke to scare the courtier. The maiden hid as the courtier stooped to clean his hands. She pushed him into the water. The current dragged the courtier away and he drowned. His servant rushed into the water to save him, but he died alongside his master. Margaret is documented as being upset by the incident, although her true intentions remain unknown. There are variations on this account that believe Margaret pushed the courtier in herself but there is no official record of the incident.

The poem exhibits characteristics of a measure of englyn milwr.

Glossary [LXXII]

“Fie” is Scottish Gaelic for shame.



## Worrying Sheep:

Gwerful Mechain and the countryside of Wales (14<sup>th</sup>-16<sup>th</sup> century).

17

---

<sup>17</sup> A clash of swords reverberates between brain and bone, avian thrusts sever all nerve endings before being assuaged by stigma. They had asked for scarification; demanded the distillation of rolling hills and brawny seas. A brotherhood of olaf princes called themselves *Master*. They fought disharmony within their ranks as shadows crept under and over hill. Ants ribbon the fleshy expanse between finger and thumb before biting down. The Entity recalls stings transfused by battle jeers. It observed as a soldier cringed away from his enemies' tread, hush upon the lithe daffodils and resilient grasses where blood ossifies underneath steel-toed and despondent boots.

The Entity snatched at the land as molars of sheep murmur through decalcified bones, citrine fragments smoked into a rich cocoa. <sup>Pwill Pwill Pwill!</sup> Let *them* perform their ablutions until it inverts dove-eyed pupils who stagger across a wasteland. This land ferments; an ash heap of conglomerated jumentous redolence suffuses The Entity, smothered by rats whose scratches titter upon plastic. Stomachs are distended as sewage transudes, a tepid scroll fraying amongst bracken. The Entity is frazzled. A palisade of iron, bitten brown, girdles *their* bluff; a bewitchingly plump rat screeches at its intruder.

Burnished skin sizzles under the heat of an astronomical sun. The Entity writhes under its influence, belly flopping towards the succulent shade of a gnarled and aged oak tree. Pock marks of lovers and stab wounds of the jilted loiter underneath its girdle, its crust reminiscing about chaotic order and reverence. It had stood here long before language rolled off tongues; long before iron clad behemoths razed fae down into their holes like a ferret chiselling a rabbit. The Entity felt a matted pelt of a cankerous sore snuffle against its bloated skin. A bemused rabbit stayed west and dug deeper into its hole as rats leer at it from within unfathomed darkness. The Entity curled its phalanges and beckoned, mistaken for a wave the rabbit skittered into argumentative banter that diffused across the warren, thundering madness with each grunt. The Entity smirked. *They* are petrified with the undulation of this hostility.

A chary rat overcasts its heart from within. The clouds are incensed by its timorous curdle of *mam* that dissipates as the Capella is led astray. Rat fretted as it reamed itself horizontal. The Entity twists in anticipation as fuzz wallows backwards converging in an oblique fissure. It digs an antrorse yawning into a trap.

Princes scatter like ricin, seeping through cracks in society of stoned mazes where mice dwell, lingering on the margins unsure of this new brand of *Master*. A high hearted yowl tears through The Entity's eardrum as flesh is abraded by whittled teeth, crooked through necessity. Worms revive birdsong against the lamentation of downy feathers, uttering a string of antitheses that vibrate against grated flakes of bone. A chinook rushes down a valley of suet and sinew, deafening the howl of a seeded dandelion.

The Entity is revived. A familiar curd of smog and ash that linger upon its crystallised tongue befuddles its tumid papillae that mushroom under its calcaneus. Dehydrated, it densifies under a cool throated *Monster*, extricating itself from its own phenomenon. The Entity drank boiled water from the cackleberry squandered by the proletariats and discharged a tidal wave of spume at the eel that skittered unabashedly towards the gorge. There, The Entity and rat jostled an *Afanc* that regarded them with acrimony. The beast grated its fragmented teeth and besieged its invaders. The Entity barrelled towards its elusion, a shimmer in the eye of the anathematised.

## The Copse Candles

From the copse, the *Deer* stared br.eath.less  
 and claimed the heart of me; deathless  
 with anti.cipa.tion, I y-a-w-n-e-d  
 livid flesh, rived arteries; da<sup>wn</sup>ed  
*canu*. Lobomised its truth;  
*Y Tylwyth Teg* stole a cream tooth –  
 the essence of nitrate myth.  
 Flesh stret-ched, spli-ced and a.ching, yet pith  
 against the constraint of the hoar.  
 Turn to the devil at your door;  
*Deer* ru.min.ates the septum's cud,  
 newt<sup>draws</sup> an isopleth through mud  
 and realigns this strange distance.  
*Deer* mutters to non-existence.

18

---

<sup>18</sup> Aberglasney Hill, the Battle of Coed Llathen, c.1257.

Llywelyn ap Gruffydd marched here once as the English blundered into Wales. Iron-pot soldiers expeditiously sent over the border with a switch warbling at their heels.

The Blue Room, Aberglasney Gardens, c.1650.

All who live in the shadow of the hill are cursed souls. A fritillary of pinstriped snakes snap walker's ankles that tiptoe between adolescent bluebells. Bishop Anthony Rudd once beheld its potential and saw a cloister emerge from the shadows, shimmering emerald and sepia in the gloom where puddles orchestrate light into jewelled illusions. A Housekeeper had known all along. Those five lights spied in a Blue Room, air fresh with plaster and heavy with carbon monoxide. The home fires had kept burning through the night. Five more delights were given to Death as his servants of fortune. Small tragic figures bowed and bent towards their candles. The maids are ever watchful. Lithe little creatures with wide eyes bespectacled with soot. Lime had made a mess of them. Hair thick with grease and hanging as if a broken neck clinging onto months old wart-like scraggs of gristle.

### Historical Information – The Copse Candles

This poem is about Aberglasney Hill and the Battle of Coed Llathen, c.1257. Prince Edward suffered a defeat by Llywelyn ap Gruffydd's army. Roughly three thousand English soldiers were killed. Local myth says that anyone who lives in the shadow of the hill are cursed. Fields around the area are still referred to as 'Cae Tranc' which means 'field of vengeance' and 'Cae'r Ochain' which translates to 'groaning field'.

Ghost hunters and superstitious locals believe that Aberglasney House and Gardens is one of the most haunted areas in Wales. There have been numerous recorded sightings of ghosts. This includes unseemly incidents happening in the House and around the Gardens. One of the most well-known hauntings took place in 1650. An upstairs room had been freshly plastered and was being allowed to dry. That evening one of the housekeepers spied five lights floating in mid-air around the room, now commonly known as The Blue Room. The following morning, five maids were found dead from asphyxiation. The reason for their deaths remains unclear but many believe the cause to be either the freshly applied lime plaster or carbon monoxide poisoning from a blocked chimney. After their deaths, the maids have been seen walking the earth after dark. It is believed that these five lights from The Blue Room prophesy death for anyone unfortunate to glimpse them. By-passers have reported seeing five lights from the room during times when no one was in the house and many locals do not venture onto the grounds after dark.

These five women appear again in the 1930s. A workman was on a ladder clearing ivy outside The Blue Room while his colleague remained on the ground cutting down brambles. The man moved a clump of ivy away from a window and to his surprise caught the gaze of a Victorian maid looking at him from within the room. He rushed down to his colleague who quickly climbed up the ladder. When he investigated the room, he saw the maid, staring back at him. No one was meant to be in the house at the time and the workmen were alone on the grounds. They quickly left the area and refused to return.

---

Aberglasney Gardens, c.1700.

Poets have taken over. The yew tunnel, an optimistic sapling, will herald the curse and snag those souls whose morality have been damaged by courage into God's wrath. Time will twist it until it is entangled with itself, detached from the world that evolves around it. How pretty vegetables grow and how industrial flowers bloom here. Echo teases Narcissus with his own apricot and cream complexion. Her voice like silken thread frayed and disjointed. He does not hear her but nods to the carp that kisses his reflection. No one belongs here. The pleasant dome of entrapped pigs in aviaries oversee the trim garden as they munch their litter down. 'For ever pleasant, private, neat.' (Quote taken from John Dyer's poem 'The Country Walk', n.d, line 126.)

John Dyer, 'The Country Walk', *Poetry Nook*, line number 126, n.d  
<<https://www.poetrynook.com/poem/country-walk>> [17.09.2019].

## Influences

The poem's title is a play on 'corpse'. It refers to the corpse candles of Aberglasney Gardens and the eyes of a deer lying in a copse.

There is an ancient yew tree situated just outside of Aberglasney House and near the Cloister Garden. Over years, the yew tree has been shaped to form a tunnel. Local folklore says that if a person walks backwards through the tunnel, they will open a gateway to Hell.

Y Tylwyth Teg are Welsh fairies commonly known as the fair folk. They feature heavily in Welsh folklore and stories. In these stories, they act as moral judges where kind farmers who share their food are rewarded through magic. Other stories depict them as punishing greedy humans, often poor farmers, until they repent their wicked ways and seek forgiveness. There are stories of humans and Y Tylwyth Teg intermarrying with one another. Marriage with the fair folk, usually a maiden with a human man, comes with conditions from her father. This is almost always that the maiden never be struck three times, usually with iron or earth.

Descriptions of Y Tylwyth Teg vary from region to region but their appearance is usually beautiful with ivory skin and dark features. They are humanoid in appearance. They live in forests and woods often near lakes and rivers, close to human dwellings. They can be mischievous, and stories depict them stealing humans, usually maidens or fair young men, to reside in their fairy home for eternity or for an unusually long life.

## Structure

The poem has been influenced by a measure of cyhydedd fer.

**Cerddoriaeth o Ddiniweidrwydd<sup>LXXXII</sup>**

Sluaghs<sup>LXXXII</sup> in<sup>hal</sup>ed quim<sup>LXXXII</sup>; chafed. geum<sup>LXXXII</sup>. bell –

bank westward, gwallt towed; toad knell.

Vel-lum crowbar thrust, *threst* dell;

bitch-b<sub>en</sub> for ci muscatel.

19

---

<sup>19</sup> Gwerful Mechain. Mechain, Powys, Wales, c.1500s.

(Gwerful Mechain was a medieval Welsh-language poet. She was the first female poet to write about domestic abuse and female sexuality – ‘To Her Husband for Beating Her’ and ‘Cywydd y Cedor’.)

Gwerful Mechain, *The Works of Gwerful Mechain*. ed and trans by Katie Gramich (Canada, Ontario: Broadview Press Ltd, 2018), p.88, 40.

The nobility of my complexion becomes translucent. He wrenches and claws at the smoothness of my breasts until grains of salted blood emerge and bead as if crimson jewels. A body of boundless strength. He foretells my immediate future, prostrate on the bed and whining as if a heated bitch. He would provide fingers that stir within me as if a spoon of *car.i.ad*. Pearlescent tendrils flail as the bountiful plush plum jolts into view. The covers are plush and deep. He gives me a fruitless eulogy with his tongue, leaving me fruitless. My quim is fair with broad-edged lips that tremble as his heart’s lining is pressed, slanting downwards. His tender words are fat plumage that sharpen into a dagger. It pierces my chest. I am being gutted by his possessed sword. Knee smashed and hand crushed. A ditch of great depth and embroidered with silken wheat. He gives it a good feel. Llwyn hyfryd, gadewch i’r dyn mawr ei achub. (“Lovely bush, let the big man save it.” Caradoc Evans uses the term big man to refer to God in his short stories and novels.)

## Historical Information – Cerddoriaeth o Ddiniweidrwydd

Gwerful Mechain is a medieval Welsh-language poet with a substantial surviving body of work. She is an extraordinary medieval poet because of her varied poetic styles and her confidence in a male dominated environment. She wrote religious, humorous and socially conscious poetry. Her religious poetry was written in strict cyghanedd while her other poetry had a more relaxed poetic form.

## Influences

The poem has been influenced by Gwerful Mechain's choice of subject matter that is a response to a male poet criticising a female on her appearance or chastity. The poem fuses Gwerful's socially conscious poetry, chiefly domestic abuse and negative depictions of women, with a male perspective. I do this by exploring the first night in a medieval married couple's life.

## Structure

The poem exhibits characteristics of englyn proest cyfnewidiog. The metre in each line has been influenced by cyghanedd lusc.

## Glossary [LXXII]

“Slaugh” are spirits that manifest as shadows of the restless dead who hunt souls. They originate from Celtic mythology. It is possible to call a Sluagh through desperate loneliness and sadness. They enter homes from the West, so it was customary to keep west-facing windows closed if anyone within the home was ill or had recently died.

“Quim” is a term for a woman genitals. The language has been influenced by Gwerful Mechain's poem, ‘Cywydd y Cedor’ (Gwerful Mechain, *The Works of Gwerful Mechain*. ed. and trans. by Katie Gramich [Canada, Ontario: Broadview Press Ltd, 2018] p.40, 88) Cunt has been changed to quim. Both words have appeared in translated versions of her poetry.

“Geum” is the genus name of a flower in the Rosaceae family called Bell Bank. It is a fragile fade-coloured rose with brownish yellow stamens. It has lobed low-lying leaves and clusters of frayed petals.

## PONTARFYNACH

*'Here may I freely speak my secret anguish.'* – Propertius

Her craw was choked; cipiodd y ci brân<sup>LXXII</sup>;

c-ca-caw. C-ca-caw... c-ca-caw<sup>LXXII</sup>!

Proserpina<sup>LXXII</sup> calmed her sandman,

'how dreary each object around us appears<sup>LXXII</sup>!'

Hen was pearling for horn; purling snow.

'From that young stream that smites the throbbing rocks'

at strange pace that oaken peace will trow.

'Such power possess...'

sold her a chain to sing in; urchin<sup>LXXII</sup>

'and teach him with calm resignation to grieve –'

Hen's bara was well ruminated;

ravening,

y ci<sup>LXXII</sup> was eerie mountain ermine;

'and the labouring breast by no comfort is cheer'd'

lure chance; cloven is stricken, lurching

'solitude longs to indulge in vain tears'

muchlud<sup>LXXII</sup> will smear impetuous smirching;

'when to joys that are gone the sad mourner

returns,'

---

<sup>20</sup> Y Fenyw ('The Woman') blew steam till her hands swelled bitter and puce. Her cow had traversed the torrent and lay heaving at the other side of the incessant chasm. Water clung as if icicles to its coriaceous pelt. The prospect of death did not allow her to indulge in vain tears. Meanwhile, Cloven-hoof, stricken and soul-sick for a strange land, came upon the grieving woman. A promise of salvation was wrought in sickly language. A soul for breath and Y Hen Fenyw was coerced into repose, hobbling over throbbing rocks as if a young stream. The man had been gentle to her misgivings. The hope of wood entangling wood to bridge a gap that could sate psychopomps that cooed slyly from tall reeds as if a yowling wraith. Now, in the heat of home, she knew she had been bewitched by the crows that sought revenge on her ci. Their brethren stretched in an ungracious heap of ebony feathers near the oaken door of the cottage. Her cheek turned a tangerine hue and her nasal passage enlarged at the smell of stewing cawl. She caught her dog's stare as its whines rattle the rafters.

Quotes from the poem have been taken from the following poems:

Mary Tighe, *The Collected Poetry of Mary Tighe*, ed. by Paula Feldman (Maryland, USA: John Hopkins University Press, 2016).

William Wordsworth, *The Collected Poems of William Wordsworth*, ed. by Antonia Till (Hertfordshire: Wordsworth Edition Ltd, 1994).



## Historical Information –PONTARFYNACH

Pontarfynach is the Welsh translation of Devil's Bridge, a medieval bridge in Ceredigion. The bridge is a curiosity because it is known for its three separate bridges that have been stacked on top of each other. There is a Welsh folktale about an old woman, or 'hen' in Welsh, who outwits the Devil. The old woman while searching for her cow discovered that it had strayed across to the other side of the river. She was unable to cross the river safely and retrieve it.

Meanwhile, the Devil had heard of the country of Wales and its beauty. Eager to see an unfamiliar landscape, he decided to visit Ceredigion. It was during this visit that he came across the old woman. He promised her that by the next morning there would be a bridge that she could cross to rescue her cow. In return, she promised to give him the soul of the first thing that crossed the bridge. The woman agreed to his demand and the next day she returned to find a grand bridge made of stone. The woman was cunning. She owned a little dog that never left her side. Before leaving home, she placed a wedge of bread in her apron, and, before the Devil could protest, she tossed it across the bridge and the dog chased after it. The Devil could not take the soul of a dog and humiliated, he disappeared back to the underworld.

The Latin inscription of this quote has been taken from 'Verse Written at the Devil's Bridge, Ceredigion' and replaced with an English translation. Mary Tighe's poetry was influenced by elegiac poetry, chiefly Propertius who wrote during the Augustan age.

(Mary Tighe, *The Collected Poetry of Mary Tighe*, ed. by Paula Feldman [Maryland, USA: John Hopkins University Press, 2016].)

## Structure

The poem has been influenced by cyhydedd naw ban (two measures). The metre in each line exhibits characteristics of cynghanedd draws. The measure was chosen because of its nine-syllable count. The grammar in quotations has been changed to allow the poem to flow and represent the falls around Devil's Bridge. The final line keeps the original grammar to suggest a continuation of sound. This reflects the words within the poem as they drop from the mouth recreating the effects of water cascading down from a waterfall. There is a new rhyme scheme at the beginning of each stanza of cyhydedd naw ban. The cynghanedd in this line has been extended and the line beginning 'y ci...' ('the dog') completes the cynghanedd. This line has been influenced by Welsh mutations. 'Ruminated' is represented in 'eerie mountain' where 'd' mutates to 'n' using a nasal mutation (removing it from its main use in Welsh which is after 'in' or 'yn' and 'my' or 'fy'). In many cultures the number nine is unlucky and relates to pain (Japan), patience and final judgement or finality

(Christian Bible). Although, there have been deviations from the form as suggested below in the glossary.

#### Glossary [LXXII]

“cipiodd y ci brân” is Welsh for ‘the dog snatched a crow’.

“C–c–caw!” The crow appears in gothic literature and some believe that they are familiars of witches. Crows are seen to be prophetic, meditators between this and the spirit world as well as being associated with war. The three strangled caws represent the three bridges that now stand at Devil’s Bridge, Ceredigion, seemingly representing past, present and folklore.

“Proserpina” is a Roman goddess and the equivalent to the Greek Persephone.

The quotes have been taken from ‘To The Torrent at Devil’s Bridge, North Wales, 1824’ by William Wordsworth and ‘Verse Written at the Devil’s Bridge, Ceredigion’ by Mary Tighe. Lines 6 and 8 are from William Wordsworth’s poem and lines 4, 10, 14, 16 and 18 are from Mary Tighe’s poem. The language of the poem has been influenced by these two poets.

“Y ci” is Welsh for ‘the dog’.

“Muchlud” is Welsh for ‘dawn’.

(Mary Tighe, *The Collected Poetry of Mary Tighe*, ed. by Paula Feldman [Maryland, USA: John Hopkins University Press, 2016].)

(William Wordsworth, *The Collected Poems of William Wordsworth*, ed. by Antonia Till [Hertfordshire: Wordsworth Edition Ltd, 1994].)

**Gwlad y Menig Gwynion:****The Sanitised Poetess<sup>LXXII</sup>**

Des.pon.dent. pent dogma of porn  
 that these men's maidens *simply* mourn;  
 soiled, your<sup>horn</sup> shorn in its sheath.  
 Lipid mound of fleece – cr<sup>ea</sup>se of clay<sup>LXXII</sup>,  
 no.one.dares.name<sup>LXXI</sup>, shame shanks to splay.  
 Clod will parlay; tear-way teeth.

21

---

<sup>21</sup> The azure fleece of Snowdon is steady and omnipresent. A burdensome ray of sun cascades onto our man's back, his horse, upon which he rode, was dark with sweat. He wiped his brow as beads of perspiration wept down his back to pool at the beginnings of his cleft. The man shifted uncomfortably. The pair continued to make their way high up into the mountains until they came upon a lake. Being a kind-hearted man, he stopped to let his horse drink. He watched as light cascaded upon the rippling water, illuminating silvered fish and pearlescent stones, mottled with dove grey. As he gazed into the depths, an apparition of translucent nobility and brazen beauty stilled his throbbing heart. The maiden's pallor was translucent with a blush so sweet it hurt his hands not to stroke her flesh. A carmine gown clung to her curvaceous form, heavy with the prospect of fruit and softened by the compassionate crinkle in her brow. It was as if God had made her from his rib bone and crafted her into a shape so delicate and soft that it would ensnare him into matrimony. The man reached out and the maiden disappeared. He jumped from his horse and splashed around in the water until his animal retreated to the safety of the bank, but the maiden did not return.

Infested with jealousy, the man became a frequent predator hunched on the banks of the lake. Every morning he would rise from bed and prepare for the long journey to the top of the mountain. His bones creaked, and his back groaned at every incline and pitch of the mountain's path. His aged horse had refused to bear him and regarded him with incredulity whenever he prepared to leave his home. Taking a familiar seat, he withdrew an apple his neighbour had gifted him. As he bit into it for a seventh time, the maiden reappeared. Her shoulders left the confines of the lake and she revealed herself. She was wearing molten silver that flowed over an opal gown decorated in delicate porcelain daffodils. She stared at him with an unfathomable expression. The man was overjoyed and was stunned by her curious gaze, mesmerised by her delicate hands, adorned with thin brass rings. She held out her hand towards the apple that was grasped pendulously on the tip of his fingers. He smiled at the maiden and beckoned her over. She remained standing in the middle of the lake. He stretched his hand out towards her but did not make a move to throw the fruit. He lowered his eyes as if calming a spooked filly. He heard a hesitant rustle of cloth as if satin and grinned when he felt her saturated hair tickle his wrist, glimmering in the sun as if silk. She bent down to remove the apple from his hand.

In quick frustration, he snatched her wrist and held her tight. The maiden winced at his touch. He waited for the bellow of a patriarchal shadow to emerge. He did not have to wait long. The King was a

### Historical Information – Gwlad y Menig Gwynion: The Sanitised Poetess

This poem has been influenced by the folktale ‘The Bride of Llyn Goch’. It is a story about a man who, while staring into a lake, sees a beautiful maiden. She is a Welsh fairy, commonly known as Y Tylwyth Teg. He tries to touch her, but she disappears. He becomes fixated with her and frequently returns to the lake. One day, while eating an apple given to him by his neighbour, she appears in the middle of the lake. She regards the fruit curiously and makes a gesture towards the apple. The man entices her to come and get the apple from him. The man grabs her wrist once she is within reach. This prevents her from escaping back to the fairy kingdom. He is quickly confronted with her father who is angry at the treatment of his daughter. The man requests to marry her and eventually the King agrees but under the condition that if he ever struck his wife with a clod of clay then she would return home immediately, along with any children or chattel.

The couple lived happily until one day a neighbour gave them an apple tree. The man accidentally hit his wife with a shovelful of clay when removing the last clump of dirt from hole. She immediately returned to her kingdom in the lake. Clay also refers to Adam and Eve. The use of the word is intended to suggest that men, however good and happy, will fail women in marriage. This is reminiscent of the attitude of sixteenth century Anglo-Welsh poet, Katherine Philips. She developed strong attachments to female friends. Katherine wrote in her diary expressing a similar sentiment after the second marriage of a particularly close friend, Ann Owen.

### Structure

This poem exhibits characteristics of cywydd llosgyrnog. The metre in each line has been influenced by cynghanedd sain. ‘Poetess’ is already sanitised. The cywydd was chosen because of Gwerful Mechain’s preference for writing in either cywyddau or englynion. Cynghanedd sain represents a musical quality reminiscent of church bells at a wedding. My use of cynghanedd in this poem is relaxed. I choose not to use a strict application of cynghanedd to reflect Gwerful Mechain’s use of the tradition in her humorous poems. ‘Gwlad y Menig Gwynion’ means ‘the land of the white gloves’. This is a reference to judges in the Welsh juridical system. They wore white gloves to indicate that no crime had been committed which contrasts with the wearing of a black cap for the death sentence.

---

slate tower that had been chiselled into the guise of a God. He glowered at the man who quickly begged for the suffering maiden’s hand. Her long, luscious hair draped over her face as if her body had broken from his treatment. In a moment of possessiveness, he pulled her closer and, with his spare hand, held her shoulder still. Drained by his pleas, the King promised him her hand on the condition that he would never strike her with clay. Being kind and noble, the man could not foresee an apple tree and a clod of clay thrown in tired triumph during an age where she finally had been moved enough to think kindly of him.

Glossary [LXXII]

“Crease of clay” deviates from a strict rhyme scheme to a sound rhyme.

Clay refers to the folk tale, ‘The Bride of Llyn Goch’.

“No one dares name” is a phrase that has been influenced by a line from Gwerful Mechain’s poem, ‘Death and Judgement’ and the lines: ‘we fear the man that no-one dares name | but, nameless, he will meet us all the same’.

(Gwerful Mechain, *The Works of Gwerful Mechain*, ed. and trans. by Katie Gramich [Canada, Ontario: Broadview Press Ltd, 2018], p.32.)

**DO NOT *Entrust* this Spl<sub>ayed</sub> Heart to Sheep**

Do not *entrust* this spl<sub>ayed</sub> heart to sheep;

the valleys of blackened flesh keep

time to the braying of skies that weep.

Do not *entrust* this spl<sub>ayed</sub> heart to sheep;

our beguiled-neap-tide plays a ha.unt.ing tune,

en<sub>sna</sub>red by the m<sup>oo</sup>n, its tendrils creep

throug<sub>h</sub> Llam<sup>hi</sup>gyn y Dw<sup>ras</sup> as all sl<sup>e</sup>ep.

Do not *entrust* this spl<sub>ayed</sub> heart to sheep.

As the blood of amphibians' s-e-e-p,

transcends bat madness, we. bear. down. deep.

Watch language s-eep; do not entrust je.june

mutton that cr-o-o-n into gluttoned sleep.

22

---

<sup>22</sup> Blackened fleece had taken on a mottled hue. Entangled with pearlescent grey, zealot mutton chawed their escape from under fleshy soil. There they had been deposited by farmers fearful of their meat. Their cries crackled the mountain and a mist of snow particles veiled them from sight of the village below. Y Gwerin Deg ('the fair folk') greeted them near the precipice and led them towards an ebony lake, from which a deep rumble could be heard.

Historical Information – DO NOT *Entrust* this *Spl*<sub>ayed</sub> Heart to Sheep

This poem has been influenced by the folktale called The White Cow. The white cattle belonged to the fair folk, or fairy people, who lived in a lake near Llyn Barfog. Beautiful maidens with pale and fair features would emerge from the lake at dusk with white hounds dancing around their feet. Their cattle were the envy of the region. Local farmers and their wives were too scared to approach the fair folk. Many Welsh folktales depicts poor farmers and their families as being fearful of offending these temperamental beings. This was easily done because their ways were different to humans.

A poor farmer captured one of the cows after it had fallen in love with one from his own herd. The cow went on to produce the best milk, cheese and butter that Wales had ever tasted. The farmer became very rich and greedy. After years of dedicated service, the farmer decided the cow had become too old to be of use. He began to fatten her up for slaughter. When the day finally came, the butcher swung his bludgeon towards the centre of her head. A shriek was heard throughout the valley and one of the fairy people emerged, screeching at the men. She ordered the unharmed cow back to the lake, followed by her prodigy, leaving one white cow behind. It's pearlescent pelt slowly began to darken to ebony. Shortly after, the farmer became despondent and committed suicide in the lake that secreted his cattle.

## Structure

This poem has been influenced by gwawdodyn hir (with the same rhyme and repetition continued throughout the poem with a deviation from the rhyme scheme in the second to last line with the use of sound rhymes).

## The Iron Giant: the industrial landscape of Wales (17<sup>th</sup>-18<sup>th</sup> century).

23

---

<sup>23</sup> A malodorous nebula encrusts the panorama of the ash heap. The Entity chokes it all in as a rat is evicted from the nuzzling harbourage of its cavity. Rat undulates its spine, corkscrews a humeral head and cajoles itself along on its hemic belly towards the haze.

The Entity is engaged in a skirmish with transmutation that barks back. The fragility of callow fingers descends into puerile ossein, leavening with each seethe of birch and cauterize of lariat. Rat prises the ruination of tender-footed fledglings that remember the inaugural acerbation of their *Master's* brand. Snuffed through congested nasal sleuths the briny pique is around the bend; catch the buttermilk sky. Daliwch yr aer swynol. The iron tankard has an amarodial aftertaste. The Entity acknowledged the farm where only females fear a paternal shadow that stalks burnished steel and iron outlets.

The dislocation of bone from gristle had left its imprint on flesh too quick to bruise. Narcissistic potbellied lips become turgid with the rolling <sup>Rs</sup> of maggots that oscillate underneath fermented soil. The humid and phosphorescent heat making body and earth one, worrying lambs that are frivolous in their curiosity, disbanding at the stench of starched steam that rises from the chimney as if from the maw of a slumbering dragon. A flock of birds have taken song, leaving the worm despondent. Dispersing from thicket, disunited and bemused as they seek out another *Master*, one that can flex muscles and keep its ligaments intact, ruthless in its pursuit of an ossified larynx.

The lambs have grown half an inch, quarter of an inch closer to the Grimm that snaps a caramel puzzle of spittle on the wayside of clean shaven stubble. Foolish they take a step closer to the bared cusp ivory, yellowed and pockmarked black. Resurgent they take the bait. Bleats echo beguiled by the wind, apple blossoms tilting their pitch with saccharine justice. They turned away from a slaughtered past, its language hung, drawn and quartered. (Dafydd ap Gruffydd died in this way. He was one of the first to be found guilty of high treason. The king wanted his punishment to be agonising. It is widely believed that he was the first to die in this way.) Their blather gridlocked by the searing iron and copper stained woodwork of industry. The lambs caught The Entity's attention as it wrapped their prepossessing palaver deep under canals of marrow that had been catheterized by an elongated tongue, snake-like in its conformation, nipped at the edges and slathering pulpy curd as if a proboscis. The late bloomers, hyaline pupils hidden under a fleecy gossamer that had no fear of the skeleton entrails; The Entity's tibia and calcaneus bone, an omnipresent azure welkin.

Molten slag vitiates its motivation, fizzling and spuming blackened cysts that loiter on the whitened tongue of its soldiers. The Entity is entrenched with hindsight that replays itself in reverse, escalating into oblivion. The curvaceous serpentine wreathed blossoms rust as paramnesia is distorted. The Entity stared down the luminous auriferous honeyed orbs of trolls that coruscated the skeleton of a monstrosity.

The Entity is flushed with the landscape's hazy hazelnut complexion, hair a rippling whitecap that billows in the cinereal efflux of exhausted miasma. The sea has magnetised fog and lost its way. Fire is an enemy. Bucolic and temperate, it spits upon recognition. The Entity grapples with agitated curves of steel, phosphorescent with cirrostratus clouds that drop lockets upon the baked and blistered gangrenous steam of its pelage. Aghast, coral iron putrefies the mahogany within cinnamon fauna, sweating great globes of steam that rain cinders and slag that ignites embers against the cool slate of a sea. The voices are walking on water, bouncing as if pebbles dashed against the scrim of modernity. They languish like mice on The Entity's tongue; so beguiled by their soft furnishing that they don't recognise the crackling beneath them.



## Priodferch y Meddyg Pwysig<sup>LXXII</sup>

*November 1868*<sup>LXXII</sup>

*Y Llau*<sup>LXXII</sup> are restless; *crestless* crack.

The bride<sup>LXXII</sup> will abide attack;

a stray wh<sup>ee</sup>ze will t-ea-se annwyl tad;

rebellious cawl *rile* bile black.

*Demented*, seg-men-ted, shack;

Peri.winkle<sup>LXXII</sup> crin.kle. clad.

24

---

<sup>24</sup> The child teased a wheeze as her tad stumbled over in the hope of a miracle. His eyes, crystallised and glazed in beryl syrup, had taken on a familiar sheen of sweat. Broad hairless hands grasped an emaciated azure wrist. The slip of a girl groaned as bones shifted in his grasp. He placed her hand back down onto the bedsheet, drained by the weight of her. The ribbons in her hair were a crooked hourglass, close to the end of its time. The crucifix had not shifted from her white cotton breast, iridescent amongst farmhouse muck. Torn straw came loose from his sleeve and fell into the little girl's hair. Her father plucked it from the soft curls as if a tick that sought to do his Sal harm.

The Welsh bride slept soundlessly as a roar of farmers ascended throughout green country. The Big Man did not feel the need to be present as Winter (1868) twisted treachery between the pure language, besmirched by the Judas within its heart. Little Sal's kingdom furrowed a hollow in her rib, arm broken and limp to milky flesh, icing then curdling as morning vanished. She was the landowner of her body; a miracle of God. She was one of his pearls, a chaste decoration. She watched her adoring crowd from across an unpassable river, rived from reality in pursuit of God's good work. She spoke a harsh language that fell upon her tongue while steam belched from her throat, cautioning the village into silence.

### Historical Information – Priodferch y Meddyg Pwysig

This poem is about Sarah Jacob, an eighteenth century Welsh fasting girl. Sarah was born on the 12<sup>th</sup> May 1857. Her home was on the edge of Llanfihangel-ar-Arth village in Carmarthenshire. Her parents were respectable people. Her father, Evan, was a deacon at the local chapel while her mother, Hannah, was a housewife.

Many accounts describe Sarah as a beautiful child with dark features and pale skin. This report can be read in Sian Busby's book, *A Wonderful Little Girl* (Sian Busby, *A Wonderful Little Girl – The True Story of Sarah Jacob, The Welsh Fasting Girl* [London: Short Books, 2004]). Sarah was bilingual and spoke Welsh and English. A rare talent in rural Wales at that time. She was the only child in a large family to speak two languages. Her schoolmaster described her as intelligent, kind and considerate. Sarah was very religious and a model Christian. She wrote religious poetry in Welsh and English.

Around 1866, Sarah suffered from a severe convulsion at the age of nine which left her bedridden. During her time on bedrest, she began to reject food and barely ate anything at all. She was removed from her sleeping quarters in the loft and recovered in her parent's bedroom where she spent her time reading the Bible and writing poetry. Eventually, she began to refuse food altogether – from October 1867 to her death in December 1869. Her parents were adamant that she had not consumed any food or drink during that time. As Sarah progressed in her illness, she would become prone to tantrums if she was presented with food. Her parents promised that they would only give her food if she requested it. Sarah is the first documented case of anorexia in Wales, but whether her actions were caused by an eating disorder or a child seeing an opportunity to get more attention at home (her mother was pregnant around the time of Sarah's illness) or avoid laborious work, has never been proven. A biopsy of her body discovered small bones in her stomach. This suggested that she had recently ingested part of a small animal, either fish or chicken.

There were many fasting girls in the UK at that time, and each of them were regarded with the same superstition and religious awe. Sarah's case is interesting because she was Welsh. Once the English media became aware of Sarah and her story, her family became a target of disbelief from a wider public in England and Wales. The rural farmers of Carmarthenshire adopted Sarah as a political figure. The Jacob family was maligned by the English media until her parents agreed to let Dr. Phillips of Guy Hospital organise and run a fortnight watch. This watch consisted of Sarah being monitored constantly by a small selection of nurses, one of which spoke Welsh. The nurses were ordered to watch Sarah and not give her food. Sarah rapidly deteriorated within those two weeks and died while being watch by English and Welsh nurses. These nurses repeatedly appealed to Sarah's parents to feed her, and Sarah's Aunt also tried to persuade them after a visit not long before the little girl's death.

Her parents were tried in an English court and sentenced to manslaughter, neither of her parents spoke English well. Her father was sentenced to twelve months and her mother was sentenced to six months in Swansea Prison. The medical practitioners were not tried or convicted with neglect although *The Lancet*, a medical journal, did hold them to account for their actions. The aftermath of this tore the Jacob family apart and dispersed the usually tight family. They lost the farm which had given them the respect of their community. The children were forced to take up work in nearby farms and stately homes. Once released her parents were weak and struggled to find work. They were cared for by their children. There are parallels between the fate of Llywelyn ap Gruffydd's family, and the weakening of Wales and a strong Welsh identification while under English rule.

### Structure

This poem exhibits characteristics of englyn proest cadwynog (four lines). The last two lines are not part of the measure and have been influenced by cynganedd sain.

### Glossary [LXXII]

The title is Welsh for 'the great doctor's bride'.

In November 1868 there was an election in England and Wales that allowed tenant farmers to vote for the first time, but the system was corrupt. Landowners threatened eviction if their tenants did not vote for a Tory government (many tenants were Liberal). After this vote, tenant farmers quickly made the connection between their treatment by landowners and the treatment of Sarah by the English media which was damaging the respectability of the Jacob family. They used Sarah as a symbol of Welsh oppression under English rule to further their agenda.

"Y Llau" is Welsh for lice.

Hannah Jacob would decorate her daughter's thick black hair with ribbons, bows and a wreath to entertain the bedridden child. Sarah kept a crucifix close to her heart. She would read her Bible and write religious poetry. She would recite these poems to the delight of her astonished public, who would often describe her looking like a bride.

"Periwinkle" is the colour periwinkle represents anorexia nervosa and related eating disorders.

**Ei Chorff Bach<sup>LXXII</sup>**

Wrth lowcio<sup>LXXII</sup> harrowed eyes with lewd  
 abundance bestrewed by stewed mair<sup>LXXII</sup>;  
*'...a strange, fetid smell about the bed...'*  
 feldspar guise her cheeks, despair viewed,  
*'By 10pm Sarah was gulping air<sup>LXXII</sup>.'*  
 scare hauteur from the têt<sup>LXXII</sup> lair  
 of the gaunt child; wan ice-hold haunt  
*'The nurses had seen many people die before, ...'*  
 an un.smil.ing aunt; Sal<sup>LXXII</sup> ensnare  
 and taunt psychopomp<sup>LXXII</sup> with plump vaunt.  
 ...Mynd i ffwrdd<sup>LXXII</sup>; tad...avaunt<sup>LXXII</sup> toad...pra<sup>i<sup>n</sup>LXXII</sup>  
*'but never they later admitted, of starvation.'*

25

---

<sup>25</sup> Sal ferch fach had taken on a strange, fetid smell. It was nameless. The nurses enmeshed in a thick unpleasant blanket kept their cool. Soaked the Sahara swollen from cheilitis as its brain turned a cheek to redemption. There was a possibility of a miracle, even as the bach metamorphosed into an aquatic, despotic nightmare. The bottle curdled with laiche bile, poisoned by a slab of dumpling, prodded till bruises blossom like blush. The cadaver is alive again...is the...

Ann Goodman stared at the torn fabric in an understanding that all potions eventually go bad. 'Light the lantern for me, Gabriel, and let me go.' Her little sisters knew the depth of it as justice turns on the parents, blameless with contempt of misunderstanding their pearl. 'Perdidi margarita meus in hortum olerum' ('I lost my pearl in a garden of herbs'). Father cried as a speechless mother sobbed. Those on the borders rarely survive, blazing-eyed Athena caught a whiff of sweetened paste, caffeinated for the duration. Influenced by, and quotes taken from, *Country Dance* Margiad Evans and *Pearl* by Gawain and the Green Knight poet. The books have been referenced on the following page.

## Historical Information – Ei Chorff Bach

The poem is about the final moments of Sarah Jacob's life. It is widely believed that she was given small bits of food through kisses from her sisters. Sarah also concealed a milk bottle that eventually made a hollow indent in her left side. She rarely moved her left arm and passed small amounts of urine and faeces. This indicated that she had recently consumed food despite claiming that she hadn't eaten in two years.

To decide if she was a miracle, her parents allowed the general English medical practise to organise a fortnight of intense monitoring carried out by nurses, one of which had to speak Welsh. Sarah was not allowed to be left alone and her bed, and bedroom which she shared with her parents, was searched to prevent Sarah from being able to consume food without their knowledge. To the nurse's surprise, Sarah did not suffer from bedsores and seemed relatively healthy. She had reached full maturity without any negative effects from her fast.

But, during the watch, Sarah quickly lost mobility and cognitive functions. Towards the end of her life, a sickly-sweet smell of pears permeated the room. This is now known to be ketosis but at the time the nurses were unaware of the danger Sarah was in. The evening before her death she began to gulp air and hallucinate. She would call for her father and when he entered the room, she would immediately dismiss him. Sarah's aunt and uncle, as well as her nurses, begged her parents to give her food but they refused. This refusal led to an eventual charge of manslaughter.

This poem has been influenced by *A Wonderful Little Girl* (Sian Busby, *A Wonderful Little Girl – The True Story of Sarah Jacob, The Welsh Fasting Girl* [London: Short Books, 2004]).

## Structure

This poem exhibits characteristics of tawddgyrch cadwynog. The metre in each line has been influenced by cynganedd draws.

---

Quotes in the poem have been taken from:

Sian Busby, *A Wonderful Little Girl – The True Story of Sarah Jacob, The Welsh Fasting Girl* (London: Short Books, 2004), p.110.

Quotes in the prose section have been taken from:

Simon Armitage, *Pearl* (London: Faber and Faber, 2016), p.3.

Margiad Evans, *Country Dance* (Swansea: Parthian, 2006), p.62.

## Glossary [LXXII]

The title is Welsh for ‘her little body’.

“Wrth lowcio” is Welsh for gulp or gobble.

“Mair” is Welsh name for Mary. The name has multiple meanings, including sea of bitterness, beloved child and rebellious child.

The quotes have been taken from a report written by one of two nurses, sister-nurse Clinch, who was supervising Sarah Jacob. Gulping air is a sign of acute air hunger. (Busby, S, *A Wonderful Little Girl – The True Story of Sarah Jacob, The Welsh Fasting Girl* [London: Short Books, 2004, p.110.]

“Têr” is an archaic Welsh for refined.

“Sal” was Hannah Jacob’s pet name for her daughter.

“Psychopomp” are the spiritual guide of a living person’s soul. They also guide souls to the place of the dead. Greek origin. They usually take the form of birds, chiefly sparrows.

“Mynd I ffwrdd” is Welsh for ‘go away’.

“Avaunt” is French for ‘Go away’ (French origin). This references medieval Wales and its connections with international culture and language, established in the first chapter.

“Prair” and the use of sub and super script represents acute air hunger and the dying breath of Sarah Jacob. The word is a combination of ‘prayer’ and ‘air’. It represents oxygen leaving the body of a dying child and Sarah’s overzealous attitude towards religion.

## Y Môr Llaid Crawlers<sup>LXXII</sup>

Natterjacks<sup>LXXII</sup>, <sup>fi</sup>e Net t'er Jacks!

Capt'n quicks <sup>as</sup> captan<sup>LXXII</sup> quacks;

cricks <sup>echo through bemired</sup> cracks.

Ysbrydion y mwd <sup>will liebeneath</sup> ysbrydion y mwd<sup>LXXII</sup>.

Hooks lost in mwd dark; stark or<sup>ca-tra</sup>cks;

Sibrydion y mwd. Sibrydion. y. mwd<sup>LXXII</sup>.

26

---

<sup>26</sup> The Sluaghs are envious of foreign footfall. Marching turbid Irish feet slosh into a muddied sea, hungry and ravenous for bitter treat-meats. The Nuckalavee watched their progress with curiosity as whistles unsettles the air. Twitching lanterns search for immigrant shadows in the periphery of its vision. The water being had sensed they were coming. There had been a bitter taste to the sea for months. A slight turn of foot would be their death. It felt the bones of their children cease movement in the quick mud of its absent tide. It returned to its lair in a carnivorous hiss. It would take them soon. The fortunate ventured onto a hardened path and away from the sea but their congeniality will tear them asunder – easy picking for the crows.

## Historical Information – Y Môr Llaidd Crawlers

The poem has been influenced by the story of Irish immigrants in Wales during the eighteenth century. Poverty in Ireland during the 1820s forced many to leave their homes in the hope of finding work in America or Wales. Newport was a prosperous dock primarily exporting coal. Newport authorities were threatened by the high number of Irish immigrants settling in their city, so they passed a law that prevented Irish settlers from entering Wales from a moored vessel. They hired watchmen to enforce this law. The captains of the ships that were transporting Irish passengers bypassed this law by sailing along the River Usk. Once there, they let their passengers disembark onto the muddy plains near St. Brides. Those passengers became known as Mud Crawlers.

The journey to land was a perilous one. The Irish, often travelling in family groups, would have to scramble through the mud under cover of darkness to avoid detection and deportation. Possessions were carried on their backs and would have been lost during the rush to land. Parents would whisper their children's names as they crossed the River while keeping out of sight of the watchmen. Many were terrified of being sent back to Ireland where they would most likely starve to death. A large number of Mud Crawlers died. The mud would drag the person down or they would drown in the incoming tide. Bones have been found along the River Usk, including those of children. Human remains are still being uncovered along the river.

Those that did make it to land were exposed to abuse. Any possession that they did not lose made them a target for thieves and murderers. Irish visitors came to Wales years later with the hope of being reunited with family and friends. Many returned to Ireland without knowing what happened to their loved ones, or, aggrieved by what they did eventually discover.

## Structure

The first three lines exhibit characteristics of englyn milwr and have been influenced by cynghanedd draws. The second measure exhibits characteristics of cyhydedd hir that uses the 'A' rhyme from the englyn milwr to complete its 'B' rhyme. The metre has been influenced by cynghanedd draws. The metre in the fifth line has been influenced by cynghanedd sain. The last line is an envoi that has been influenced by cynghanedd groes (this line is not attached to a poetic form although it imitates the lines that have preceded it).

## Glossary [LXXII]

The title is Welsh for 'sea mud'.

The natterjack toad is a rare amphibian in Britain that has a high-pitched mating call. His throat stretches and balloons out whenever he utters this call.

"Captan" is a general use pesticide. It can be used to control diseases on fruit and vegetables.



“Ysbrydion y mwd” is Welsh for ‘ghost of the mud’.

“Sibrydion y mwd” is Welsh for ‘whispers of the mud’.

**The Wood is Rotting within the Mimosa<sup>LXXII</sup>**

1845

Velate<sup>LXXII</sup>, as-phy-xiate. yn. araf

to pervading pain; lain. as. a. leaf.

Re<sup>surge</sup>nt serpent forsaken;

blighted Mam ream sh<sub>ak</sub><sup>en</sup> re-flect-ions.

27

---

<sup>27</sup> The Mimosa lolloped as if a tired dog towards land, speckled canary yellow and veined cantaloupe peach with mottled sage. Water had turned salty months ago. Bachgen Bach ('Little Boy') had lost his shroud to a stinging glacial nip. They were weary travellers looking for home in a foreign country of sweat and with a strange tongue in their mouths. They disembarked and lost their footing. The gro grazed them deep.

### Historical Information – The Wood is Rotting within the Mimosa

The poem was inspired by the landing of the *Mimosa* at Patagonia in 1865. The *Mimosa* was a clipper ship. It carried over a hundred Welsh emigrants to South America which was an eight-week trip. During the journey two young children died, there was a marriage, and two children were born. The emigrants set sail from Liverpool believing that they would arrive to fertile lowland but what they received was an inhospitable desert. They eventually settled in the Chubut Valley. Shortly after their arrival a networks of irrigation channels were established, and crops flourished. This quickly encouraged trade.

The Chubut Valley became known as *Dyffryn Camwy* and the settlement was named *Y Wladfa*. The settlement has survived into the modern age. Welsh and Spanish are the primary languages of the settlement. This aspect of Welsh history emphasises an international connectivity, but also Wales as a colonising figure. The Welsh settlers forced natives to leave their land and begin a new life on inhospitable terrain.

### Structure

The poem exhibits characteristics of *cyhydedd fer* with a deviation from the main rhyme scheme in line 4 to suggest the movement of water, chiefly the distorting effect of ripples. The metre has been influenced by *cynghanedd sain*.

### Glossary [LXXII]

“Velate” means to have a veil or velum (a membrane bordering a cavity often seen in molluscs).

**Fe Boerodd Hi ar Fradwr Pwysig:**

**‘She *Spat* on a Great Betrayer’<sup>LXXII</sup>**

The Welsh are evil; weevil wild,

untrod by decent lament; wild!

‘Hypocrites with religion on their lips and wickedness ... ..

he

arts,’

The language is oblique; an antique cage.

Assuage, scour the sour child.

‘which originates from its having been

the language of slavery.’<sup>LXXII</sup>

Brad...y Llyfrau...Gleision... Brad...

y Llyfrau...

Gleision<sup>LXXII</sup> ...

Efflorescent Sarah chuffed

as railways bled<sup>LXXII</sup> a strange

tongue the natives could

not

tw

ist.<sup>LXXII</sup>

28

---

<sup>28</sup> Y Hen Wraig ('The Old Woman') whacked a glob of tarred spit from her mouth. Its soured shrapnel hit segments of its mark. Burnished wood enriched from cheapened beginnings bore its brunt as mucous glided like gunnel down the 'cist' ('chest' or 'coffin' in Welsh).

Gwyneth Tyson Roberts, *The Language of the Blue Books – Wales and Colonial Prejudice*, new edn (Cardiff: University of Wales Press, 2011), p.24, 215.

Anonymous, 'Treacherous Blue Books Online, *BBC Wales*, 2005  
<<http://news.bbc.co.uk/1/hi/wales/mid/4555702.stm>> [20.09.2019].

Historical Information – Fe Boerodd Hi ar Fradwr Pwysig: ‘She *Spat* on a Great Betrayer’

A special report on education in Wales was published in 1847. This report came to be known in Wales as ‘The Treachery of the Blue Books’ or ‘Brad y Llyfrau Gleision’ (Gwyneth Tyson Roberts, *The Language of the Blue Books – Wales and Colonial Prejudice*, new edn [Cardiff: University of Wales Press, 2011]). The report was coordinated by three commissioners: R.R.W Lingden, Jellynger.C Symons and H.R Vaughan Johnson. They were assisted by select young and ambitious bilingual Welshmen. The commissioners were English and did not speak Welsh. Their assistants were educated at prestigious English universities and were part of the Anglican Church. The report looked beyond Welsh education and commented on the morals and religious devotion of the Welsh. The report attacked Welsh women as well as Welsh schools. They claimed Wales was amoral, unhygienic and constrained by the limitations of the Welsh language.

Following the publication of the report, non-conformist minister, Evan Jones, founded a Welsh woman’s magazine that ran for two years, *Y Gymraes*. It promoted a respectable way of life for Welsh women. In 1879, twenty years after the publication ended, Sarah Jane Rees (Cranogwen) started her own publication for Welsh women, *Y Frythones*. The publication came to an end in 1891. It was revived in 1896 before coming to an abrupt conclusion in 1934.

This report impacted the Welsh national psyche and there were concerted attempts to appear as devout religious subjects with unfaltering morals years after the report was published. Welsh parents sent their children to English speaking schools to distance their children from the Welsh language. They believed that English would be the future language of trade.

The poem has been influenced by the funeral of one of the Welsh assistants who visited schools, collecting data that was used in the *Blue Books*. A woman reportedly spat on the coffin as it passed her on its way to the church. This act shows the ways in which the publication of the report divided Wales and forced the Welsh to perceive threats to their cultural identity within and outside of the community.

The poem was informed by *The Language of the Blue Books: Wales and Colonial Prejudice* by Gwyneth Tyson Roberts (Gwyneth Tyson Roberts, *The Language of the Blue Books – Wales and Colonial Prejudice*, new edn [Cardiff: University of Wales Press, 2011]).

## Structure

The body of the poem exhibits characteristics of clogyrnach (interspersed by quotes) and cywydd deuair hirion (splintered...brutality’). The poem has been influenced by the language used in the report. The final six lines have not been written using one of the twenty-four Welsh measures. This is to reflect the changing identity of Wales as the country prepared to enter the nineteenth century. These

changes include: the introduction of railways (which benefitted the Welsh-fasting girl, Sarah Jacob, and made Wales more accessible to England); the emergence and popularity of English language newspapers; and, the 1911 census that gave the Welsh language minority status for the first time.

#### Glossary [LXXII]

A quote from Anonymous, ‘Treacherous Blue Books Online, *BBC Wales*, 2005

<<http://news.bbc.co.uk/1/hi/wales/mid/4555702.stm>> [20.09.2019].

Quotes have been taken from The *Blue Books* (1847) which can be read in the following text:

Gwyneth Tyson Roberts, *The Language of the Blue Books – Wales and Colonial Prejudice*, new edn [Cardiff: University of Wales Press, 2011] p24 and 215. The report was observational. Many descriptions of the ineffective nature of Welsh education are repeated or paraphrased throughout the report.

“Brad y llfran gleision” is Welsh for The Treachery of the *Blue Books*.

“Bletched” is an oily stain usually from a bicycle chain. It is thought to originate from Crewe Railway Works.

**The Triple Goddess:**  
**The coastal landscape of Wales (19<sup>th</sup> century).**

29

‘Shoots an anthracite glitter of death  
from their eyes, these men shine darkly.’

*God’s with Stainless Ears*<sup>30</sup>

Lynette Roberts

---

<sup>29</sup> Quaff fatigue. The Entity’s ears hung loose, a two toned sound permeating a hoary cochlea. Lost in translation between the old and the new – battle cries of Princes with their necks lank on posts are smothered into silence, psyches a tumescent apple beetling and straining from gristle. The intrepid starch of men that waved to zombified women before venturing forth into the pits, warbling to *Monsters*. Language that fell flat under an empire, debilitated under torture that to retaliate is whimsy. The Entity flexes its gracilis, twined its tongue round its nape until the crackle of jaw bones recoiled, scattering the newfound confidence of sheep. The Entity smirked at its devolution.

*They* are bent on eradication. It’s all there in siarcol and nefi. A verdant location of whimsy and aestheticism, humiliated by the growth that germinates through windfall. A dispersed whole of a Draconian tree: peach, apple, plum, cherry, ziziphus jujuba and banana. The Bramley Seedling ricochets between borders, staking its root on an escarpment of English soil. The Entity haunts summer, crackling sea glass between nubs of decalcified teeth. Rapturous while a euphoric plague hits the mist net, gravitating to the tangle. The Entity pocketed a collection of harmonious voices that cantillate in a veracious style. Regressive and belligerent their vibrations rustle at the moon.

<sup>30</sup> Lynette Roberts, *God’s with Stainless Ears* (London: Faber and Faber, 1951).



## Seagulls

Idris Gawr<sup>LXXII</sup> snatched an ink-dipped pinion;

dispersed flies that smog<sub>his</sub> dom<sup>i</sup>inion.

*Kittiwake! Kittiwake! Kittiwake!*

Within bruised opinion, chelate<sup>LXXII</sup> flinches;

Dis.till.ate sea-salt from this Zion.

*Kittiwake! Kittiwake! Kittiwake!*

31

---

<sup>31</sup> The names of the dead stood stark amongst raindrops that fell as if slag from a ruptured volcano. She saw truth in their masonry. Warm faces sallow in an inevitable abode. She no longer belonged in this place and with these people who breathed and talked sense. The seagull's alabaster feathers are ruffled and riffled by the wind. She no longer belonged here. No.one.belongs.here nawr.

A storm is brewing for the seagulls are starting from the sea. Foul weather, foul weather, let's go to the heather and then when the storm is over. – Verse influenced by a Welsh folksong about seagulls and their innate ability to predict storms.

The storm had cost Lynette her composure. Defeated, she retreated inside her caravan to await the complexity of administration. A system more insane than the unfortunates *they* promised to treat.

## Historical Information – Seagulls

Lynette Roberts was born in Buenos Aires, Argentina, from parents of Welsh ancestry. She studied Art at The Central School for Arts and Crafts, London. In 1939, she settled in Llanybri with her husband, Keidrych Rhys.

Lynette wrote about village life in Llanybri. Her writing centred on nature and the people who lived and worked in the village. Subjects of her poetry include miscarriage and the natural world. She was particularly interested in birds. She was influenced by Welsh poetic traditions and used them to express her experience of living on the borders of a traditional Welsh village. Her writing style was innovative, and it is only recently that she has begun to receive the recognition that her work deserves, led by prominent academics and historians. Lynette's poetry draws on intense sensory language to depict life in rural Wales during the technological burst that occurred during WWII. The poem fuses her vibrant use of language with the technological terror that had descended upon the quiet countryside of Wales.

Cadair Idris is a mountain in Gwynedd, Wales, which lies at the Southern end of the Snowdonia National Park. Celtic mythology believes that a giant called Idris Gwawr used the mountain as a throne, known as Cadair Idris or Idris' Chair. He was a poet and astrologer and, once upon his seat, he could keep watch on the heavens as well as the Welsh landscape. It is said that anyone who spends a night at its summit leaves the mountain as a poet or is rendered insane, if they wake up at all.

Legends believe that many lakes close to Cadair Idris are bottomless, such as Tal-y-Llyn. Parts of Cadair Idris is said to be hunting grounds for the red-eared hounds of Annwn (Celtic underworld).

## Structure

The poem exhibits characteristics of gwawdodyn, dispersed by calls of the rare kittiwake, a black-legged seagull. The poem is a response to 'Seagulls' by Lynette Roberts (Lynette Roberts, *Collected Poems*, ed. by Patrick McGuinness [Manchester: Carcanet, 2005], p.25).

## Glossary [LXXII]

Idris Gawr was a giant king who ruled Meirionydd.

"Chelate" is a class of coordination or compounds consisting of a central atom attached to a large molecule called a 'ligand' in a circle structure.

## The Sinuous Spindle of a Crab's Whiskers

Ein fish.er.man had shirked *Morgen*.

She-clutched-his-organ as a gull

j<sup>erk</sup>ed and bell<sup>y</sup>-flop<sup>ped</sup>; the gorgon

made an orphan and unearthed its skull —

cr<sup>a</sup>ckled slit claws and. was. shackled

by the bed.rag.gled seaweed, salt

en<sup>circ</sup>led cankers of buckled

leather, suckled with ca-joled malt.

It.had been his mis.guided snag;

the crag between shell and flesh rived —

this sh<sup>i</sup>ver of palp<sup>LXXII</sup> for the *rag*.

She'd *drag* him under to revive

the *Monster* that drank saltwater

without pother — had been contrived

into a sharper man, somber

in calmer waves; spat, he'd arrived.

---

<sup>32</sup> The boy held an emaciated cupped palm up to his father as if asking for white flesh, but the blood-shot stellar rimmed eyes of his tad forced silence. Instead, he received a scrag of cheapened tan flesh. He held it in reverence for a moment, savouring the grit of shell between thumb and forefinger before

### Historical Information – The Sinuous Spindle of a Crab’s Whiskers

This poem is about a young Welsh boy who grew up in a strict family. His father would treat them with crab meat. The animal was rationed as follows: the father ate the crab’s body; the elder brothers would be given the claws; and, the youngest would be left with its thin legs.

This poem has been influenced by a Celtic folktale about a mermaid and a fisherman. The poem comments on the selfish nature of the nineteenth century with the rise of industry and capitalism. A poor fisherman caught a mermaid in his net. She was beautiful with exotic features, violent eyes and azure hair. The fisherman knew he can profit from her capture and even make her his wife. Before he could haul her onto his boat, she began to beg him to release her. In exchange for her freedom, she promised to warn him of unforeseen trouble. Overcome with sympathy for the mermaid, the poor fisherman releases the net and watches her swim away. Months later, the fisherman is out at sea enjoying a clear blue day when he hears sweet singing. He sees the mermaid in the distance. Her song warns him that a storm is coming and to sail home quickly. The other fishermen laugh at him on his way home. As soon as the fisherman moored his boat, a violent storm shook the sea. The boats that had not returned home were lost. The fisherman in the poem does not release the mermaid and profits from her death. Subsequently, he is never warned of the oncoming storm.

### Structure

The poem has been influenced by *tawddgyrch cadwynog*. The title has been influenced by *The Century Speaks: Voices of Wales* (Herbert Williams, *Welsh Voices: The Century Speaks* [Cheltenham: The History Press, 1999]).

### Glossary [LXXII]

“Palp” refers to a pair of elongated segmented appendages near the mouth of an arthropod. It coordinates the insect’s senses of touch and taste.

---

gulching it down, sucking the broken armour as if a dog with a bone full of marrow. A carmine welt pulsed at the hint of salt, a reminder of his spoken evil.

## The Wet Ones Who Lurched Cloistered Bubbles of Brine

Anthracite *sprightly* gold, neither in.cite

cer<sup>u</sup>.le<sub>.an</sub> apatite<sup>LXXII</sup>; coral ne-ap<sup>LXXII</sup> taut

spoilt ne.r.eids, *so polite* near naos<sup>LXXII</sup>.

Troed-coch<sup>LXXII</sup> ate rain-chog; adieu nos!

Saith bindweed tit.ter chaos;

the bound wan to utter ch<sup>LXXII...s</sup> ...

33

---

<sup>33</sup> Oscar watched as dirty elements churned in an aquatic abyss, scintillating in a flare like grisaille porpoises gambolling in a spume of viscous molecules that violently repel one another. Gold becomes an anchor, a prison for ocean fauna that contort in a wrench of impecunious wanton longing. Thetis deprived her daughters with chaos and stoked the whirlpool with a raunchy trident, fingering its slick gilt because it was there to be felt and taken. Brined cod, trout and red-legged birds too idle and heavy with a paunch to hold their weight in the thermals of sapphire and topaz meringues. Their freedom too sweet to last long, did not last long. This is their inner sanctuary, men who take a gun and eat its butt to prove their invincibility. They believe in immortality when death is an anthracite cobbled mineral, crushed gravel holds a breath until the topside of the mountain erodes to their level. Gwawr the Insomniac gazed out at the fifty daughters who chortled at his distance.

## Historical Information – The Wet Ones Who Lurched Cloistered Bubbles of Brine

This poem has been influenced by *Oscar* by Gwyn Thomas (Gwyn Thomas, *Oscar: Library of Wales* [Swansea: Parthian, 2014]). Gwyn Thomas was a Welsh writer, dramatist, radio broadcaster, *Punch*-columnist and raconteur. He has been called the true voice of the English-speaking valleys. He was an academic and studied in Jesus College, Oxford. He was miserable during his time in England and commented that the feelings of despair remained with him throughout his adult life. Thomas has described his own writing style as ‘Chekov with chips’.

Oscar is a character who owns a mountain in South Wales. He is described as a hog by the entire village. The village is in the shadow of Oscar’s mountain, and the people who live there earn a meagre wage scraping coal from Oscar’s tips. Lewis (the story’s protagonist) is Oscar’s assistant. Oscar becomes bored simply torturing his underpaid workers and tells Lewis that he wants to commit murder. Oscar eventually murders Lewis’ friend but by accident, Danny, a man who cannot work due to a weak heart. This leads to Lewis asking his widow to help him kill Oscar.

The poem is a reference to Greek mythology and Poseidon’s fifty daughters known as Nereids. Each daughter represents different components of the sea, including sea foam. The poem focuses on the scientific make-up of sea foam. Sea foam is made up from the decomposition of plants, algae as well as chemical and manmade waste. The material is churned continuously under the surface before being thrown onto the shoreline. The molecule that is required to make sea foam has three materials: water, air and a sticky substance such as protein or fat. One end of the molecule repels water and the other attracts. Sea foam is created once a group of molecules bunch together.

## Structure

A variation on *cyghanedd hir*. The lines have been influenced by *cyghanedd groes*. The poem deviates from the traditional syllable count of *cyhydedd hir* (10, 9, 5/5 and 9). Line one is a combination of influences of *cyghanedd groes* and *cyghanedd draws* while lines two and three have been influenced by *cyghanedd groes*. The final lines have been influenced by *cyghanedd groes* o *gyswllt*.

## Glossary [LXXII]

“Apatite” is a widely occurring blue mineral, consisting of calcium phosphate with some fluorine, chlorine, and other elements. It can also be green or purple. It is used in the manufacture of fertilizers.

“Nap” is a tide just after the first or third quarters of the moon when there is least difference between high and low water.

“Naos” is the inner chamber of a Greek temple.

“Troed-coch” is Welsh for red-legged crow. A reference to the chough, a rare bird that has been sighted in parts of Wales. ‘Troed’ and ‘rain’ and ‘bindweed’ and ‘wan’ use Welsh mutations to complete the cynghanedd in each line (n-d/t-d or th/m-f/p-b or ph/d-n/ c-g/b-f).

The missing letters in the final line are a repetition of ‘chaos’. This suggests disharmony. It also leaves the word open for the reader to interpret in their own way.

# Y Dderw Fawr<sup>LXXII</sup>

Boy bach, see how the sour beech<sup>LXXII</sup>  
 scorns the Chief Angel; Bel<sup>LXXII</sup> bleach  
 her wanton filching, wring weich<sup>LXXII</sup>

Wanton heathen bitch. See-see sut babi gnarled bones imitate jagged blades of a scythe?

for the gravedigger who'll grieve;  
 quivering, bli...ring, breve  
 pickaxe to qui-saxe<sup>LXXII</sup>-vive.

Iss  
 -iss

Iss LXXII.  
 -iss

34

---

<sup>34</sup> 'The gravedigger rests his chin on the end of the rod of his pickaxe and wipes the tobacco spittle from his chin.'

Caradoc Evans, *Capel Sion* (Bridgend: Seren, 1991), p.30.

Ianto watched the belly of Abed shiver as if withholding a lust of its own. Ellen Felin with the thick lips and hips of a heathen starved the hens of his congregation till their bodies ate their own bone marrow for sustenance. Men, whose flesh too saintly for her to touch, pressed her feet into stirrups secreted within a pulpit and squatted her down for their advantage so she could sin at their ease. The Devil was in her children. Their flesh a hue of azure slate billowed and streaked with carmine speckles.



## Historical Information – Y Dderw Fawr

Caradoc Evans was born at Llanfihangel-ar-Arth, Carmarthenshire in December 1878. He came to be known as the most hated man in Wales. He was a writer, novelist and playwright. Copies of his book, *My People* (Caradoc Evans, *My People* [Bridgend: Seren, 1995]) – which were publicly burned in Cardiff – were based on rural Wales and the attitude of its people. These books are caustic satires about Welsh life. They are grotesque and harrowing stories about Welsh poverty, patriarchal attitudes and the treatment of women.

Niall Griffiths is a twenty-first century English novelist and short story writer. His writing is set in Wales and explores addiction, poverty, and an inhospitable rural Welsh landscape. In his novel, *Sheepshagger* (Niall Griffiths, *Sheepshagger* [London: Vintage Publishing, 2002]), Ianto seeks revenge on English tourists. He is haunted by a sexual assault that took place during his childhood, and the loss of his childhood home. Ianto is half creature and half child, bordering youthful naivety and primordial savagery.

The poem has been influenced by the treatment of women by the Church in Wales. Intelligent men were forced to join the Church by their families, hoping for respectability and a better life for their children. These men were thought to be too saintly to be touched by women. To overcome this, the men would ask a woman to squat over the pulpit where they would enter her without touching her flesh.

## Structure

The body of the poem exhibits characteristics of an englyn milwr. The metre in each line has been influenced by (in chronological order): draws, lusc, sain and draws, sain and lusc. The title is Welsh for ‘The Big Oak’.

## Glossary [LXXII]

The beech tree is associated with femininity and is known as the Queen of Trees. The oak is the king of trees. This is a loose reference to Caradoc Evans depictions of women in his short story collection, *Capel Sion* (Caradoc Evans, *Capel Sion* [Bridgend: Seren, 2002]).

“Bel” is a God associated with the sun. East Semitic form cognate with Northwest Semitic Baal God, Malak-Bel of Palmyra.

“Weich” is German for ‘soft’.

“Qui-saxe” is a blue-grey colour. The word has been mixed up with ‘qui vive’ which means a heightened state of watchfulness and preparedness for quick action. The ‘i’ sound in ‘pickaxe’, ‘qui-saxe’ and ‘vive’ become longer each time.

Colloquialism used in Caradoc Evans' *Capel Sion* (Caradoc Evans, *Capel Sion* [Bridgend: Seren, 2002]).

## Greed of Rowing Men

S-s-sand eels A.gon.iZe the lea P<sub>URL</sub>;  
inK-dipped and le<sub>aden</sub>, seagulls hu<sup>rl</sup>  
a ru<sub>nn</sub>el, slu-i-cing an apriCO.T sky, gunnel –  
shot, scan.<sub>nel</sub><sup>LXXII</sup> a pearl-l.

35

---

<sup>35</sup> Rosie steps out to find iced slopes shadowed like the moon and breathes in smoke as if a manured field, waiting for fertilisation. A slight right turn of foot. She senses him there as a chill sound explodes from within the phantom that is staring at her sack apron, guffawing as hazel eyes blazed amber. It slides from within its horse, phalanges nudging her gate, bones clacking into a human form. She could not laugh because she loved her harrowed friend.

Marsh Tits, Finch and Rook are gone now. They understood the depth of the phantom's isolation and grew forlorn at its grave. Rosie – with warm loaves and splintered wood – returned to its keen side.

Lynette Roberts, *Collected Poems*, ed by Patrick McGuinness (Manchester: Carcanet Press, 2005).

The prose section has been influenced by language used in 'October 1954, Winter Walk' by Lynette Roberts.

## Historical Information – The Greed of Rowing Men

Lynette Roberts and Keidrych Rhys took up residence in the village of Llanybri shortly after being married. Keidrych signed up for the army and left Lynette alone in a strange village. It was during her time alone that she came to view Wales from an outsider's perspective. She admired the rural Welsh landscape, its wild animals – chiefly its birds – and Welsh poetic traditions. She wrote an article about Welsh village dialect which mentions cynghanedd. She was influenced by the musicality of cynghanedd and used characteristics of Welsh measures to express her perspective of Wales through poetry.

The war made many people suspicious of their neighbours, and Lynette was regarded as a spy by the Welsh villagers. She regarded the villager's suspicions with a keen sense of injustice. She was not alone for the entirety of the war. Lynette had a friend called Rosie, who she refers to in 'Swansea Raid' as 'because I loved my peasant friend' (Lynette Roberts, *Collected Poems*, ed. by Patrick McGuinness [Manchester: Carcanet, 2005], p.12). Lynette came from a rich family and would have been influenced by class attitudes, but there is genuine affection and respect for those that she calls peasant. This is what makes her such an interesting writer because it seems to me that when she observes changes and differences, her poetry focuses on strength and equality. Rosie may have been a peasant, but they watched the raid of Swansea together, as women united by fear for loved ones and tied by their domestic responsibilities. Rosie is a reoccurring character in her poetry. Lynette's poetry was influenced by the changing technological and scientific age of WWII, and her vibrant upbringing in Argentina. This produced innovative poetry that examined difficult and shifting surfaces and themes to better understand a rapidly changing age that was characterised by its extreme violence.

She had two children towards the end of the war, a boy and a girl. Lynette and Keidrych divorced in 1949. In 1959, she suffered a mental breakdown and was diagnosed with schizophrenia. She spent time in and out of mental institutes. She repudiated her work and refused to give permission for it to be reprinted. Lynette died in 1995, relatively unknown and underappreciated. This poem has been influenced by Lynette Roberts. The title is a line from one of her poems.

### Structure

This poem has been influenced by clogyrnach.

### Glossary [LXXII]

“Scrannel” means light, thin or lean. It can also mean unmelodious. The word was used in ‘Lycidas’ by John Milton (‘Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw’).

(John Milton, 'Lycidas', *Poetry Foundation*, line number 131, n.d  
<<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/44733/lycidas>> [19.09.2019].)

**Hen Ddyn Barus (Codicioso)<sup>LXXII</sup>**

POOR old MAN came HIDING by,  
CASTing hope CROSS the SKY;  
we SAW him BOYS, hidING by!

REW di REW rannO;  
REW di REW rannO<sup>LXXII</sup>.

DumMILY, his HORSE did DIE,  
all PACiFIC heard HIM sigh.  
DumMILY and HEAVE-a-HO!  
CURtail the CROW, beat hIM dry.

REW di REW rannO;  
REW di REW rannO.

DUMmily and HEAVE-a-HO!  
Against rocks BAque found WOE;  
POOR OLd man! DEAD as a NAIL  
cried the CREW, asSAIL poor CROW.

REW di REW rannO;  
REW di REW rannO.

POTHerSOME sailor's POCKets,  
FULL of shells; BUST eye SOCKets.  
Gwyrdd<sup>LXXII</sup> on DEATH'S cheek he did SPY,  
he wailed WHY, for FULL pockets!

REW di REW rannO;

REW di REW rannO.

SONny is DEAD as a WHORE.

No LIGHT 'neath the BEDroom DOOR;

HE won't WORry TAD no MORE.

REW di REW rannO;

REW di REW rannO.

36

---

<sup>36</sup> Clouds hung pendulously in a sombre sky. The old man wiped a dribble of sweat from his brow as emerald eyes peered out from beneath a hooded cap. Rain did not dissuade him from his grim mission. He would curtail a raging beast sailing upon roiling waves and driven to calm by glimmers of hope cast from his lantern. It swung madly in the wind that beat upon him. He forced his feet to bury themselves further into the saturated dirt. He could feel the frigid treasures in his hands already as the ship made a course towards his position. Rocks jutted out from beneath him like a sea creature poised to strike. The man waited a while before he slipped home to await the creeping tendrils of dawn.

The morning was heavy and seemed to imprison him in its judgement. Sand was gelatinous under his hands and he grazed his skin upon slimy rocks as he tentatively made his way down to the wreckage. Rock pools had ensnared smoky slips of fish which darted from his shadow. A corpse of a crab was smashed. Its armour cast across the beach. The man licked salt from his lips as if molten silver. He could smell food. His chest expelled a ragged breath as the world distorted, forcing him to stop and wait until crisp blackness that burnt his retinas had diminished. He looked at all the death his llusern bach had caused the slip of coast. He saw eyeballs forced further within eye sockets and watched as a crow ripped the gristle of one such eye away before taking flight with its globular treat in its ebony beak.

## Historical Information – Hen Ddyn Barus (Codicioso)

Maurice de Londres was a guest at Ogmores Castle in the tenth century. He had been invited to take part in a deer hunt. He was the son of the first lord. The peasants were not allowed to hunt the lands. They were forced to poach its animals or watch their families starve to death. The punishment was torture followed by execution. During this hunt, a Welshman of princely descent was caught shooting an arrow at a stag. He was arrested and taken to the castle.

The prison guards brought the Welshman out onto the courtyard so the Lord and his people could enjoy the spectacle of the man's torture. Their first act was to blind the man. The Welsh man was proud and did not reveal his status or beg to be saved. The Lord's daughter was enthralled by his strength and pleaded for her father to spare him. He was swayed by her passion. She stretched her father's patience by asking if the Welsh could be given some lands of their own where they could hunt. He agreed on the condition that the land would only be an area that she could walk from the Castle to sunset, barefoot. Brambles made her feet bleed and she was followed carefully by her father's men. The area that she walked is known as Southerndown Common.

The title means 'greedy old man'. 'Dyn' is Welsh for man and the other two words are Spanish. Copper trading was thriving in Wales during the nineteenth century. Ships known as barque (three or more masts with a flat bottom and balanced by counterweights inside the vessel) set out from Swansea Bay to Santiago, Chile. The poem has been influenced by the writing of John Ceiriog Hughes, a nineteenth century writer who collected folk songs and replicated their rhythm in his poetry. The use of Welsh and Spanish shows new voices in Wales. Lines: 'a poor old man came hiding by', 'his horse did die', 'dead as a nail' and the final stanza has been influenced by a sea shanty from *Assassin's Creed Black Flag*, a PS4 video game that used sea shanties from history (UBI Soft, *Assassins Creed IV: Black Flag*, PS4 video game, [Milan and Kiev: UBI Soft Montreal, 2014]).

---

A moan escaped the remains of one body that was floating in a shallow tide. The man watched as the body's arms began to shift and writhe to gain purchase on its aquatic cradle. Seaweed swathed its wrist and forehead. The poor old man picked up a rock and upon hearing a noise the body began an attempt to form words.

The poor old man rocked forward slowly until he was on all fours in the water and began to slow-creep snake-bellied over submerged rocks towards the body. Staring at it with hooded eyes, the poor old man straddled its kicking legs and raised the rock and as the body opened its mouth to shout. He slammed the rock into that widening hole, feeling teeth crunch and give and come away as the sound of enamel against granite grates in his sleepless sore ears. (This sentence has been influenced by Niall Griffiths, *Sheepshagger*, new ed (London: Vintage, 2001), p.86-87.)

The poor old man turned its face over. He watched as the boy's brain lolled out of his skull like a dog's tongue, thick and full of secretion. He looked at the boy's glazed eyes and saw the best of himself reflected in their depths.



The poem and footnotes narrates the story of The Wreckers' Tale. A folk story about a man who lures ships onto rocks to steal their goods, a common illegal activity during that time. One night the man saw a ship and used his lantern to misdirect it, causing it to wreck on the rocks. He came down to the shore to collect the goods early the next morning, and saw a dying man rolling in the waves. He smashed the man's head with a rock only to discover it was his only child. His son had joined the navy and after years at sea was returning home.

### Structure

The poem has been influenced by an englyn milwr. It begins and ends with this measure. The body of the poem exhibits characteristics of an englyn cyrch.

### Glossary [LXXII]

The line has been taken from a folk song in Tony Conran's *Welsh Verse*. It is also a Welsh nursery rhyme (Tony Conran, *Welsh Verse: Fourteen Centuries of Poetry* [Bridgend: Seren, 2017] p.236). "Gwyrdd" is Welsh for green.

**A Beetle Scurries over the Treadle of Hannah's Temple<sup>LXXII</sup>**

Oscar owned blood that it-sy. crud. con.strains;

five. pence. mountain pince<sup>LXXII</sup>.m.u.d.

‘That Oscar’s not fit to be alive.’

You’re Oscar’s boy; a coy thud

of cinder OAF candour SCUD.

‘The look of people who are being

fed in parts through a mantle.’

The sup.ple.ness of GOD was clod childless;

men crip.pled, stip.pled s.od.

‘My heart rejoices in the Lord;

My horn is exalted in the Lord.’

The elements are restless, <sup>Pr</sup>od

the her.ald of lips to ma<sub>raud</sub>.

‘He will guard the feet of His saints,

But the wicked shall be silent in darkness.’

Mantle PURRs, a WANTon brachiopod,  
a ham.mered heart worn<sup>awed</sup>.

37

---

<sup>37</sup> 'He got sick of women, did he, Lewis boy, and now he's got you instead.' Hannah grew nauseous of a clean hearth, her flesh goose-pimpled and pining for warmth. She folded under him like a swan on water.

Gwyn Thomas, *Oscar* (Bridgend: Parthian Books, 1972).

## Historical Information – A Beetle Scurries over the Treadle of Hannah’s Temple

The Coal Mine Regulation Act, 1908, made it illegal for women and children under the age of ten to work underground. There was no compensation or alternative work available for women. Many women disguised themselves and continued to work at the mines. They were usually detected following an accident. The protective legacy was repealed in 1990, and women could work underground once more.

### Structure

The body of the poem has been influenced by englyn unodl union and byr a thoddaid, interspersed with quotes from Gwyn Thomas’ *Oscar* (Gwyn Thomas, *Oscar: Library of Wales* [Swansea: Parthian, 2014]) and ‘Hannah’s Prayer’ (Samuel 2:1-10, *New King James version*) taken from BSSA, *New King James Holy Bible* [Swindon: Bible Society, 2012].

The metre in each line exhibits characteristics of the following cyghanedd (in chronological order): sain, draws, lusc, groes and in the final measure both lines are cyghanedd sain. The final four lines of the poem (not including quotations) do not include any cyghanedd to emphasise Hannah’s exhaustion with Welsh village life.

### Glossary [LXXII]

“Pince” is French for nipper or pliers.

## Clawing through Gauze

‘Men went to Catraeth, familiar with laughter.

The old, the young, the strong, the weak<sup>LXXII</sup>.’

You’ve got no LEG to EGG on;

thigh TWITches, ITCHes ions.

Re.mem.ber its weight; *wight* Jon.

Meat like EFFete pen.dul.um;

watch ELbows come to bLOWS, strum

mud as *chums* scarper; rudd<sup>LXXII</sup> hum.

Spit pot.ash; do. gnash. the gauze

with BUTCHered teeth; perse. neath NAUSE<sup>LXXII</sup>;

crows are like prose; screech gives pause.

PETH<sup>LXXII</sup> face has CHURNED; gurned ghee

into a COPSE, traipse to TRI

breaths towards carnage, gage<sup>LXXII</sup> glee.

Dai Greatcoat’s<sup>LXXII</sup> ghost BOAST battle;

Lu.ci.fer. intertat.tle.

PRATtle, chatTEL like cat.tle.

You've got no LEG to EGG on;

lureinure in.clin.a.tion

to fut.il.ity, vil.it.y von<sup>LXXII</sup>.

FORTnum gimCRACK<sup>LXXII</sup> from bLACK slang;

the Welch BELCH, <sup>caru</sup> a BANG.

Chew those that hew and harangue.

38

---

<sup>38</sup> 'Still sitting tight worse luck.'

Quotes in the poem have been taken from: David Jones, *In Parenthesis* (London: Faber and Faber, 2010).

The National Archives, *Letters from the First World War, 1915*, *The National Archives*, n.d  
<<https://www.nationalarchives.gov.uk/documents/education/letters-from-the-first-world-war-1915-3-trenches.pdf>> [18.09.2018], p.7.

## Historical Information – Clawing through Gauze

The poem has been influenced by *In Parenthesis* by David Jones. His epic poem was published 1937 by Faber and Faber (David Jones, *In Parenthesis* [London: Faber and Faber, 2010]). It was originally written in 1928 (Jones, 2010). The title has been taken from a quote by critic Thomas Dilworth who described the poem as ‘like clawing through gauze’.

The opening of the poem has been influenced by a line from the epic poem, as well as the opening line to the second stanza, ‘...pendulum’. The footnote is a quote from a letter by Private John Shaw who was left partially paralysed during the Battle of the Somme, a battle that David Jones and John Ball (the protagonist of *In Parenthesis*) fought in and survived.

## Structure

The body of the poem has been influenced by an englyn milwr. This is followed by a quote from *In Parenthesis* (David Jones, *In Parenthesis* [London: Faber and Faber, 2010]). It concludes with seven stanzas of an englyn milwr that reflects the structure of the poem. The metre in each line exhibits characteristics of cynghanedd sain, groes and lusc to reflect the singing of the men and the echo of no man’s land (in chronological order: lusc, sain, groes/lusc, lusc, lusc/sain, sain, sain/sain, sain, sain/sain, sain, sain/lusc, sain, sain/lusc, sain, sain).

## Glossary [LXXII]

The opening quote has been taken from ‘Part 3, Starlight Order’ *In Parenthesis* (David Jones, *In Parenthesis* [London: Faber and Faber, 2010] pp.25-55).

“Rudd” is a European freshwater fish of the carp family. It has a silvery body and red fins.

“Nause” is a coy euphemism for genitals; annoying or irritating person.

“Peth” is Welsh for thing.

“Gage” is to offer one’s life or a treasured object as a guarantee of good faith.

Dai Greatcoat is a character from *In Parenthesis* (David Jones, *In Parenthesis* [London: Faber and Faber, 2010]) who was inspired by Malory. The character rises after a platoon meal to boast that he has participated in every battle since the fall of Lucifer. He also boasted that he was a member of the legion that crucified Jesus Christ on the cross.

The cynghanedd sain in this line deviates from the repetition of the first letter of the second rhymed word to the second letter of the second rhymed word. This alliterates with the final word of the line. I have decided to deviate from the syllable count of an englyn milwr and include the German word for ‘from’ to express the stubborn nature of generals who were responsible for battle plans.

“Gimcrack” is a cheap and showy object; knick-knack. This line refers to a character from *In Parenthesis* (David Jones, *In Parenthesis* [London: Faber and Faber, 2010]) named Mr. Jenkins who

was promoted to lieutenant on his twenty-first birthday. He was given a parcel from Fortnum and Mason.



## Concatenating Zeal of the Haruspex

*Manere; “Non audire neminum<sup>LXXII</sup>.”*

Gwyllion’s<sup>LXXII</sup> soft blues christening  
 inured bailiwick, grizzling  
 dysaesthesia<sup>LXXII</sup>; strand<sup>LXXII</sup> pinioning  
 tongues with forfex<sup>LXXII</sup>, partitioning  
 chills, grind lamellae<sup>LXXII</sup>, scrimshawing<sup>LXXII</sup>  
 the ease of stamped natal learning.  
 Kibble bone; maruad advenientis<sup>LXXII</sup>.

*Stay; “nobody is listening<sup>LXXII</sup>.”*

Aureate *cloff* dodders bestride;  
 respire *ni*<sup>LXXII</sup> and burst their divide.  
*Melys*<sup>LXXII</sup> blight invokes cyanide  
 that the grotesque peasants will chide  
*du*<sup>LXXII</sup> feathers against its incensed tide.  
 Cleave the mire of triglyceride<sup>LXXII</sup>.

*Arhosa; “does neb yn gwrando”.*

---

<sup>39</sup> Remember Cofiwch Dryweryn. Cantre’r Gwaelod has been submerged under centuries old sediment – an amalgamation of resentment and timidity. Filthy, amoral and illiterate skeletal wretch slumbers beneath waves, relentlessly worn down to splinters of bone, smooth as pebbles that worriers collect in their pockets for remembrance.

## Historical Information – Concatenating Zeal of the Haruspex

This poem imitates Manus and Sarah's interaction at the beginning of Brian Friel's *Translations* (Brian Friel, *Translations*, [London: Faber and Faber, 2012]). *Translations* is a three-part play. It explores Anglicisation of Irish place names in the eighteenth century. It is set in the fictional town of Baile Beg, later referred to as Ballybeg. The play examines the power of language. Mute Sarah embodies the plight of Ireland. The play begins with her saying her name for the first time, but she loses her voice completely by the end of the play.

### Structure

The poem has been influenced by cyhydedd fer. There is a deviation in line six which does not follow the main rhyme. 'Concatenating' means to chain, connect, integrate or string while a 'Haruspex' is the title for a religious Roman official. Their duties included interpreting omens by scrutinising the entrails of sacrificed animals. The 'Haruspex' refers to Manus from Brian Friel's *Translations* (Brian Friel, *Translations*, [London: Faber and Faber, 2012]). He is also referred to as a 'cloff' which is the Welsh word for lame.

### Glossary [LXXII]

Latin translation of 'Stay; "nobody is listening"' (Brian Friel, *Translations*, [London: Faber and Faber, 2012, p.2-3]); this quote has been taken from Brian Friel's *Translations*. The rhyme 'listening' establishes the rhyme-scheme for this poem. The act of adapting a poetic tradition explores how words can become distorted over time. The poem also explores Celtic connections with ancient Rome. Gwyllion are Welsh mythical creatures that take the shape of deformed women with piercing eyes. They are ghosts, spirits and beings that wander the night preying on travellers. They can be vanquished by pointing a knife or an object containing silver towards them (this is also true for most Welsh mythical beings with fairy heritage).

"Dysaesthesia" refers to damage to the peripheral nerves which can produce an unpleasant sensation when touched.

---

'Do you know the Greek word *endogamein*? It means to marry within the tribe. And the word *exogamein* means to marry outside the tribe. And you don't cross those borders casually – both sides get very angry. Now the problem is this, Is Athene sufficiently mortal or am I sufficiently Godlike for this marriage to be acceptable to her people and to my people?'

Ianto nodded his head like a turtle dove as Anansi spun her web with wheat.

The above quote has been taken from: Brian Friel, *Translations* (London: Faber and Faber, 2012) p.68.

“Strand” refers to be stranded; intended to represent a beach.

“Forfex” is a pair of pincers; the paired terminal appendages of an earwig.

“Lamellae” refer to the baleen plates of a whale; a thin layer, plate or tissue, especially in bone.

Whales and flamingos use them to filter food from a water source.

“Scrimshawing” refers to the etching of designs on whale bone by sailors.

“Maruad advenientis” is a Latin translation of ‘marauds incoming’. A new rhyme scheme begins in the eighth line and continues for the next six lines.

The line ‘stay; nobody is listening’ is repeated three times throughout the poem. The first and final repetition is formatted in Informal Roman text while the second English repetition has been formatted in handwritten style text reminiscent of refined English medieval scrawl. Its first appearance is integrated into the poem while the second and third has been removed from the main body of the poem.

“Ni” is Welsh for us. The word rhymes with me which gives the line multiple meanings.

“Melys” is Welsh for sweet.

“Du” is Welsh for black.

“Triglyceride” is an acid (ester) formed from glycerol and three fatty acids groups; usually natural fats and oils.

## Fe Bigodd eu Brad Las

‘It was in En.gl.ish he spoke  
and he wished that Welsh would DIE<sup>LXXII</sup>.’

TIRES ul.tra *vires*<sup>LXXII</sup> taste vap.pa<sup>LXXII</sup>.

Y Dri<sup>LXXII</sup> *prowl* bu.ie<sup>LXXII</sup>; bat.tue<sup>LXXII</sup>

Penyberth tab.u un.earth statue;

viv.i.sect reject grap.pa<sup>LXXII</sup>.

‘The de.vil under the hatches,  
safe, my lad, under lo.ck and KEy<sup>LXXII</sup>.’

40

---

<sup>40</sup> Saunders Lewis, D.J Williams and Lewis Valentine took breath from the brick. Well-respected, they wore their anarchy with pride. Yellow-haired Branwen pirouetted above their heads, burning Sais from within like vibrio vulnificus. They would answer to juridical bemusement and sympathy. The pathological nods of those who are constrained by their blood that clots in the mouth. Plaid Genedlaethol Cymru...

Quotes in the poem have been taken from: ‘Fate of the Welsh Language’, Saunders Lewis, trans. by Aled Williams, *BBC Radio Lecture*, 1962.

## Historical Information – Fe Bigodd eu Brad Las

Saunders Lewis founded Plaid Cymru in 1925, along with D.J Williams and Lewis Valentine. In 1936, the three planned and carried out an arson attack on a newly established RAF bombing school in Penyberth, North Wales. They turned themselves over to local police, explaining their actions and reasons for committing the crime. The three men believed that the school would have a negative impact on the predominate Welsh-speaking area. They saw the placement of the base as a form of English oppression and destruction of Wales' natural beauty.

They were convicted of seven months in prison. Saunders Lewis lost his job at Swansea University and resigned from presidency of Plaid Cymru. In 1962, he broadcast the 'Fate of the Welsh Language' and subsequently inspired the younger generation to form a new group, Cymdeithas Yr Iaith Gymraeg (Welsh Language Society). One of the changes they campaigned for was bilingual road signs. A limited Welsh Language Act was passed in 1967.

The title has been influenced by a quote from Sir Reginald Coupland (Saunders Lewis, 1962, 'Fate of the Language') whose views were included in the lecture.

## Structure

The poem has been influenced by englyn proest cynewidiog. The half-rhyme and full rhymes have been deliberately misplaced. The metre exhibits characteristics of cynghanedd sain, except for the following line: 'Penyberth unearth...' which exhibits characteristics of cynghanedd lussg.

## Glossary [LXXII]

The quote has been taken from the lecture 'The Fate of the Language' by Saunders Lewis. Lewis quotes R.W. Lingen. He was one of the commissioners that were responsible for the *Blue Books* in 1847.

"Vires" is an action that has been done beyond one's legal power or authority.

"Vappa" is a flat wine that tastes almost like vinegar; a worthless person.

Saunders Lewis, D.J Williams and Rev. Lewis Valentine were known as 'Y Dri' in Welsh (The Three). In 1936 they protested the placement of an RAF bombing school by setting it alight. They immediately took responsibility for their crime and were sentence to nine months at Wormwood Scrubs Prison. Saunders Lewis was sacked from his post at Swansea University before the guilty verdict.

"Buie" is a Scottish Gaelic nickname for 'yellow' or 'fair-head'. This refers to the fire.

"Battue" refers to driving game towards hunters by beaters.

"Grappa" is a spirit distilled from the fermented residue of grapes that have been pressed after wine making. The cynghanedd sain is deliberately misplaced in 'reject' and 'grappa'. This is to emphasise

the rejection of the Welsh language in the poem and the anger of Welsh nationals. The impact of The Act of Union in 1536 is still being felt in Wales. A Welsh man who could speak English was not allowed to give testimony in Welsh in a court of law.

A quote by R.W. Lingen taken from Saunter Lewis's 1962 BBC radio lecture ('Fate of the Welsh Language', Saunders Lewis, trans. by Aled Williams, *BBC Radio Lecture*, 1962).

**Y Masnachwyr<sup>xxii</sup>:****The relationship between England and Wales (20<sup>th</sup> century).**

41

*Jimmy Jack:*

‘Do you know the Greek word *endogamein*? It means to marry within the tribe. And the word *exogamein* means to marry outside the tribe. And you don’t cross those borders casually – both sides get very angry. Now the problem is this, Is Athene sufficiently mortal or am I sufficiently Godlike for this marriage to be acceptable to her people and to my people?’<sup>42</sup>

---

<sup>41</sup> The mortification of the Union is perishing under a hard-eyed, enamelled sycophant. The murder augments into a murmur so remote that the roost’s residue transcends the flock’s determination. The Entity smirks as its eyelashes flake off, shanghaied by a drizzle of rain deep into the roots of trees before serving a greater *Master*. The river surges The Entity’s mass forward, fingers and thumbs bittersweet, oozing tangerine tallow.

The Entity is muzzled by its new tongue, undone by *blitzkrieg*. An exhausted wretch! Apple blossoms brown under the weight of raindrops, an aqueous rivet. Fish bubble – an expression entrapped by algae and stolen by a diving bell, mistaking it for semblance. The Entity’s body is incandescent as its cartilage smoulders, submerged with carrion which the diving bell nibbles upon, a crepuscular feast.

The Entity lost its left navicular bone, faltering through mucilage. It reposed itself, tethering upon the root system of an antiquated tree festooned with garnet that wept into fissures. The Entity understood what that meant and felt its rugae titter in umbrage. Its humerus obliquely everted as gibbous sclera yaws a bloody mess.

This lank, hybrid language stank of coercion. A plump hen clucks to newts drawing an isopleth through mud to mark their way, obliterating clawed stipples. They cannot stomach the detritus of the lacuna that gargles dust. The Entity is feed to eager beaks, refuse that endures itself to the pecker. They took hearth out of home and gave the cavity a new meaning. Beach-balled with water, they parade down sunlit pavements, besmirched with perspiration as newts test the air with their tongues, callous and recondite beneath grain.

Language is replevined through a chorus of jingles. The Entity insufflates its trachea with asperous pandemonium that aerates with each pulse of blood. It’s not dead. *Nid yw’n marw*. A dog mauls a bone as The Entity’s maw lethargically anamorphosises into a simper, swelling to the sound of *hearth* oxidising outside stone walls.

Frozen in artifice, The Entity reclaims its echo. Oppressive rainforest humidity steams patches of drizzle fighting against the sun and compressed their bruise. Chiselled by grandinous saliva, cotton candied calcium liquefies and retches into the stone chamber, spume roiling a terracotta lagoon before eddying under once more, churning into a yawning maw of the excavation,

a cairn to the  
dragoon.

<sup>42</sup> Brian Friel, *Translations*, (London: Faber and Faber, 2012) p.68.

Historical Information – Y Masnachwyr: The relationship between England and Wales (20<sup>th</sup> century).

This chapter has not been written in the Welsh metrical tradition. It has been influenced by its musical characteristic and there is a concentrated focus on recreating harmony within each poem to represent the mythical beings that dominate the following poems. This represents the growing interest in experimentation during the twentieth century which has continued into the twenty-first century. Poets such as David Greenslade, Rhys Trimble and Gwyneth Lewis, among others, reject cultural ideals in Anglo-Welsh and English language poetry to explore a new sense of identity. This is most clearly seen in their use of space and sound. This chapter is specifically addressing Anglo-Welsh and English language poets.



## The Creamed Cat Gorged on Curds from a Gallbladder

Feathered claws clink on linoleum like glass slippers;  
curds of bile flourish the floor and scintillate in the sun.  
A reservoir is chalked up with sinuous stones, leaving  
the depths of an old mine it came from fractured and rimed  
as crenelated arteries blow breath towards the spine.

*Mouse* languishes on the liver in protest at distended  
stomachs of family, idling on its cranium,  
panting for breath as cinders make his cause redundant.

43

---

<sup>43</sup> Nobody liked him in the valley. The elements who went to chapel thought he was on a par with the god, Pan. The elements who did not go to chapel thought he was all goat, or they were red revolutionary elements who thought that all such subjects as Oscar, who got fat out of stolen land, should have a layer of this land fixed over them in such a way as to stop their breathing (*Oscar*, p.47).

The above quote has been taken from Gwyn Thomas, *Oscar* (Bridgend: Parthian Books, 1972), p.47.

## Hiraeth Turned Salty in the Pharynx

*They* rolled *Hiraeth* round their mouth like needles;  
 earmarked it for an allied nation to  
 conceal in *homesickness*, misconstruing  
 a weight that tears at the ligaments of our tongue.

44

---

<sup>44</sup> Pneumoconiosis had transfused and clotted like sapid mulch amalgamated with brume migrating down the mountain of nasopharynx. The epiglottis gushed by hazardous material, stained aubergine and speckled turmeric. All purple worms and red-rice grains faded to black. Life is pendulous and shocking titian in its garter, an enforced restriction on flesh where minuscule pests jitter and jump around like tan sand fleas. Xylocaine is insistent, a numb language forced down throats as if tubes halt all whimpers. Give it a good crunch like a rotted plum, wiggling muscles as dry as earthworms in the sun. (Language influenced by a mining disease.)

## Morgen Soused Sodium Within Muscles

An omniscient voice bellowed from the scud of obscurity.

Pinched, Morgen drank the message through mutinous gills,

saw shadows of paper boats emerge from the pother

and swam up to greet *the rickety old things* that had soldered

iron upon themselves like starfish; broken under their battle cry,

she whispered to a caustic wind that overwhelmed them.

A smile thick as cream made them into tin-pot diving bells

as the archaic language oxidises *them* with salt.

45

---

<sup>45</sup> Morgen's tail sluiced through water. She was the goddess sprite of a salted puddle that encompassed a land harbouring dislocated Kings and Princes, forever spitting venom over their brother's heads. The waves will shear them down to size as mwd crawlers lug their carcasses into an intertidal apocalypse. They sought tranquil canter plots of sugar-beet, plum thistle and lime-leaves, curling like an infantile fern frond. Instead, they found petrol burning through cottages so picturesque they thought the smoke an illusion of starvation and relief. Nereids kept the sea and laughed at insects on their crinkled tins of aquatic toll bridges dimpled by Rebecca's daughters.

**ARaffish.Hunch.backed.Bust. the U.reth.ra from our Mountain**

That can.tank.er.ous. croen. Dafad<sup>d<sub>sheep skin</sub></sup> watched this coming;

a silhouetted. grotesque. hunchbacked cut a du grin

as teeth bite twit.ching worms, groan.ing with delirium.

Pulverised flaccid rind to paste. then spat;

in.ter.rupts

lips that scintillate a hollow. framed with Vaseline,

zealous. gnawed. like a scolded child, he crawled

into *It*;

Knees chafed. and splintered, panting in sibilant whistles;

rain flayed, sanguinecheeked.he waited at *Its* leath.ered feet.

Anthracite clawsentangle a hem; snatched. that. pethdown.

This rock with familiar blood, kissed enamel that bust

then. crun.ched and widened *their* puce cavernous bursa.

Chaw gnarledslate till translucent

entrails emit speech

thick. as. dragon's.breath. Interred'neath our mountain, taxing a

gram of

flesh.

---

<sup>46</sup> Bacchanalian is gnawing the white-chipped slate of its hovel. Minerals rage inside our boy's stomach to release a euphoric concoction of sulphur, urine, lead and grains of dehydrated meat. He is too young to understand its intensity. The blue bound pamphlet left a residue of his own flesh and

---

blood, splattered as if early morning milk. Miners just waking up to a world of teal and cinnamon scratches of colour. Gnats, blackened specks amidst giants, buzzing silent in an abruptly inverted world.

The language of the poem and prose has been influenced by Niall Griffiths, *Sheepshagger*, new ed (London: Vintage, 2001).

**Sea Laughed as the Stomach Blushed<sup>LXXII</sup>**

Cockles sucked in a breath that left blood open,  
 sand jostled to supratidal, breaking  
 waves that frothed like whispers, hissing to the ocean.  
 Stomach felt a rush of heat making the rugae titter;  
 force acid through a corrugated scalloped tube.

Plasticine pearls crackle like sparklers, looking like  
 white pupils in an intertidal apocalypse.  
 Black smog settles a fine dust on amphipods;  
 rustling anthracite fiends that scatter shoals of flesh  
 towards speckled fires; grit so intrusive it hums.

47

---

<sup>47</sup> It is a hamster ball, transparent yet breathable for those captured within its circular maze. Devolved disinterest and complacency torment a better future for the cattle it produces. It will not settle political scores or seek revenge on a battlefield. It will not do much of anything at all. Gwenllian watched it happen with a knowing simper, eager for it all to end and for the mourning of loss to begin. A splinter too deep to be pressured out yet severely embedded in purling nerve tendons to be forgotten. The castles are still standing, crumbling to dust. (The Welsh National Assembly was founded in 1999.)

## Historical Information – The Sea Laughed as the Stomach Blushed

‘The vote against devolution in 1979 was interpreted as acculturation – that the cultural and social values of the English were taking possession of those of the Welsh.’ (Anonymous, ‘Religious hate crime: Rise in offences recorded by police’, *BBC Wales*, 2018 <<https://www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-45874265>> [03.13.2019]).

## Pharmacopoeia:

### Poetic voices in mainstream and experimental publishing in Wales (21<sup>st</sup> century).

48

This chapter is a collage of experimental and traditional poetic voices in modern Welsh poetry. It is a conversation between these poets through their poetry.

*Pharmacopoeia* has been taken from the title of a poetry collection by experimental English poet, Elisabeth Bletsoe (Elisbeth Bletsoe, *Pharmacopoeia and Early Selected Works* [Northumberland: Shearsman Books, 2010]). She was born in Dorset and lived in Cardiff for ten years. Her collection refers to an official publication of medicinal drugs, their effects and how to use them. The following poems depict the poisoning and curing of a body. The decomposing character known as The Entity is the body in this chapter.

---

<sup>48</sup> Arms shot like a birch staff as bones knife through the gnarled callous bark of flesh. Flailing through worm leavened soil as it fractures, head first into thunderous sleet. Tadpoles rock riptide kismet as The Entity snags a root and wrenches itself onto gelatinous birdlime, covered in silt from its transcendence. The glacial diminution lessening. Blisters thick with lather mushroom from within a scalloped ribcage as the resplendent residue of rain composes a coruscation of light upon the withering Black Poplar.

Beginning at the banks of a strawberry river, The Entity distinguishes unfamiliar gibberish. Vigorously interlaced into a membrane of loam. An evacuation would unravel tellurian utterly. The posterior of a buckled hunchback. The skin of weathered leather. A c.countenance of a petticoat. Bemused The Entity inhales through its muscles.



**Stachys Byzantina<sup>LXXII</sup>**

Rebel sun is disintegrating in the larynx.

Those gruff shearers worried farmers flock,

sweat cradled cheeks as if tears of frustration;

eyelashes flitting at each stomp of rubberised

con.tract.ion.

Mouth

ful

crook its neck till it bruises from our breaking,

crack.l.ing

yaw

in the fistful, pelt. cot.ton. cloud softer than moss,

fil

thy

and re.eeking of ammonia;

punch          down

its          shoulder

catch a womb cranium at the wrist.

jerk breathing meat till it's a carcass, b

l

a

c

k

tenderised for consummation, crunch a pulse of an ewe ble –

ating to its heart,

siz.zle

lip.*id*

to an emancipated rizzle.

49

---

<sup>49</sup> The rebel sun has arisen and permeated the tundra to antagonise raw shoots.

*They* stomped on sheep... have been stomped on... and cut with electric wiring, lacking aesthesia and sewn up as if a piccolo-doll bleating to a crow to finish *their* job. This is insanity.

11.10.9.8.7.6.5.3.4.1.2... a harp string of that disported foreign tune. A façade of an unsure nation still grappling for purchase as skulls are ground to frazil dust. Flakes helix in a frigid wind – a blustering thermal prominence. Its ears too blocked to realise repercussions are distilling *olaf* gremlins who gnash teeth and chew through sinew to bone to undermine its notoriety.

‘As you listen, ropey fingers begin to unknot. Veins and arms and legs fray into roots that burrow through sand. You look around to see other people also rooting.’

Sophie McKeand, *Rebel Sun* (Swansea: Parthian, 2017), p.82.

## Influences – Stachys Byzantina

This poem has been influenced by Sophie McKeand and her debut collection, *Rebel Sun* (Sophie McKeand, *Rebel Sun* [Swansea: Parthian, 2017]).

The poem portrays the abuse of sheep by contract sheep shearers across the UK. Their abuse was secretly filmed by Peta and released in 2018 (Philip Case, ‘Sheep industry’s anger at footage of shearing abuse’, *Farmers Weekly*, 2018 <<https://www.fwi.co.uk/livestock/sheep-industry-s-anger-at-footage-of-sheering-abuse>> [13.03.2019]).

The poem is a call to arms about the abuse of established publishing houses and their restrictive funding commitments. They are in control of a modern Welsh poetic voice and responsible for promoting that voice to a national and international readership. This effectively has the potential to dictate the style of a national Anglo-Welsh poetic voice. This chapter addresses the tension, mistrust and anger between mainstream and traditional publishing. These are two worlds that McKeand borders. She began her career as a self-published poet before being published by Parthian in 2017, a poetry collection that was partly crowd funded.

## Glossary [LXXII]

The title refers to a plant: Latin; Lamb’s-ear. A plant that has been used as a wound dressing on battlefields. Soft, fuzzy leaves absorb blood more quickly as well as assisting in clotting, it has antibacterial, antiseptic and anti-inflammatory qualities.

**Narcissus Pseudonarcissus<sup>LXXII</sup>**

‘Quis

custodiet Ipsos

custodes<sup>LXXII</sup>?’

Now you are a moue of stinging nettles;

induce emetic expulsion that forfend respirare.

S A P is a.stringent. That vibrating trachea

forced Azrael’s hand, he sought to renew but forcederadiction –

respirare; respirare; *breathe*, ti’n anghyfreithlon<sup>LXXII</sup>.

‘Root-deep’

‘or I will escape you<sup>LXXII</sup>.’

Aquiline Ceridwen downed a concoction of squalid

liquid;

‘all your disused dreams may be stored here;

for no extra cost, in a very simple, lidded bowl<sup>LXXII</sup>’

Macerate a poll.u.ted.ir.rit.ant, bronchi bristle amongst a

twi

sted

zephyr

‘...you are a stranger...

it’s like you made a promise

with your fingers crossed<sup>LXXII</sup>.’

50

---

<sup>50</sup> “He did not touch me. I was wanton ions before the end of his deception and threw my body upon him at every moon.” – “He did not take?” – “His pupils enlarged but he walked away. I have long slept alone.” – “Your husband is back?” – “My appetite is ravenous. Yet, I cannot help wondering if my beloved was as confined by the strength of others...” (A conversation between Rhiannon and the Lord of Arawn’s wife about the noble acts of King Pwll. He secretly traded places with the King following a hunting offense and established peace and prosperity during his short reign.)

Elisbeth Bletsoe, *Pharmacopeia and Early Selected Works* (Northumberland: Shearsman Books, 2010), p.96, 102-103.

Rhian Elizabeth, *The Last Polar Bear on Earth* (Swansea: Parthian, 2018), p.58.

Rhian Sadaat, *Window Dressing for Hermes* (Swansea: Parthian, 2004), p.48.

## Influences – Narcissus Pseudonarcissus

The poem is a communication between Elisabeth Bletsoe and Rhian Elizabeth through their poetry. This chapter does not seek to attack or devalue the work of mainstream or experimental poets. I am delving into the reasons why mainstream publications may choose to promote one poetic style over another, as well as poets' attitudes towards differing styles of writing.

The footnote at the end of the poem is a dialogue between Rhiannon and the wife of Lord Arawn, the King of Annwn. Annwn is known as the underworld or fairy world in Celtic mythology. The King had deceived his wife for a year and a day. King Pwyll shot an animal that should have been Lord Arawn's kill. For his penance, Lord Arawn decided that King Pwyll and himself should swap bodies and live each other's life for a year and a day. King Pwyll was tasked to keep the peace and look after the King's wife. The land thrived under his rulership. He did not touch the King's wife or any other maiden. This act of loyalty and nobility earned him the title Lord of Dyved.

## Glossary [LXXII]

The title of the poem is the Latin name for a wild daffodil. The bulb of a daffodil can help to heal wounds and burns, while its medical use can cause vomiting. It can also be used as an astringent and antispasmodic medicine.

The watchmen refer to mainstream publications.

A Latin saying: 'who watches the watchmen?'

Elisabeth Bletsoe uses a paraphrased version of this quote in *Pharmacopeia and Early Selected Works* in the poem, 'Rilke' (Elisbeth Bletsoe, *Pharmacopeia and Early Selected Works* [Northumberland: Shearsman Books, 2010], p.96).

"Ti'n anghyfreithlon" is Welsh for 'you are unlawful (illegal)'.

This quote has been taken from *Pharmacopeia and Early Selected Works* (Elisabeth Bletsoe, *Pharmacopeia and Early Selected Works* [Northumberland: Shearsman Books, 2010], p.102-103).

This quote has been taken from *Window Dress for Hermes* by Rhian Sadaat (Rhian Sadaat, *Window Dressing for Hermes* [Swansea: Parthian, 2004] p.46).

This quote has been taken from *The Last Polar Bear on Earth* by Rhian Elizabeth (Rhian Elizabeth, *The Last Polar Bear on Earth* [Swansea: Parthian, 2018], p.58).

**Ricinus Communis<sup>LXXII</sup>**

Temerity of a knout goaded flagellum<sup>LXXII</sup>

to hook the macrophage<sup>LXXII</sup> surface to its basal;

‘woman is not in charge of all breeding

the cheek offered is separate and fulsome<sup>LXXII</sup>’

abjure<sup>LXXII</sup> the peripheral llofruddiaeth<sup>LXXII</sup>

razed in judicious ripe husks, protuberant

cabernet crozier, hulled and trituated<sup>LXXII</sup>;

‘how easily you kill

what a fool if I choose

to die for you<sup>LXXII</sup> —’

RCOM\_2159910<sup>LXXII</sup> caramelises on the frond; alveolus

toothsome air sacs cleave endorsed monotony;

a phlegmatic<sup>LXXII</sup> fragmentation of mucins<sup>LXXII</sup>.

‘Try to slip past jellyfish<sup>LXXII</sup>.’

‘I grit my teeth and knit my stitches tight,

astringent Wales blocks out light<sup>LXXII</sup>.’

---

<sup>51</sup> Rhiannon heard him whistle at her as if at a ci. Too bitch-bent she kept her demeanour frore and carved herself a veneer from malachite. He would have to howl for her. She had to remind herself that his mind must sing in dulcet chirps. Her friend could not have been mistaken and her intuition had not seized upon a lie in any instant. Yet Rhiannon knew that morality was a process of decomposition. Eventually it corrupts even the sweetest songbird. He sent his mutt to seize her. Swiftly followed by his prized mount. Then he came for her himself. Cheeks rouged in frustration and desire. He must have known that all he had to do was ask. She must not doubt him.

Encrusted with dirt. She had made her choice and choked under it. Her family dispersed and choleric, she bore the weight of other men until her guilt was revoked. He was mortal. She waited for his death to unburden her. Many berated her lovesickness that fate had weaved foul. She saw the moon. He saw the sun. It was her choice to place her body at his disposal. She was autonomous. She wanted to hear the cry of rabbits but felt only the presence of a banshee. Scopaesthesia had reached its peak. Her skull crackled every time a nobleman mounted her.

Rhian Sadaat, *Window Dressing for Hermes* (Swansea: Parthian, 2004), p.50.

David Greenslade, *Each Broken Object* (Reading: Two Rivers Press, 2000), p.6.

Nia Davies, *All Fours* (Northumberland: Bloodaxe Books, 2017), p.27.

Gwyneth Lewis, *Sparrow Tree* (Northumberland: Bloodaxe Books, 2011), p.49.



## Influences – Ricinus Communis

This poem explores experimental voices in Welsh poetry by continuing the conversation between mainstream and experimental poets. It shows the fragmentation of Welsh poetry and, by extension, Welsh national identity. Welsh poetic traditions have been rejected and there is a definite move away in Welsh poetry from formalised poetic forms and measures as a means of poetic expression, often with their rules being viewed as outdated or used to demonstrate skill by modern poets. The title has been inspired by a medical list of plants, only the cure is being misconstrued for poison.

## Glossary [LXXII]

Title of the poem. Latin name for Castor Oil Plant (Castor Bean Plant). Ricin is a poison made from the waste material of processing the castor bean to oil by removing the outer husk of a ripe bean and pressing it. It is a refined powder that can be used in multiple ways, e.g a mist or a granule.

“Flagellum” is a slender thread-like structure, especially a microscopic appendage that enables many protozoa, bacteria, spermatozoa, etc, to swim.

“Macrophage” is a type of phagocyte, cell, that is responsible for detecting, engulfing and destroying pathogens. It is produced through a differentiation of monocytes that turn into macrophages when they enter the blood stream. Monocytes are types of white blood cells (leukocyte).

This quote has been influenced by ‘Poem with Sex’ from *All Fours* by Nia Davies (Nia Davies, *All Fours* [Northumberland: Bloodaxe Books Ltd, 2017], p.27)).

“Abjure” means to solemnly renounce a belief or cause.

“Llofruddiaeth” is Welsh for ‘murder’. It refers to a murder of crows. This poem draws on sexuality by expressing a violent attack on the corn while leaving the field barren.

“Triturated” means to grind to a fine powder.

This quote has been taken from ‘Railway’ from *Each Broken Object* by David Greenslade (David Greenslade, *Each Broken Object* [Reading: Two Rivers Press, 2000], p.6).

“RCOM\_2159910” is the chemical symbol for ricin.

“Phlegmatic” is an unemotional person who has a stolidly calm disposition.

“Mucins” is a family of high molecular weight (glycoconjugates). They are heavily glycosylated proteins produced by epithelial tissues in most animals. They can be found in the bronchus (lungs).

This quote has been taken from the poem ‘Larger than Life’ from *Window Dressing for Hermès* by Rhian Sadaat (Rhian Saadat, *Window Dressing for Hermès* [Swansea: Parthian, 2004] p.50).

**Abrus Precatorius<sup>LXXII</sup>**

Ei histotoxic<sup>LXXII</sup> truncates<sup>LXXII</sup> leporine<sup>LXXII</sup> gwenwynig anadlu<sup>LXXII</sup>;

philistine thews contract against this stagnation.

‘You dressed your ears in pearly lobes and cloaked your limbs

in the warm and wolfish pelt of...bones...

not the same shade of ivory as yours<sup>LXXII</sup>.’

Co<sup>LXXII</sup> inutile discolouration oxidises and excretes

HfN<sub>0.38</sub>C<sub>0.51</sub><sup>LXXII</sup> turgid with its ebony preponderance;

corpulent pleurae are deciduous, appressed<sup>LXXII</sup> tongue

heavy with pulp, spuming from tamarind pods.

‘Smells like

mutton mutation

like

vellum

taught and rammed<sup>LXXII</sup>.’

Amaranthine blush of catkins convulse and stoop;

plum miasma curtails a bejewelled thorax,

‘tugged from a sour heap. Stunned to see

I have some of you left. I heap them into my

arms,

mine them from mildewed corners. Cuddle their stale folds<sup>LXXII</sup>.’

52

---

<sup>52</sup> There is a morbid suffocation to his demise that leaves blackened verges festooning in her eyes. Lost in cobalt they sparkle violaceous, a crimson blush bruising ivory skin. He was the sun but in the ebony of her scarlet-tinged heart, she knew he was the moon. – Blessed liar! He was the sun. – Call him a waxen candle. She whinnied to the flame. He was monocarpic yet she smelled Athanasia masquerading his flesh. He had deceived her. Lord Arawn, King of Annwn. She had lived three lifetimes at the mercy of his pride. Yet, she could not prevent herself from descending under a giant’s shadow. The most dejected of all ladies.

Mari Ellis Dunning, *Salacia* (Swansea: Parthian, 2018), p.22.

Rhys Trimble, *The Red Book of Hergest* (Newton-le-Willows: Knives, Forks and Spoons Press, 2014), p.65.

Natalie Ann Holborow, ‘Towels’, *Indigo Dreams*, lines 9 to 11, 2016  
 <<https://goodnightindigo.wordpress.com/2016/03/28/towels/>> [19.09.2019].

## Glossary [LXXII] – Abrus Precatorius

The title of the poem. Latin; Rosary Pea. This plant contains a poison more potent than ricin – abrin. The plant produces scarlet and black berries. The language in the poem has been influenced by a description of the plant. Each line of the poem has twelve syllables which is building towards the final poem of the chapter that has been written in thirteen syllabic lines. The quote has been taken from ‘4. Tension Square’ from *Sparrow Tree* by Gwyneth Lewis (Gwyneth Lewis, *Sparrow Tree* [Northumberland: Bloodaxe Books, 2011] p.49).

“Histotoxic” refers to suffocation; tissue cells that are poisoned and unable to produce oxygen. Methemoglobinemia is described throughout the poem and is a decrease in oxygen capacity in red blood cells. The iron component of the haemoglobin of the red blood cells must be in the reduced (deoxidised) state to bind with oxygen. Methaemoglobin contains the oxidised form of iron and is useless for transporting oxygen. This refers to Welsh history and the mining communities of the ninetieth and twentieth century.

“Truncates” refers to a leaf or feather that ends abruptly as if cut off across the base or tip.

“Leporine” refers to having the characteristic of a hare or rabbit.

“Gwenwynig anadlu” is Welsh for ‘toxic breathing’.

This quote has been taken from *Salacia* by Mari Ellis Dunning (Mari Ellis Dunning, *Salacia* [Swansea: Parthian, 2018] p.22).

“Co” is the chemical symbol for cobalt.

“HfN<sub>0.38</sub>C<sub>0.51</sub>” is the chemical symbol for a new alloy found by scientist that has similarities to adamantium.

“Appressed” is to press something close to something else.

This quote has been taken from ‘Red Book’, a poem from ‘Hexerisk’ by Rhys Trimble (Rhys Trimble, *The Red Book of Hergest* [Newton-le-Willows: Knives, Forks and Spoons Press, 2014], p.65).

This quote has been taken from *Indigo Dreams*, a poetry blog by Natalie Ann Holborow.

(Natalie Ann Holborow, ‘Towels’, *Indigo Dreams*, 2016

<<https://goodnightindigo.wordpress.com/2016/03/28/towels/>> [19.09.2019].)

## Nasturtium Officinale<sup>LXXII</sup>

Exogamein<sup>LXXII</sup> grandiloquence galvanises Sluagh;  
 nasal secretions clout spurious boddi<sup>LXXII</sup>.  
 Hexadic alveolates<sup>LXXII</sup> seek to delineate,  
 exciting sour Passeridae<sup>LXXII</sup> de.coc.ting. li.ver. flukes;  
  
 an elliptic tapestry of parasites  
 anise  
 cluster midst air – plucking  
 flush sacs, the arachnid's bell.  
  
 'Skirting Fferm y Sarnau, journey's end in sight<sup>LXXII</sup>,'  
  
 bilary<sup>LXXII</sup> of hessonite garnets flooding the ducts;  
*plant! Chwaraewch yn neis; rydych chi'n meddwl eich bod chi'n boddi<sup>LXXII</sup>.*  
  
 'It takes a fierce dog  
 to keep them to their imaginary<sup>LXXII</sup>.'

---

<sup>53</sup> The shadow is a gentle one. Rhiannon knew the crows that roosted upon his woollen brow had felt a kind hand. She mourned at the periphery of her soul. Psychopomps understood the taste of it. Black Annis enervated her hunched and trembling cadaver, stitching her to the treadle of beetles that rattled her chest in reassuring vibrations. It was a stark realisation...she had never lost her raw misery.

Benthyg dros amser byr yw popeth a geir yn y byd hwn; everything you have in this world is just borrowed for a short time; wszystko, co masz na tym świecie, zostało po prostu pożyczone na krótki czas; tutto ciò che hai in questo mondo è appena preso in prestito per un breve periodo; كل ما لديك في هذا

## Glossary [LXXII] – Nasturtium Officinale

Title of the poem. Latin; Watercress. An aquatic plant that grows in shallow water. It is used in medicine to treat sore throats and cure swollen breathing passages. It is possible to ingest liver flukes if the leaves are picked near a field containing livestock and eaten in their raw state. This is a parasite that travels from the liver to bile ducts and hatches causing pain to the individual. The final poem of the chapter has been written in thirteen syllabic lines.

“Exogamein” means to marry outside the tribe.

“Boddi” is Welsh for ‘drowning’.

“Alveolates” is a group of parasitic protist eukaryotic microorganisms; meaning with cavities.

“Passeridae” is Latin; house sparrow. It is a reference to psychopomps. In Greek mythology psychopomps guided souls to the place of the dead. They usually take the form of house sparrows.

This quote has been taken from *Hotel Gwales* by Nigel Jenkins (Nigel Jenkins, *Hotel Gwales* [Ceredigion: Gwasg Gomer, 2006], p.30).

“Bilary” relates to an obstruction of the bile ducts.

“Chwaraewch yn neis; rydych chi'n meddwl eich bod chi'n boddi” is Welsh for ‘play nice children; you only think you are drowning’.

This quote has been taken from *The No Breath* by John Goodby (John Goodby, *The No Breath* [New Mills: The Red Ceilings Press, 2017], ‘Plain’, final poem of the collection).

---

العالم مستعار لفترة قصيرة؛ Did you ever once consider that an unrelenting demand exacerbates the symptoms. It is a despicable rhythmic circular motion of greed.

Professor Nigel Jenkins, *Hotel Gwales* (Ceredigion: Gwasg Gomer, 2006), p.30.

John Goodby, *The No Breath* (New Mills: The Red Ceiling Press, 2017), ‘Plain’, final poem of the collection.

**The Favoured and Ill-Favoured Stranger:  
Contemporary Welsh cultural identification (21<sup>st</sup> century).**

Cockroaches, worms and the underbelly of life would have eaten me whole, without Wales. I am not Black British or Black Welsh, I am a Cameroonian from the foothills of Mount Fako, but the mysteries of life now mean I can never engage in a conversation about my belonging, my roots, without mentioning Wales.<sup>54</sup>

---

<sup>54</sup> Cameroon Anthology by Writers of Wales and Cameroon, *Hiraeth Erzolirzoli: Wales – Cameroon Anthology*, ed. by Eric Ngalle Charles (Swansea: Hafan Books, 2018).

## I Assume from your Name that you are not European

Child.ren are bast.ard. cruel; SACcule<sup>LXXII</sup> CRUMble

and fo.ol *disproof* for mel.o.di.ous descant<sup>LXXII</sup>.

GREAT NEWS! Pack. your. bags, grot gnaws<sup>LXXII</sup> – stumble<sup>LXXII</sup>

back...was never yours to sev.er, sup.pl.ant.

*Can't go home – I'm home. God, THIS is MY HoMe*<sup>LXXII</sup>.

All strangers will endanger: “go home now<sup>LXXII</sup>!”

Snag.ged raven, *they* punched a craven cle.o.me<sup>LXXII</sup>

midst trite force using coarse language for, “CHOW”.

Slash.ed you rose, close as the legs of a ch.o.ugh.

SOR.ry chaste *chary* of cur.a.çao;

charred for voicing an uncouth TRUTH. Trouble

will emerge secure, adjure acrosome<sup>LXXII</sup>

to PROTECT sovereignty, bedecked near the bouGH;

hear insurgent poth.er, both.er and bub.ble.

55

---

<sup>55</sup> ‘I slowly cleaned myself, the man in front of me took pictures. I wanted to shout for help but my voice was dead.’

Cameroon Anthology by Writers of Wales and Cameroon, *Hiraeth Erzolirzoli: Wales – Cameroon Anthology*, ed. by Eric Ngalle Charles (Swansea: Hafan Books, 2018), p.25.



## Influences – I Assume from your Name that you are not European

The poem has been influenced by an article published in Metro titled, ‘Is this what BAME people have to look forward to post-Brexit’ (Ashitha Nagesh, ‘Is this what BAME people have to look forward to post-Brexit’, *Metro*, 2016 <<https://metro.co.uk/2016/06/25/is-this-what-bame-people-have-to-look-forward-to-post-brexit-5965720/>> [14.03.2019]).

## Structure

The poem exhibits characteristics of a Petrarchan sonnet. The lines exhibit characteristics of the following cynghanedd: lusc, sain and draws. The language of the poem has been taken from the article.

## Glossary [LXXII]

“Saccule” refers to a small sac, pouch or cyst. It is part of the labyrinth in the inner ear that contains a region of hair cells and otoliths (small particles composed of a combination of a gelatinous matrix and calcium carbonate in the viscous fluid of the saccule and utricle. The inertia of these small particles causes them to stimulate hair cells when the head moves) which send signals to the brain concerning the orientation of the head.

“Descant” means to talk about a subject at length; an independent treble melody sung or played above a basic melody; a discourse on a theme.

“Grot gnaws” is a deviation on cynghanedd draws but it recreates the same sound as ‘n’ when spoken. This quote has been paraphrased from the Metro article.

This quote has been paraphrased from the Metro article. The line deviates from cynghanedd draws but it recreates the same sound as ‘e’ when spoken.

This quote has been paraphrased from the Metro article.

Cleome is known as the spider flower. It is a genus of flower from the Cleomaceae family. The plant has long stamens and a spider-like blossom.

“Acrosome” is an organelle that develops over the anterior (near the front, head or forepart; coming before or earlier in time) half of the head in the spermatozoa of many animals, including human.

## An Untrodden Amphiscian

Drun.ken chaff va.unt chiff;

a.parth.eid will PieRCE the doe.

As fear seekstoclutch – safer

on the per i phery;

Oo.rie con<sup>vulse</sup>s aerie

eave rou.e as dread<sup>vie</sup>

rue.

56

---

<sup>56</sup> They stopped him in his tracks. A branded lid of slate that rived their heart deeper than fear. He looked fresh off the plane, planning a quiet night settling in before allowing the brash confusion of new city smells to overwhelm him. “What the fuck did you say!” – “You heard.” – A stalemate of indignation and malice snagged between two worlds and stunned by abhorrence. This ugly, lovely town is continuously losing one side of itself. A pursuit of purity shifted from mulch, dredged from ignorance, pungent with ammonia and trepidation. No one belongs here nawr.

Do.n’t.bel.ong.here na.wr f.i. Does neb yn perthyn yma nawr. Amser yw e. Bydd lleisiau gafaelgar yn adennill Cymru!

### Influences – An Untrodden Amphiscian

Amphiscian means ‘one who lives in the tropics’; also, one that casts shadows northwards and southwards at different times of the year.

### Structure

The poem exhibits characteristics of a haiku and cynghanedd draws. There is a deviation from the measure and metre in line four.

## Caffeinated Decoction of Hiraeth

Lace abulia<sup>LXXII</sup>, taste caffeine  
 through dour nares that devour bromine.  
 A blacked-eyed Susan attacked school;  
 brouhaha begin  $C_{12}H_8Cl_6O^{LXXII}$ , drool  
 tyrannize to run – shun oscine.

Sempiternal to sunset; blear green  
 sempiternal<sup>LXXII</sup> vernal machine;  
 contracture<sup>LXXII</sup> and fracture tulle<sup>LXXII</sup>.  
 Just e.vân–escé...

hate will not dictate vaccine;  
 concoction, antitoxin sheen,  
 flawed voices yawed minuscule.  
 Endless ascendance misrule;  
 lace abulia, taste caffeine  
 e.vân –

es

cé.

---

<sup>57</sup> ‘The only familiarity he finds between Wales and his country is the smell of coffee, so every time he goes into a coffee shop – even though he cannot afford to buy coffee – the smell reminds him of home.’

Eric Ngalle Charles, *Asylum* (Swansea: Hafan Books, 2016).

## Influences – Caffeinated Decoction of Hiraeth

The key text for this chapter is *Refugees writing in Wales* series (Cameroon Anthology by Writers of Wales and Cameroon, *Hiraeth Erzolirzoli: Wales – Cameroon Anthology*, ed. by Eric Ngalle Charles [Swansea: Hafan Books, 2018]).

The poem has been influenced by a BBC article published in 2019. The article is about an Islamic family who moved from Port Talbot to Cardiff to escape abuse (Ashitha Nagesh, ‘Is this what BAME people have to look forward to post-Brexit’, *Metro*, 2016 <<https://metro.co.uk/2016/06/25/is-this-what-bame-people-have-to-look-forward-to-post-brexit-5965720/>> [14.03.2019]).

## Structure

The poem exhibits characteristics of a rondeau and cynghanedd sain.

## Glossary [LXXII]

“Abulia” is an absence of will power or an inability to act decisively; a symptom of mental illness.

“C<sub>12</sub>H<sub>8</sub>Cl<sub>6</sub>O” is the chemical symbol for endrin, a word that forms part of the rhyming pattern.

“Sempiternal” means eternal or everlasting; unchanging.

“Contracture” means a permanent shortening of the muscle or joint; it is usually in response to prolonged spasticity in a concentrated muscle area.

“Tulle” refers to a fine, lightweight netting.

## Lusus Naturae

Lu<sub>sus</sub> Nat<sub>ur</sub>ae —wayless; enter

Fox, treadle ~~for~~ fex trod lei<sup>LXXII</sup>.

58

---

<sup>58</sup> It observed crumpled infantile bodies captured by a Marabbecca and dragged cautiously to hell where everything felt familiar. It watched with hooded eyes, stiffened by a snooted and pinched nose. It looked down through the cross of its pupils at an unattainable future. Isss Issss isssss... *mae'n ddrwg gen i*.

## Influences – Lusus Naturae

The title is Latin; a freak of nature.

## Structure

The poem exhibits characteristics of cyghanedd draws and uses a relaxed variation of this metre.

## Glossary [<sup>LXXII</sup>]

“Lei” is a Polynesian garland of flowers.

**Windrush<sup>LXXII</sup>**

Jit.ter.ing as chittering crooked chops  
 scraped dwarves<sup>LXXII</sup> who quaked rare Mak.e.da<sup>LXXII</sup>;  
 quench a thirst to cl<sup>ou</sup>db<sup>urst</sup>, he'll plough a copse.  
 Anansi<sup>LXXII</sup> guffawed; raw sweet Reseda<sup>LXXII</sup>.  
 Devasted assent will relent lox;  
 ulva<sup>LXXII</sup> stokes a flop that'll coax cicada<sup>LXXII</sup>.  
 Pledged in webbing, ebbing *Windrush* extinct;  
 afuryinapaunch, scraunched<sup>LXXII</sup> suc.c.in.ct.

59

---

<sup>59</sup> ““The patients were quite difficult,” One man kicked her in the chest, while another told her to take her “black hands” off him. “I got a lot of experience like that. You just had to let it go, you couldn't answer back.””

Paul Pigott, ‘How Windrush generation in Wales overcame discrimination’, *BBC News*, 2018  
 <<https://www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-wales-45221305>> [18.09.2019].



## Influences – Windrush

The poem has been influenced by the story of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. He tricked the Queen of Sheba into sleeping with him. He ordered that spicy food be served on the night of her arrival. After the dinner, she requested that he promise not to rape her, and he agreed on the condition that if he took nothing from her then she must take nothing from him. She awoke in the middle of the night thirsty from the food. King Solomon offered her a drink of water which she gratefully took from him. Water was a precious commodity and once she had drunk the liquid, she had broken her promise.

A reference to the Windrush scandal.

## Structure

The poem exhibits characteristics of an ottava rima and cynghanedd sain.

## Glossary [LXXII]

“Dwarves” refers to an African mythical dwarf creature that lures hunters into their rainforest and then devours them.

“Makeda” was an Ethiopian queen who was thought to be Queen of Sheba.

“Anansi” is an important (Akan) African god of mischief who has the body of a spider. He is also thought to be the spirit of all knowledge and stories.

“Reseda” is a Mediterranean woody annual widely cultivated for its dense terminal spike-like clusters of greenish or yellowish white flowers. It has an intense spicy fragrance.

“Ulva” is a genus of green seaweed also known as sea lettuce.

“Cicada” is a large homopterous insect with long transparent wings, found chiefly in warm countries. The male cicada makes a loud, shrill droning noise by vibrating two membranes on its abdomen.

“Scaunched” refers to a crunching noise.

**La Mujer que se Lamenta<sup>LXXII</sup>**

La Llorona pestles niños<sup>LXXII</sup> napes, miel<sup>LXXII</sup> fruit lull rain.  
 Quill snagged thew, reverberated to the quell, a snug<sup>LXXII</sup> thaw;  
 dug Minosgold from the estuary, wring dag, glade manes<sup>LXXII</sup>.

60

---

<sup>60</sup> ‘After being threatened with execution, she fled Somalia for Egypt where she met traffickers to help her make her way across the Mediterranean. “There were 90 people,” she said. “And we were in the sea seven days. Some people they died with hunger, some people they died with needing drinking water. Between Italy and Egypt, the boat is broken. I am in the middle of the sea. I can’t see any houses or trees. And I lost that day my best friend. She died when we started to swim. That time we are three person and I’m so tired. I try to swim again, again and again and I say, Don’t give up, don’t give up, don’t give up. But I can’t.”’ (Walford, Wales Online, 2018.)

Jessica Walford, ‘The gut-wrenching stories of the brave young refugees who fled their countries and made Wales their new home’, *Wales Online*, 2018 <<https://www.walesonline.co.uk/news/wales-news/gut-wrenching-stories-brave-young-14810269>> [18.09.2019].

## Influences – La Mujer que se Lamenta

‘The Wailing Woman’ is a reference to La Llorona, a Mexican spirit who murdered her children after being jilted by her lover (their father) who left her for a wealthier woman. She haunts rivers searching for the souls of her drowned children, consumed with regret and intent on revenge.

## Structure

The poem exhibits characteristics of a *sijo*. This is a short Korean poetic form. It has three lines. Each line is made up of fourteen to sixteen syllables. The form is structured as follows: the opening line introduces a theme; the second line develops the idea (the turning point in the poem); and, the third line provides closure. The metre exhibits characteristics of *cynghanedd draws* and is a relaxed interpretation of this metre.

## Glossary [LXXII]

The title refers to the Mexican Spanish for ‘The Wailing Woman’.

“Niños” is Mexican Spanish for ‘children’.

“Miel” is Mexican Spanish for ‘honey’. A reference to The Day of the Dead. Honeysuckle blossoms are used in liqueurs.

“Snug” means to drag something heavy, usually timber, with chains or ropes.

“Manes” is a reference to Rhiannon and an Orcadian mythical creature known as a Nuckelavee. The glade represents the green colouring of the creature’s mane.

**Beams Relieving Chakora are Senescent<sup>LXXII</sup>**

curb~∩~tie<sup>LXXII</sup> sun; acerbate sin,

Io<sup>LXXII</sup>, orb *usque*<sup>LXXII</sup> arabesque<sup>LXXII</sup>.

*I* drails<sup>LXXII</sup> apolune<sup>LXXII</sup>; dirls<sup>LXXII</sup> plane.

61

---

<sup>61</sup> The Princess ventured a pale white and blush gaze outward towards the edges of her kingdom. Her pearlescent eyes ethereal. Her speech intangible. The cat had not got her tongue, it had merely detained it. The tiger is prowling, a cautious paw padding alongside the strait. It pothers a swarm of blue bottles, turquoise in a bronzed summers glow. She felt the rush of wind cawing at her larynx and settling within her abdomen. There was nothing that hadn't been unsaid.

The prose section has been influenced by Neil Gaiman, *Cinnamon*, ill. by Divya Srinivasan (London: Bloomsbury Publishing, 2017).

## Influences – Beams Relieving Chakora are Senescent

The poem has been influenced by an Indian news story about braid cutting in Kashmir (Lydia Smith, ‘Men are attacking women and cutting off their hair in India’, *Independent*, 2017 <<https://www.independent.co.uk/news/world/asia/men-attack-women-cut-hair-chop-braids-india-kashmir-a8011406.html>> [13.03.2019]). Women were attacked by men dressed in black before being rendered unconscious and their braided hair hacked off. The attackers placed the cut braid next to the woman. The motivation for these crimes is unknown. Many believe that their actions are connected in some way with the pro-independence rebels or the Government as a means of inciting fear and hatred. An Indian woman’s hair is a symbol of her virtue and by cutting it against her will it is a method of oppression through humiliation.

## Structure

The poem exhibits characteristics of cynghanedd groes.

Glossary [<sup>LXXII</sup>]

Title of the poem. Indian Mythology; a bird, usually a partridge, that resides on the moon. The bird is depicted sitting on a beam. Senescent; Latin. Growing old or aging; a cell that is no longer capable of dividing but is still metabolically active.

“curb~o~tie” the use of symbols refers to the Chakora’s relationship with the moon and the pull of gravity.

“Io” was a Greek priestess of Hera. Zeus courted the priestess which invoked Hera’s jealous wrath. To avoid Hera’s jealousy, Zeus turned Io into a heifer – cow that hasn’t birthed a calf – and Hera retaliated by sending a gadfly to torment the heifer. Io fled to Egypt where she was returned to human form. Io is one of the Galilean moons of Jupiter.

“Usque” is Latin; meaning through translation or continuous. The word begins the repetition of ‘que’ throughout the line which means ‘and’ in Latin. SPQR means ‘The Roman Senate and People’.

“Arabesque” has two meanings which are a ballet position that resembles a figure reaching out with one leg fully extended behind them; and, grandiose patterns of flowing lines that interweave continuously amongst each other.

“Idrails” is a hook that is weighted with lead and attached to a line. It is used behind a boat (trolling) to catch fish.

“Apolune” is Latin; an object’s orbital path around the moon, specifically the point which is furthest from the centre of the moon.

“Dirls” is Scottish Gaelic; to vibrate. The poem uses it to refer to a heavenly body (‘plane’) which disturbs the status quo.

**La Mimosa è Senziente<sup>LXXII</sup>**

Croon that Bastardio attune till bones abrade;  
sunflower bumble, jumble jingoistic,  
smother dissidence hence in lemon haze.

Jabbering a meandering malaise;  
avulse grigio<sup>LXXII</sup>-roan dulse<sup>LXXII</sup> transfuse distich.  
Croon that Bastardio attune till bones abrade.

Suckled berries, adversaries ablaze  
as gwyn birch lurch, barnacle linguistic;  
smother dissidence in lemon haze.

Marabbecca<sup>LXXII</sup> snag a scrag of bare strays  
that splutter from clutter voices, cystic  
croon that Bastardio attune till bones abrade.

Gorge vigilant, acidulent agaze,  
inject a suspect synergistic.  
Croon that Bastardio attune till bones abrade;  
smother dissidence in lemon haze.

---

<sup>62</sup> ‘No matter what anybody is going to say, I’m a Jamaican Welshman, I’ve spent 58 years here and 24 in Jamaica.’

Quote from: Paul Pigott, ‘How Windrush generation in Wales overcame discrimination’, *BBC News*, 2018 <<https://www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-wales-45221305>> [18.09.2019].

## Influences – La Mimosa è Senziente

The poem refers to the Mimosa ship that arrived in Patagonia in 1865. It considers the ways in which the actions of Welsh settlers may have caused the native tribes to view them as monsters.

### Structure

The poem exhibits characteristics of a villanelle and cynganedd sain.

### Glossary <sup>[LXXII]</sup>

The title of the poem. Italian for ‘The Mimosa is Sentiment’. Mimosa is a yellow flowering plant from Italy with green-grey branches and a sweet scent.

“Grigio” is Italian for ‘grey’.

“Dulse” is a red sea lettuce (seaweed).

“Marabecca” is an Italian mythical creature that lives in wells and grabs children who get too close.



## Mae'r Môr yn Poeri Atom – a Fallible Hominid Portmanteau

Rue HIR.aeth;

eau, EAU...aur.ae he.arth,

eaux wr<sup>ith</sup>e,

I.xi.a<sup>LXXII</sup> wr<sub>ai</sub>th;

a.s.ea as a wreck, war.ble

oSe<sup>LXXII</sup> ease WRICK wirble<sup>LXXII</sup>.

63

---

<sup>63</sup> Duendes are festering under floorboards, seeking a baptism of wine and bread. They are nisse (Danish, Finnish, Swedish and Norwegian mythology; gnome) that go bump in the night. A nocturnal frenzy of activity. This commotion has lost its judgement. A glob of acidic language spat at those exposing the correct stamp on their passport. This discrimination has lost its edge. Pawb-peth ('everyone-thing') are open and mistrusting of anywyliaid ('loved ones'). It's like amnesia. Meeting the same person as different strangers.

## Influences – Mae'r Môr yn Poeri Atom – a Fallible Hominid Portmanteau

## Structure

The poem exhibits characteristics of a shadorma (Spanish poetic form which shares characteristics with a Japanese haiku) and cynghanedd groes. There is a variation on the metre and consonants are matched on the following line. Lines one and two demonstrate a line of cynghanedd groes. The word 'ninnau' is Welsh for 'us'.

Glossary [<sup>LXXII</sup>]

“Ixia” is a South African plant of the Iris family. The main flower is made up of six-petalled star-like smaller flowers. The plant is supported by tall, thin stems with sword-like leaves.

“Ose” is a narrow ridge of sand.

“Wirble” means to whirl; eddy.

# MaE ALCEMI Rhyfedd yn EiN ClymuA PECuliAR AlcheMy TiEs uS

Anomalistic argot; catalyse

gabble as homogenized shrieks.

Anglicise gas leaks; rupture squeaks,

alluviums that abscise

for nationalized rebellion, chastise

grief as womb oxidise, reek<sub>iss</sub>.

Troubled youth piques haggard techniques;

*Wren* cusps its beak; she shakes the sky.

Silhouettes swear strange despair.

Beware of this wandering art;

lingua franca im.part

azure dart of cold solitaire;

*they* seek to ensnare anywhere

but mid-air where they dare to dart.

It's all a smart te a ring apart

of the appraised zealot chair.

---

<sup>64</sup> The Entity is frazzled with a leg cocked over the barrier of multiple ideals of Welshness. It's all a gabble of babbling sheep. Crows steal eyes and force blindness to characterise this dystopia as a desirable future. Babblings are shaping Cymru as bickering becomes a chorus, cascading down from above ambiguous heads. Worms had burrowed here long before any impact of their existence could be foreseen upon a land shaped by their gunnelling – under and over hill.

Eu marciau nhw yw ein marciau ni ac maen nhw'n fythgofiadwy.

They are our marks and they are unforgettable.

The water vole is stagnant in the troll's bedraggled maws, so juicy that even The Entity feels salivation returning to its papillae.

Influences – MaE ALCemI Rhyfedd yn EiN ClymuA PECuliAR AlcheMy TiEs uS

The poem exhibits characteristics of a rhupunt hir.

## **Critical Essay**

## Introduction to My Creative Practise

### Introduction

*Babble* is a project investigating the cultural identity of modern Wales by interweaving ancient traditions and sound poetry. Developing my thesis, I wanted to consider ways in which it might be possible, through poetry and commentary, to explore what identification means and how this relates to the actuality of living in modern Wales. In this way I hoped to strengthen my own sense of identity and to share with others the possibilities this poetic approach might offer.

As a first-generation Welsh writer with an English-speaking upbringing and being someone who has a speech impediment, I was aware of my own sense of isolation from the rich traditions of the community in which I was living. From this I perceived wider echoes. In Wales, the potential desire of immigrants and first-generation Welsh to access and identify with the deep-rooted culture of the nation is not always recognised by those who already possess a strong Welsh identity, sometimes linked to command of the Welsh language. In the absence of a confident identification, language can become a barrier for some, even though for others it marks a means of confirming a sense of community.

The difference between cultural identification and established identity is fundamental in this thesis. The term “cultural identity” is normally associated with communal labelling defined by country of birth and ancestry; as such, it is a restrictive construct often shaped by community perspectives imposed upon an individual. This differs from the term “cultural identification” – a state of being which develops through the chosen attachments of an individual. The collection of poems at the heart of *Babble* opens with my own perspective on identification, going on to broaden its inclusion and range of meaning and to explore the multinational connections of Wales that emphasise the affiliations of its ethnic identities.

Two major factors contribute to the struggle of immigrants and first-generation Welsh to situate their identity within Wales. For immigrant communities, racism can isolate individuals from established local lifestyles. More broadly, immersion in a

dominant language or identity originating outside of Wales may confirm cultural bonds within groups and this may supplant wider identification with the nation. This form of isolation can be seen to separate a community from its wider environment. For example, Tiger Bay in Cardiff and its African Caribbean community have produced many artistic events celebrating its history in Wales, but these rarely become mainstream publications or productions, their impact remaining restricted to the local area.

This perception led me to two questions: Might a fresh poetic perspective be useful in exploring identity and identification in Wales, for me and for others? Could adapting and transforming the rules of the Welsh metrical tradition into English help make Welsh myth, history and tradition – and thus, identity -- accessible more widely?

As a poet, by breaking down the rules of Welsh poetics into components which worked for me, I hoped to develop my own competency in dealing with forms and content which fascinated me. My further hope, that other first-generation Welsh and immigrants might share my fascination, led me to consider some well-established classroom techniques, particularly the flow of knowledge and thought between writer and reader. My aim was for readers to develop their sense of place and identity by experiencing each poem in my collection alongside its historical narrative. At the same time, I wanted to encourage a growing perception of the characteristics of the Welsh literary tradition visible within each poem. In this experimental approach, my hope was that this combination would build an aural understanding of the tradition while introducing Welsh history to those who are new to the culture or lack a paradigmatic experience of Welshness.

The resulting collection of poetry and supporting material is different from English-language guidebooks as it repurposes the tradition and reanimates Welsh history while simultaneously building an understanding of the craft. It aims to be inclusive of other cultures: readers may adapt the tradition to combine with their own distinctive cultures and languages. Welsh poetic tradition – chiefly *cyghanedd* – provides a structure for creativity to thrive while offering the reader freedom to respond in a style or mindset tied to their own personal experience and background. My adaptation of the rules of Welsh poetry is fluent and dynamic and the content of



my poems embrace elements of the way in which Wales has changed from the beginnings of English rule to the Industrial Revolution and beyond.

The approach produces sensory poetry which frequently does not have a strong or clear narrative. In this it draws on elements of modern sound poetry in which emotional impact and abstract use of language are intended to invite within readers the possibility of their own receptive interpretation. This, I believe, creates an ideal vehicle for offering Welsh specifics to readers from a multiplicity of different backgrounds.

The Welsh metrical tradition dates to the fifth century, when the Welsh language was in its developing state. Practising *cynganedd* in a responsible way inevitably positions the modern writer within the lexical history of Wales. The form concentrates on balancing harmony within a line of poetry. Medieval poets achieved harmony in their poetry by using rhyme, stress, alliteration and consonantal repetition to create distinctive patterns of sound. It is an aural tradition, its sensory aspects connected to a profound sense of identification.

Modern sound poetry has much to offer to isolated individuals frustrated at being silenced. Everyday codes of discourse can feel alienating to some who are struggling with a sense of linguistic identification; conventional language may sometimes feel like a kind of prison or cage. In the creation of my collection I came to feel that whilst the universal language of sound may also at first seem strange to readers familiar with the direct language of adulthood, it does have the potential to open doors to greater expressive freedom. In my own collection this is seen in the experimental, yet emotional, style of each poem. Ultimately, language is taken back to its primitive state where the tone, stress and rhythm are the main conveyers of emotions, overcoming linguistic and cultural barriers. I use the term ‘denaturalisation’ to describe my application of language and sound in the collection. This essentially involves using the language of sound and its connection with emotion – screams, laughter, etc – reimagining its resonance through the written word. This denaturalisation aims to displace power from the few to the many, engaging with diverse and modern perspectives.

One useful definition of sound poetry is:

the performance of intermedium in which verbal and sound poetry art are not just mixed, as in song, but are fused. While any poetic text, when read aloud, employs sound elements to reinforce lexical sense, when sound for its own sake becomes the principle expressive medium, sometimes even at the expense of lexical sense, then it becomes meaningful to describe a work as s.p. (Alex Preminger, T.V.F Brogan e.d, 1993, p1182)

More simply, I see sound poetry as a literary and musical collaboration that has a strong connection with the phonetic aspects of human speech. For this reason, I have interwoven modernist sound poetry and Expressionism, aiming to explore the world from a subjective perspective, distorted for emotional effect to evoke moods and fresh ideas on identification – to explore a deeper connection with language that is foregrounded by cultural experience.

The employment of sound in my poetry draws, particularly, on the academic and creative influence of Marjorie Perloff, Johanna Drucker and Jerome Rothenberg, who combine modernist syntactical concepts with physical manifestations of language, and on the work of American poet, essayist and literary scholar Charles Bernstein, a prominent member of the avant-garde L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E group (now a magazine) founded in the late sixties.

Marjorie Perloff, Johanna Drucker (who has written several articles on the connection between sound and infantile growth), Charles Bernstein, and Jerome Rothenberg, are all poets who have included components of their cultural heritage to direct a modernist poetic sound. Their academic work, centring on sound in experimental poetry<sup>65</sup> and translation within their field of study, has helped underpin my own creative process. For example, Marjorie Perloff has written extensively on the topic of poetic translatability, considering the ways in which traditional forms – such as the haiku – have been reshaped by an English language and Western perspective. This has been informed by an exploration of the ways in which the representation of its rules and literature have been communicated to a global readership. This has obvious relevance to my own exploration of the adaptability of

---

<sup>65</sup> I am defining experimental poetry as work that explores and emphasizes innovation. This is written without a conscious awareness of the ways in which a poem may fit into an aesthetic range.

the Welsh metrical tradition. The performances of Jerome Rothenberg draw on familiar sounds in an unusual context, and my work, although restricted to the page, draws upon this style of poetry to guide its rhythm and stress.

Their creative practises can be defined in terms of an expressive means of communication that rejects lexical sense to concentrate on the visualisation of language, a visualisation not restricted to a singular method of communication or the regional language of a community.

Sound poetry can take many forms, but its close connection with language, phonetics and movement of the body often produces overtly dramatic performances where poetry is chiefly an aural (and sometimes visual) experience. Sound poetry can be a series of noises, grunts, bawls and whimpers, or can also be linked to aspects of non-grammatical colloquial speech.

I recognise, of course, that there is tension between the experimental nature of my poetry and my desire to offer to a wide range of readers material that is accessible in modern Wales. However, my experience of more obviously ‘accessible’ (or conventional) modern Welsh poetry suggests that it can make no great claim to addressing issues of identity among its readers nor to representing the richness of voices in Wales. My poetry does indeed require intense scrutiny by readers, but the internal and sensory component of the creative process certainly strengthened my own sense of identity by forcing me to reflect on what it means to be Welsh, and I hope this may be shared by others. The confidence I gained through this project enabled me to express my identification in a natural way as someone who largely communicates through hand gestures and sounds. This form of preferred communication relates to my own speech impediment, and for this reason my communication is interwoven with sounds that produce an almost immediate sensory reaction from the listener.

The structure of the collection includes a linear progression of history and culture, a journey introducing readers to a hyphenated and diverse Welsh history and culture. My decision to avoid widely represented history and to embrace the work of poets who deviated from this narrative aims to give readers a fresh perspective on Wales.

I employed the Welsh metrical tradition to strengthen a sense of belonging to Wales that evaded cultural appropriation by giving readers the means to ‘answer back’ through an active engagement with the craft. At its heart is a creative form of communication that is not reliant on traditional language, but instead concentrates on the emotion captured within sounds that are often universal in nature.

This method of engagement is innovative and inclusive because no information is necessarily fixed. The reader is encouraged to experiment and fail. In this way my methodology replicates my own education into the Welsh metrical tradition. The poetry encourages readers to question and challenge modern perceptions on identification while the stress on tradition instils a renewed understanding of Wales through its history. Ideally, I would like readers to voice their perspective on identification through their own adaptation, or transformation, of this tradition.

The experimental nature of the poetry has been driven by my perspective and relationship with sound, but the accessibility of the poems I have written does require an understanding of aspects of Welsh history and the way in which poets have used the tradition. The collection provides a broad introduction to the craft and its history while highlighting my central theme of marginalised female voices. For example, the medieval poet, Gwerful Mechain was one of the first poets to write about domestic abuse – ‘To Her Husband for Beating Her’. One of her most well-known works – ‘Ode to a Vagina’ – brought attention to the female body and grounded the experience through the application of a sensory language. During that period, *cynghanedd* was reserved for religious and royal praise; she reclaimed it for all the classes by using it to depict maids and serving boys.

Though my poetry and its supporting material reflect my own specific approach, I would like my work to be part of a continuing wider national and international discussion on identity and identification. Bilingual Welsh poet Twm Morys, whose work likewise employs traditional Welsh forms to engage with a broader international audience, is significant in this field. Like Morys, my work exists at the intersection of the political and the personal. Strangers use my speech and certain aspects of my appearance in attempting to determine my cultural affiliation. These interactions with strangers led me to question the way in which a cultural identification of any individual subject to persistent and aggressive discrimination

might be impacted by an environment that deliberately ostracises and silences them. Underlying my approach was my own unstable and intimate attitude on identification, defined by an anglicised Welsh education stressing a colonial Britishness at the expense of the local.

The tension between the experimental nature of the poetry and the hope that my work would engage a wider demographic in Wales echoes the tension of identification explored in each chapter. A personal sense of identification and a communal perspective on cultural affiliation rarely match. During my time working on the collection, the poetry became a means for me to channel the frustration at being silenced within my community, while the history within each chapter reaffirmed my place within the country. This writing process gave way to a renewed sense of Welshness that became the dominate identification, silencing my anglicised Welsh education.

During my upbringing I experienced feelings of isolation and, at times, resentment, towards my community. It was difficult to engage with Welsh speaking Wales as a monolingual English-language speaker; on the other hand, I wasn't openly accepted into Anglo-Welsh culture either because of my accent and appearance. I am usually presumed to be of Polish descent. The Polish community in Wales is itself frequently subject to discrimination and abuse because of negative associations with low-paid work; in my experience, Polish women are often perceived to be more sexually available or docile. These perceptions add another dimension to my interaction with strangers. I have always identified as a Welsh European, but I have had to prove my identification to strangers who have openly challenged it. The language used in the collection is deliberately antagonistic and violent because of the frustration that has resulted from these interactions. The intimate and sensory nature of the collection challenge readers, questioning whether their views might be contributing to this form of open and hostile discrimination.

The experimental and sensory nature of the collection relates to more than just the primitive nature of sound within the poetry. I was also influenced by artistic and poetics movements that negate traditional artistic values. Although originally drawn to Dada – a movement that reacted to the violence of the First World War – I eventually discovered that its rejection of form made it incompatible with the Welsh

metrical tradition. Artists rejected the logic, reason, and aestheticism of modern capitalist society, instead intentionally expressing nonsense and irrationality in their works. Oulipian poetry shared similar sentiments but created works using deliberately restrictive writing techniques, thus forming a link with my own engagement with strict traditional verse forms. This movement also fitted my interpretation of pedagogical techniques which expected readers to seek their own understanding within the layers of the text, purposefully hidden by the author. The footnotes and notes at the end of each poem provide the hidden information that readers can use to form their own understanding.

Knowledge exchange techniques central to the collection relate the looser rules of sound poetry through a principal methodology known as anouplism – understanding the constraints of our poetic predecessors – followed by synthoulipism [creating a new set of constraints]. The chief term for my methodology was ‘anti-chance’ which is a creative practise that employs formal constraints to produce innovative artistic expression, in this case poetry written using cynghanedd to produce modern English-language poetry. This creative methodology has been influenced by Oulipian poetic practises. I admired Oulipian poetry because the values of the movement reflected my adaptation of cynghanedd in English, drawing on the past in order to advance the potential of the future. The conversation between Wales of the past and the present worked towards an understanding of cynghanedd and its history, simultaneously exploring the wider European connections of the tradition.

My hopes for an active relationship between the material and the reader are underpinned by three approaches: a kinaesthetic method of instruction, differentiated learning, and, inquiry-based learning. Kinaesthetic learning is a tactile learning style. Differentiated learning responds to the educational requirements of the individual by offering tiered learning activities that encourage an active participation with the subject. Inquiry-based learning emphasises the role of the reader throughout the process. I find it hard to accept the view that it is impossible to understand the basics of cynghanedd from a book; I learnt the craft in that very manner, and then drew on my knowledge of poetry to adapt the tradition in English. Thus, my poems and their supporting material may be an educational resource in the sense they offer poetry

within the context of a historical journey. To this end, I have built a website<sup>66</sup> dedicated to the learning of cynghanedd for readers who require greater clarity about the rules of the tradition. The website is a means of developing a continuing collaboration with others in pursuit of understanding the way in which cynghanedd might relate to identification concerns.

My later poetry interweaves the Welsh metrical tradition with international and traditional poetic measures and metres in order to explore shifting attitudes towards identification. It is a modernist interpretation of an ancient tradition that draws parallels with Oulipian principles of discovery followed by invention mentioned earlier. For instance, *La Mimosa è Senziente*, ‘Croon that Bastardio attune till bones abrade; | sunflower bumble, jumble jingoistic, | smother dissidence hence in lemon haze’ (p141) is a culmination of my research into the shared global association of the Welsh metrical tradition and a modern Welsh identification.

The poem expands upon the repetitive patterns of cynghanedd and the Sestina form to create a stumbling speech pattern that imitates those learning a new language and culture. The Sestina is a French poetic form that has six stanzas of six lines each, followed by a three-line envoi. The end words of the first stanza are repeated as the end words throughout the form in exact patterns. The repetitive nature of the form shares characteristics with the echoing sound that is harmonised in a line of cynghanedd, as well as imitating the way in which learners develop competency with a skill. Oulipian values appear in this piece through the combination of poetic forms that share a medieval connection. The forms and their association with Troubadour poetry – Arnaut Daniel invented the form towards the end of the twelfth century – informs a modern exploration of language.

Medieval Wales before its conquest by England was a divided nation separated by warring Princes fighting for land. These discordant attitudes contribute to the downfall of Wales as some Lords viewed England as a better opportunity for peace and economic growth. Poets would serve each royal court, archiving their ancestry and glorifying their victories for future generations. Tenth century King Hywel Dda codified the cerdd dafod for the first time. The metres and measures were further

---

<sup>66</sup> Rhea Seren Phillips, ‘Grandiloquent Wretches: a poetry project exploring the cultural identity of modern Wales’, *Word Press*, 2018 <<https://grandiloquentwretch.wordpress.com/>> [13.03.2019].

codified in the fourteenth century following pressures from young poets experimenting with new forms. Identification in Wales is thus interwoven with the development of *cynghanedd*, with concerns around language and politics expressed through these codifications of measures and metres. Any comprehensive discussion on the identification of people in Wales would be incomplete without an examination of the way in which the Welsh metrical tradition has been used to express and challenge Welsh identification, as well as the impact of English and international politics in Wales.

The Welsh metrical tradition also tells us that poetry and history are connected, and that art is not only a means of archiving history, but also of celebrating it. We should learn from the Welsh metrical tradition that knowledge is a form of empowerment and this is relevant to modern Wales because of individuals within the country who are struggling to be heard outside of their marginalised community. This marginalisation is partly because of the way in which the history of their community has been side-lined in Wales in favour of white Welsh history.

As I worked on my collection I began to feel that by adapting the tradition to English, the craft was partially removed from the protection of the Welsh language; curiously, as that happened, the abstract nature of the resulting poetry removed it from English as well. This balance between detachment and connection that emerged became pivotal to the collection, as I became increasingly convinced that the four basic principles of *cynghanedd* (rhyme, consonantal repetition, stress and alliteration) could be adapted into any language or fused with any cultural experience. It is its fluidity of the craft outside of its native language – as well as its strong ties to Wales – that made the Welsh metrical tradition so useful in opening doors to the wider questions of cultural identification.

The collection begins with a chapter which concentrates on portraying an intensive application of the patterns and rules of *cynghanedd*. This echoes the identification of the main narrative – *Gwenllian ferch Llywelyn*, the last Welsh princess of Wales – and represents a torn identification, but also one that unites communities, linked to the harsh treatment of Princess *Gwenllian* at the hands of English royalty. She is associated with the oppression of Wales, while her religious life reflects the assumed purity of the nation, a conservative definition of Welsh identity I seek to question



later in the collection. I have attempted to offer a strict adaptation of cynghanedd in this opening chapter and each poem follows rules that would be familiar to Welsh language poets. This introduces the complexity of cynghanedd to readers before I go on to experiment with its structures. The opening chapter thus begins a connection between the identification of each narrative and the gradual loosening of cynghanedd, from its strictest form in the twelfth century to its anglicisation in the nineteenth by British and multinational poets. Through this progression I want to emphasise that what it means to be Welsh must be seen in a changing, international, light in which identification is now rapidly diversifying and being challenged by a younger generation.

The configuration of the poetry collection is broken down into seven chapters that vary in length between five or ten poems. The lengthier chapters denote their prominence in terms of the central theme of identification. The opening chapter concentrates on Princess Gwenllïan, employed to express an oppressed Welsh identification and the complexities within that perspective, sharing an association with a religious, Welsh and English identification. This chapter introduces ‘the body’ as a religious, physical and mythological entity. The mythical reincarnation of Princess Gwenllïan is central to the entire collection. It uses the idea of the breaking down of ‘the body’ in order to emphasise the slow revaluation of cultural identity. Kinaesthetic learners are intensely conscious of the position and movement of the body through the sensory organs (proprioceptors) in the muscles and joints. The defining feature of this poetic, linguistic ‘reincarnation’ is its connection to the body. ‘The Body’ is frequently referred to as a decomposing shadow or mass throughout the poetry collection, whose mythical influences tie the character to the past. The concentration on a body that breaks down only to be renewed demonstrates the way in which the Welsh metrical tradition made Wales come alive for me. I wanted to prompt readers to begin thinking of Wales as a body that is sentient and constantly adapting to its environment. Bodies can break down and repair themselves. There is therefore an emphasis in the collection on decomposition and renewal.

The pedagogical aspect was constructed to reinforce a Welsh cultural identification by advocating an awareness of the historical information that has informed it. This situates and reaffirms the identity of those struggling to be heard in modern Wales. This is a pivotal and fundamental component of the poetry collection, and it is one of

its defining and original features. The collection is an ambitious contribution to Welsh writing in English that offers readers a concentrated and comprehensive insight into the Welsh poetic tradition in English, as well as marginalised Welsh history and literature within a broad time frame.

The second chapter considers the poetry of Gwerful Mechain in contrast with romantic depictions of Wales by British poets. Chapter three introduces a hyphenated Welsh identification, exploring the way in which those with a strong Welsh identity have chosen to associate with a British identification. The fourth chapter considers the poetry of Lynette Roberts and the way in which outsiders during times of political instability have attempted to integrate themselves into Welsh life and culture. The fifth and sixth chapters are set in modern Wales and explore the relationship between England and Wales, as well as current debates on the Welsh poetic landscape. The final chapter concentrates on the voices of immigrants who have settled in Wales and the way in which they have been received by the local community.

The collection is, of course, far from being a comprehensive representation of the peoples of Wales. Rather I would argue that the idea of 'community' itself must be challenged, as it is a cliché that offers gross generalisations on a diverse and complex subject. Welsh language speakers are not one unified homogeneous grouping, nor are bilingual or English speakers in Wales, nor are immigrants who come to Wales with little knowledge of Welsh or English. Modern identity is indefinite and constantly changing parallel to contemporary and international influences and technological environments.

The poetry collection comprises of three critical components – *cynghanedd* (poetry), footnotes (fictional version of the narrative), and factual notes at the end of each poem (historic version of the footnotes). Each poem is self-contained with its footnote and factual note on the same page. The footnotes allow for a novelised version of the poems. This fictionalisation offers a fuller account of the events or narratives in each poem enabling it to be understood by readers through clear and direct language, including a comprehensive account of historical figures and literary characters. These detail key events in Welsh history from the perspective of each

narrative that is contextualised by a factual version in the notes at the end of each poem.

My use of footnotes and its prose style was influenced by the way in which historians portray the last Welsh Princess of Wales, Princess Gwenllian. Byron Rogers<sup>67</sup> says in his article, *The Lost Children* – which, due to its popularity, was then turned into a book – that ‘their [Gwenllian and her male cousins] stories [are] constrained to footnotes’. It was my intention to counter the dismissal of the lost children by including a comprehensive adaptation of their story in the footnotes. Literature on Gwenllian is scarce, but her ambiguous historical information and dual Anglo-Welsh identification makes this Welsh princess an ideal vehicle for creativity and themes I wish to explore. I constructed her identity around research on her family. She then disappears into the footnotes; in the poetry collection this is a metaphorical and a literal disappearance, in keeping with the central themes of the collection.

---

<sup>67</sup> Byron Rogers, *The Lost Children* (Newton: Gwasg Gregynog, 2005).

## The Value and Meaning of Cynghanedd

The ways in which a Welsh metrical tradition has influenced Welsh cultural identification pre-dates the twelfth century. The medieval bards, Aneurin and Taliesin, employed early variations of cynghanedd in their poetry. *Y Gododdin* by Aneurin demonstrates an early variation of cynghanedd: ‘Gwyr **aeth** Gatra**aeth** oedd f**fraeth** eu llu’<sup>68</sup>. This provides evidence for the way in which its patterns imitate a structure that exhibit an intimate connection with Welsh syntax. The pattern exhibited in this poem is the repetition of ‘aeth’. This repetition establishes a harmonious and balanced sound that is evident when spoken aloud. Welsh vowel and consonant sounds are markedly differently from English, for example, ‘th’ is pronounced ‘v’. The patterns of cynghanedd are important because they share a connection with the Welsh language that has been influenced by an international history. This learning is relevant to disparate ethnic identities as these patterns build an understanding of Wales that emphasises its international connections, reaffirming the shared history between a Welsh and multicultural identification.

Early variations of cynghanedd were codified in the tenth and fourteenth century by Welsh-language poets. The poets who contributed to the Eisteddfod in the fourteenth century modernised the rules of cynghanedd. These poets suggest that the flexibility of cynghanedd was influenced by the communal interest of those poets such as Dafydd ab Edmwnd – a bardic disciple of Maredudd ap Rhys, and the bardic tutor of Tudur Aled and Gutun Owain who helped him to popularise his modernised measures – who refined the code of *cerdd dafod* to reflect the changing community environment of his time. Gwerful Mechain wrote cynghanedd poetry that portrayed the mundane and daily lives of peasants when before it had primarily been reserved for religious celebration. Therefore, in a sense, each modernisation or transformation of the tradition by these poets reaffirmed a Welsh identification that focused on marginalised communities, and my creative practise aims for a similar impact for hyphenated identifications in modern Wales. The history of the Welsh metrical

---

<sup>68</sup> Aneurin, A.O.H. Jarman, *Y Gododdin* (Ceredigion: Gomer, 1988) p114.

tradition has associations with the fluidity of identification that I have chosen to express through poetry.

I would like to position my own work as a modernist expansion of this tradition, maintaining ancient and cultural connections while stressing a contemporary soundscape influenced by sound poetry. *Singing in Chains* by Mererid Hopwood demonstrates the ways in which cynganedd has been modernised by Welsh language poets:

[Speaking of Dafydd ab Edmwnd who won a silver chair at the 1451 Eisteddfod for best poem, held in Carmarthen] He further refined the code of *cerdd dafod* and introduced two new and complicated measures... Dafydd ab Edmwnd's changes weren't accepted immediately, and for a period there was some dispute as to which was the authorized code. However, over time, as prominent poets such as Tudur Aled tended to adhere to the new classification, it took root and became the basis of the code as practised today.<sup>69</sup>

Thus, sound poetry transcends language by rejecting preconceived and traditional aesthetics of poetry, whilst at the same time being influenced by Oulipian principles that assume 'restriction then becomes the mother of invention'<sup>70</sup>. This tension is central to my work. The Welsh metrical tradition and its rules exists alongside an individual sense of lyric expression, in turn reflecting a duality of cultural affiliations. The Welsh metrical tradition has been employed to engage with the marginalised history that surrounds the tradition, the collection engaging with a modern readership by advocating a multicultural history that responds to a modern demand for greater representation. The tradition takes on a central role where its restrictions lead the learner to revisit the past to better inform their understanding of

---

<sup>69</sup> Mererid Hopwood, *Singing in Chains: Listening to Welsh Verse*, 2nd edn (Ceredigion: Gomer Press, 2017), p.15-16.

<sup>70</sup> François Le Lionnais, François, Oulipo Laboratory: Texts from the Bibliothèque Oulipienne translated by Harry Matthews and Iain White. Ed. Warren Motte, *LIPO: First Manifesto* and *Second Manifesto* (London: Atlas Press, 1995).

the present. This relates to the pedagogical methodology, in that (in my opinion, at least) the journey of each learner takes precedence over the resulting poetry.

As Oulipian poet, Raymond Queneau – French novelist, poet and co-founder of Oulipo – puts it, ‘rats ... must build the labyrinth from which they propose to escape’ (Michael Long, 2015)<sup>71</sup>, and in my collection, the Welsh metrical tradition in English serves as this labyrinth. The Welsh metrical tradition in English has never been consistently codified, but guidebooks empowered me with the knowledge to begin adapting their patterns for an English-speaking readership. The Welsh metrical tradition assumes a flexible codification in English via the creative practices of the poets who have employed its characteristics throughout history. First-generation Welsh and immigrant readers can relate to these poems because they draw upon a shared multinational history. Readers should learn that while *cynghanedd* has strong Welsh roots, it also has international and European connections that have indeterminably contributed to its current rules.

Indeed, in some ways the very elasticity of *cynghanedd* in English has become (paradoxically) its chief means of codification. This is demonstrated in the poetry collection where my employment of *cynghanedd* varies depending on the time frame and narrative in each chapter. Only the first chapter adheres to a stringent adaptation of *cynghanedd*, a representation which replicates the way in which medieval Welsh poets would have engaged with the Welsh metrical tradition. To remain within these strictures, seems to me to represent a cultural dead end; instead I was drawn toward a marginalised Welsh history that reaffirms a global cultural identification.

Indeed, if anything my research intensified a sense of contributing to a global identification through poetry. There is evidence that characteristics of the Welsh metrical tradition have been present in Scandinavian poetic traditions as well as Troubadour poetry, as Twm Morys – Welsh poet, scholar, musician, and one of the few Welsh-language poets to have written *cynghanedd* in English – notes,

---

<sup>71</sup> Michael Long, ‘Rats Build Their Labyrinth: Oulipo in the 21st Century’, HYPERALLERGIC, 2015 <<https://hyperallergic.com/206802/rats-build-their-labyrinth-oulipo-in-the-21st-century/>> [01.07.2020].

Something like it existed long ago in Scandinavian poetry. It was standard in its simplest form in mediaeval Breton poetry. Gerard Manley Hopkins came across it while in the Jesuit College in Tremeirchion in Flintshire, and it became the basis for his ‘sprung-rhythm,’ the style which revolutionised English poetry. But it belongs properly—not only through long, long association, but also for morphological reasons—to Welsh. (Twm Morys, n.d)

The global associations of the Welsh metrical tradition have been suggested by Welsh language poets Gwyneth Lewis – inaugural National Poet of Wales in 2005, who wrote the text that appears over the Wales Millennium Centre – and Twm Morys in their articles<sup>72</sup>. Twm Morys notes a connection with Scandinavian poetry while Gwyneth Lewis notes a connection with Troubadour and European poetic movements of the medieval period. These international affiliations suggest that Welsh language poets are aware of the international association of the tradition that originated from within a collaborative environment, a model not of colonialism, but rather of two differing perspectives informing a creative tradition through rambunctious innovation. Gwyneth Lewis expands upon the above statement in the following quote,

Cynghanedd (literally, “chiming”) developed in fourteenth-century Wales and grew out of a combination of the French troubadour measures and a Celtic love of intricate ornament for its own sake. American readers may have come across the idea of these complex Welsh forms in books like Miller William’s *Patterns of Poetry: An Encyclopaedia of Forms* and Lewis Turco’s *The Book of Forms: A Handbook of Poetics*. W.H. Auden used to recommend that young poets compose Welsh stanzas, like the three-line englyn, for technical practice.<sup>73</sup> (Gwyneth Lewis, 2014)

---

<sup>72</sup> Twm Morys, ‘Cerdd Dafod: A Poet Introduces a Welsh Metrical Tradition’, *Brunel University, London*, n.d <[https://www.brunel.ac.uk/\\_\\_data/assets/pdf\\_file/0014/111155/Twm-Morys-Cerdd-Dafod-A-Poet-Introduces-a-Welsh-Metrical-Tradition.pdf](https://www.brunel.ac.uk/__data/assets/pdf_file/0014/111155/Twm-Morys-Cerdd-Dafod-A-Poet-Introduces-a-Welsh-Metrical-Tradition.pdf)> [21.05.2019], p.115.

<sup>73</sup> Gwyneth Lewis, ‘Extreme Welsh Metre’, *Poetry Foundation*, 2014 <<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poetrymagazine/articles/70172/extreme-welsh-meter>> [06.20.2018].

The intricate measures of Troubadour poetry indicate a possible collaboration between Welsh-language and wider European poetic movements of the time. This suggests that as far back as the fifth century, Wales has never been an isolated country, but rather connected to the wider world via trade and culture: a possible model for a time in which all too often multicultural communities continue to be perceived as a divergent culture within its sociological framework. The pedagogical function of the poetry encourages readers to take the poems and amalgamate their Welsh and other identification, rather than consider them as separate entities.

The border between England and Wales has changed since the medieval period, and some of medieval Wales is now modern England. This suggests that diversity – including Anglo-Saxon intervention – played a pivotal role in informing the cynghanedd that we recognise today. Troubadour poets are renowned for their experimentation with forms. After all, what modern poets recognise as traditional form and measure began as complex but creative poetic games. I have used such ‘games’ in my own creative practice, including experimenting with Google translate to explore the effect that an unpredictable algorithm has on the translation of phrases and its final meaning; using the principle of Welsh mutations and reapplying them to the English language and rhymes; and, utilising a thesaurus to focus on a defining characteristic of cynghanedd that is consonantal repetition. The inclusion of a thesaurus in these games brought attention to abstract and outdated words, as well as words with ambiguous or reimagined meanings. These words added texture to the language in each poem that can be discovered in more depth through the footnotes and notes at the end of each poem. The strict form of cynghanedd relates to the looser rules of Modernist and Sound Poetry because this texture, while denaturalising the English language, provides context through my choice of vocabulary that has been influenced by its connection with history, such as archaic language employed throughout the opening chapter.

The associations between Troubadour and Welsh measures haven’t been officially confirmed in any academic research, but Welsh speaking poets – such as Twm Morys and Gwyneth Lewis – have acknowledged the possibility that these traditions would have most likely come into contact at some time. This interchange could have been through travelling poets. Welsh poets often had multiple roles in their community that would have included soldier and royal advisor. A similar playfulness



with language exhibited by medieval Welsh and Troubadour poets would have made them keen collaborators. My creative practise was thus profoundly influenced by this collaboration, and the final chapter imitates this exchange of poetic tradition and invention.

The adaptation of cynghanedd in the collection maintains its values as well as elements of its rules. This ensures that the poems have a recognisable quality to a Welsh-language community. For instance, the following line from *Père*, ‘Mae’n ddrwg gen i; mae’n ddrwg gen i’ (p20) is a meticulous imitation of cynghanedd groes<sup>74</sup>. The following lines exhibit characteristics of cynghanedd groes but concentrate on experimenting with the repetition of sound in preference of a strict application of the metre. ‘Misconstrue bitter perdition; | trich–i.on<sup>LXXII</sup> it\_ching, keep biting’ repeats the sound ‘ing’ but diverges from the anticipated placement of stress.

My adaptation of cynghanedd is a modernist interpretation of the tradition. This situates my creative work within contemporary lyrical practise and shares similarities with modern bilingual Welsh-English language poets. The multilingual characteristics of their poetry has received a wider recognition that extends past national boundaries. The collection establishes an association with its readership by drawing attention to multicultural and contemporary concerns with immigration and colonialism. The past interacts with the contemporary through poetry. The poem, *Hen Ddyn Barus (Codicioso)*<sup>75</sup> does this especially clearly. The language of the poem fuses a sea shanty from *Assassin’s Creed Black Flag*, a PS4 video game that modernised folk songs from history<sup>76</sup> with the interests of poet, John Ceiriog Hughes, a keen collector of folk songs who was motivated to raise the status of Wales following the publication of the Blue Books in 1847. I primarily concentrated on his adaptation of Welsh folksongs for this poem. These include, *Cariwch*, ‘medd Dafydd, 'fy nhelyn i mi, | Ceisiaf cyn marw roi tôn arni hi’. His interest in Welsh folk songs led him to cerdd dant or ‘music of the harp’ that has a strong association with medieval poets and the aural nature of cynghanedd. My interpretation centred on the

---

<sup>74</sup> This metre is often known as the mirroring harmony. The consonantal repetition and stress must replicate the other exactly.

<sup>75</sup> p85.

<sup>76</sup> UBI Soft, *Assassins Creed IV: Black Flag*, PS4 video game, [Milan and Kiev: UBI Soft Montreal, 2014].

aural aspect of folk songs and an international Welsh maritime connection that is situated in the nineteenth century. For instance, ‘DumMILY, his HORSE did DIE, | all PACiFIC heard HIM sigh’ (p185) has a global maritime association in ‘pacific’ and the smuggler’s story but the mythology in the footnote grounds the poem in the landscape of South Wales. This reaffirms the identification of a multicultural nation within and outside of its borders.

*Hen Ddyn Barus (Codicioso)*<sup>77</sup> is perhaps one of the most advanced examples of the way in which the pedagogical methodology functions in the collection. The footnotes and notes at the end of the poem encourage readers to relate to and learn from the history and literature concealed within the textures of the poem. It also guides the learner towards the most accessible and reliable resources. The poetry of John Ceiriog Hughes emphasises the way in which an interest in Welsh culture can encourage a learner to explore many paths before converging back to identification with a comprehensive understanding of what that means through a historical and literary context.

Twm Morys is a fellow poet who has sought to demonstrate the Welsh metrical tradition in English to engage with a broader and international audience at a lecture held in Canada. His intention was to offer a coherent and visible means of understanding cynganedd for an English audience. His essay, *A poet introduces a Welsh metrical tradition* (Twm Morys, 2019) emphasises (like my own work) that ‘spelling is neither here nor there, of course. It’s the *sound* that counts<sup>78</sup>’, using sound poetry to initiate a profound connection with his audience. In the same article, Twm Morys notes,

When I was talking about all this in Canada, I found that without examples in English, I might just as well have been lecturing on the very rare bespectacled bear of the Brazilian jungle, or the herbal preparations of Mongolian horsemen for the treating of split hooves. I decided to try and compose some examples in English... Now, as I was the author of it, I happened to know at the time that this cywydd,

---

<sup>77</sup> P85.

<sup>78</sup> Twm Morys, ‘Cerdd Dafod: A Poet Introduces a Welsh Metrical Tradition’, *Brunel University, London*, n.d <[https://www.brunel.ac.uk/\\_\\_data/assets/pdf\\_file/0014/111155/Twm-Morys-Cerdd-Dafod-A-Poet-Introduces-a-Welsh-Metrical-Tradition.pdf](https://www.brunel.ac.uk/__data/assets/pdf_file/0014/111155/Twm-Morys-Cerdd-Dafod-A-Poet-Introduces-a-Welsh-Metrical-Tradition.pdf)> [21.05.2019], p.117.

though absolutely correct according to the rules of strict metre, was also a load of nonsense. But it had an immediate, sometimes very emotional, effect on audiences. I now realise that it is the most profound poem I've ever written. (Twm Morys, n.d)

He thus employs engagement, involvement and participation theory and methodologies to engage with his primarily English-speaking audience. This application of pedagogical methodologies was most likely at a subconscious level but nevertheless, it is evidence of the way in which the tradition has been applied in English as an educational and creative resource. The subsequent language of the poetry surprised Morys; the poetic language had no absolute meaning, but its sensory powers were clear in the reaction from his audience. The primary four ideas of participation theory are dialogue, participation, cultural identity, and empowerment, and the pedagogical function of my own collection employs these four ideas through the Welsh metrical tradition in English. My work offers a sensory experience through an exchange of dialogue, but the way in which I gradually build readers understanding of *cynghanedd* through the poetry centres on the participation and empowerment aspects of the theory. This participation takes place the moment the reader engages with the poetry and is extended when they creatively respond to my representation of identification.

Twm Morys understood that Welsh language examples failed to adequately reach a wide audience. Instead he increasingly turned to a participation-focused practice rooted in the moment the poem was read out to the audience, and how audience members responded to the emotional sound and texture of the work. The result was an interchange of cultural traditions and ideas prompted by a poem whose language focused on engaging the senses and emotions of its audience in order to overcome language barriers. Likewise, my own creative practise seeks to bridge the gap between experimental poetry and a wide audience by creating a form accessible for all, accentuating the sensory component of *cynghanedd* that Twm Morys discovered, while also amending his pedagogical approach for English-language speakers.

My methodology has been influenced by the way in which Welsh-language poets have attempted to engage English-language speakers with *cynghanedd* and Welsh history. Mererid Hopwood focuses on the dynamics of language to engage and

sustain the interest of the learner. She discussed this interest at Hay Festival, 2020<sup>79</sup>. The effect of this approach is essentially an exploration of identification through a different cultural perspective and mindset. My creative practise concentrates on the poetic language of Wales to achieve similar results. The consequence of this difference between our approaches is the way in which identification is strengthened for the learner. A focus on language offers a means of engaging with a wider community, and a way in which to view the world from a different perspective. In Welsh, an object is ‘with us’ rather than in English where the object is almost always shown to be owned by the speaker. This is a subtle difference, but it is evidence of the way in which different cultures relate to everyday language. This approach sees through another cultural perspective, while my approach interweaves cultural identification through poetry. The pedagogical function provides the means in which to reclaim a sense of identification and to reaffirm a voice within one’s own culture or cultures. My approach is thus inclusive as it doesn’t view the identification of the reader as an outsider to Welsh culture as a problem, but rather provides the reader a means to adapt *cynghanedd* for their own purpose.

The poem, *The Wood is Rotting in the Mimosa*<sup>80</sup> (p165) explores the ways in which Wales has international connections that originate from within a colonial position. The sound is guided by an intimate perspective of the odyssey undertaken by the travellers – ‘Velate, as-phy-xiate. yn. Araf | to pervading pain; lain. as. a. leaf. | Resurgent serpent forsaken’ – and a denaturalisation of English<sup>81</sup>. This

---

<sup>79</sup> Mererid Hopwood, Hay Festival, ‘What’s Wales in Welsh?’, Youtube, 2020 [video] <<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jIFuTf45jFQ>> [05.10.2020].

<sup>80</sup> The poem was inspired by the landing of the *Mimosa* at Patagonia in 1865. The *Mimosa* was a clipper ship. It carried over a hundred Welsh emigrants to South America which was an eight-week trip. During the journey two young children died, there was a marriage, and two children were born. The emigrants set sail from Liverpool believing that they would arrive to fertile lowland but what they received was an inhospitable desert. They eventually settled in the Chubut Valley. Shortly after their arrival the settlers established a network of irrigation channels, and crops flourished. This quickly encouraged trade.

The Chubut Valley became known as *Dyffryn Camwy* and the settlement was named *Y Wladfa*. The settlement has survived into the modern age. Welsh and Spanish are the primary languages of the settlement. This aspect of Welsh history emphasises an international connectivity, but also Wales as a colonising figure. The Welsh settlers forced natives to leave their land and begin a new life on inhospitable terrain.

<sup>81</sup> The denaturalisation of English in the poetry addresses the dominance of English over Welsh in English-speaking Wales. It resolves this by interweaving English with Welsh influences that value Welshness over a British identity. The Welsh multicultural community have a new language, heavily influenced by the one they recognise as Welsh, that exhibits a flexible attitude.

denaturalisation forces readers to relearn the code for a familiar language in the same way that these historical voyagers amalgamated Spanish and Welsh to redefine their identity. Attention on the colonial history of Wales gives a voice to disparate ethnic identities, presenting Wales as a country that has participated in colonialization and benefitted from the communal and economic impact of immigration. I have concentrated on the wide range of ways in which Wales is a multinational country, while also stressing the injustices it has perpetuated throughout its history. This contributes to an ongoing debate on marginalised history, especially the removal of statues that celebrate white heroic figures who share a connection with slavery or colonisation in some way.

This enforced rhythm but modernist attention to its own praxis is illustrated in the collection through the ways in which the poetry collection is confined to the page. In this I wanted to draw attention to my adaptation of Welsh measures and metres. *Clawing through the Gauze* exemplifies my modernist approach to cynghanedd. The fusion of metres with metres and measures with measures is considered by Welsh-speaking communities – chiefly poets connected with the Eisteddfod – as a form of modernising and transforming the ancient poetic tradition. The quote below demonstrates the way in which I have modernised the Welsh metrical tradition through this fusion of metres and measures,

The metre in each line exhibits characteristics of cynghanedd sain, groes and lusk to reflect the singing of the men and the echo of no man's land (in chronological order: lusk, sain, groes/lusk, lusk, lusk/sain, sain, sain/sain, sain, sain/sain, sain, sain/lusk, sain, sain/lusk, sain, sain). (p93-94)

The rules of cynghanedd are explicit yet I have deliberately adapted the tradition in order to explore a variety of ways in which a reconsideration of its rules could engage with a modern and English-speaking readership. Metre and stress share a symbiotic connection where the absence or misplacement of one depreciates the authenticity of the cynghanedd. The denaturalisation of English and the adaptation of cynghanedd – ‘You’ve got no LEG to EGG on; | thigh TWITches, ITCHes ions. | Re.mem.ber its weight; *wight* Jon.’ – demonstrates the ways in which the collection

becomes paradoxically engaging precisely via its apparent inaccessibility. Sound and rhythm are central here. Capital letters and italics indicate stressed words and full stops inform the reader when they need to slow down. The grammar in the poetry draws on an almost physical or embodied code to influence the way in which the reader experiences the poem, such as bold, italics and dashes. I justify breaking the rules because it allows the language to focus on building a sensory experience for readers. The consequence of breaking these rules means that the barrier of language is overcome, and its syntax is used to take on a new language that combines two cultural perspectives. The subsequent audience reaction to *My First Love was a Plover* by Twm Morys was used as a guide into the way in which cynghanedd in English has a dominant characteristic that is naturally sensory in style and tone. The accessibility of the poetry comes from a common language of emotions.

I choose to exploit modern cultural insecurities through poetry to provoke readers to question and challenge each narrative in the collection. It wasn't my intention to claim everyone as Welsh, but rather to acknowledge the right for an individual to be heard and give them a secure means to establish their voice within their community through an ancient poetic tradition. One example of this is the Windrush generation and their treatment by communities in Wales which is explored in the final chapter of the collection. Marginalised Welsh history promotes a Welsh identification that emphasises its international connections, challenging preconceptions of readers on what it means to be Welsh.

*Windrush* (p135) is concerned with the cultural affiliations of The Windrush generation. The increased pace in the poem – ‘afuryinapaunch, scraunched<sup>LXXII</sup> suc.c.in.ct’ – demonstrates the frustration of that community by the – ‘Jit.ter.ing as chittering crooked chops | scraped dwarves<sup>LXXII</sup> who quaked rare Mak.e.da<sup>LXXII</sup>, – mythological reference<sup>82</sup> to trickery within the uppermost zeniths of government. This frustration at community figures or those in a position of authority is continued throughout the collection. The poetry relates its strict form of cynghanedd to the

---

<sup>82</sup> The poem has been influenced by the story of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. He tricked the Queen of Sheba into sleeping with him. He ordered that spicy food be served on the night of her arrival. After the dinner, she requested that he promise not to rape her, and he agreed on the condition that if he took nothing from her then she must take nothing from him. She awoke in the middle of the night thirsty from the food. King Solomon offered her a drink of water which she gratefully took from him. Water was a precious commodity and once she had drunk the liquid, she had broken her promise.

looser rules of Modernist sound poetry through an awareness of the instability of identification, especially a seemingly fraudulent identification exhibited by those with a secure Welsh identity – born in Wales or with Welsh ancestry – such as Princess Gwennllian or Sarah Jacob. This dishonesty is informed by the way in which their names have been used by their community to promote an idyllic and puritanical Welsh identification. Princess Gwennllian did not speak Welsh and would most likely have little to no knowledge of Welsh culture. She has been used by Welsh nationalists as a figure of Welsh oppression and her title, the last Welsh princess of Wales, is interwoven with her identification while in reality Princess Gwennllian, exiled to Sempringham Priory, would have no understanding of what this meant and it is reasonable to assume her identification would have been seamlessly interwoven with the religious environment that dominated her lifetime. Sarah was used in a similar fashion by the oppressed farmers of her community, but her interaction with English tourists and writing of bilingual poetry suggest that she felt more connected to a British identification.

The collection is therefore a gradual contextualisation of Welsh history. This begins with a dramatic unveiling of the ways in which Wales lost its fight for independence and travels all the way to an exploration of the ways in which Wales has contributed to the colonialization of multinational communities. A broad range of languages that relate to the time frame of each chapter have been included in the collection, as in *Mère*, in which I include Welsh, French and English. This is significant because these languages share a strong connection with medieval Wales, and its colonial as well as European origins. France supported Wales in the fight to retain Welsh independence in the twelfth century and was frequently heard in royal courts throughout Wales as a cultural language of trade. *Mère* builds upon the range of ways in which cultural meaning is ambiguous before undergoing a gradual historical contextualisation. The lines, ‘paid an earthly toll to please him. | Pearls were earnest, yet still yeaned<sup>LXXII</sup> grim’ (p22) suggest the fate of Eleanor de Montfort while the fictional information (p24) represents this death through the eyes of the subject. This stress on linguistic impurity is central to my project. For example, the title of *Lusus Naturae* means freak of nature, while the word ‘Gwalia’ has ancient Latin associations with ‘foreigner’ or ‘stranger’. The short poem explores the way in which those who do not conform to conventional Welsh aesthetics are perceived through

the majority as strangers and, at worst, curiosities, within their home country. The Welsh poetic tradition is important because an exploration of its history reveals these connections that undermine an established perception of what it means to be Welsh.

Lusus Naturae wayless; enter

Fox, treadle forfex trod leiLXXII. (p133)

The inclusion of language such as ‘wayless’ suggests sea travel and the unruliness of waves. This draws attention to the challenges facing modern day immigrants as well as The Windrush generation. The fox is a native species, but its origins are from continental Europe. A ‘forfex’ is a pair of pincers, commonly associated with the appendages of an earwig, while ‘lei’ is a reference to flowers and non-native varieties that thrive in the British climate. The poem is opening the dialogue of the stranger. This dialogue, crossing cultural divides within Wales, is thus crucial to the closing poems in this collection, creating a new kind of poetic space where outsiders can feel at home as part of a transformed tradition.

The pedagogical methodology directly relates to the contextualisation of Welsh history, rejecting patriarchal and colonizing tendencies. This theme or aim runs through many of my poems in this collection. For example, many historians have concentrated on the concluding battles of Llywelyn ap Gruffydd against English rule rather than his atypical relationship with Eleanor de Montfort. He was an older husband who sired no illegitimate children; the fact that he signed away a large majority of his power and land in the Treaty of Aberconwy in 1277 in exchange for the safe return of his fiancée suggests the importance of de Montfort, as well as the existence of a domestic history masked by the conventional chronicle of battles. His resistance against English rule has been glorified in Wales. Statues<sup>83</sup> have been dedicated to his rebellious past in modern Wales. However, my research revealed a

---

<sup>83</sup> There is a statue designed by Toby and Gideon Peterson that has stood on a castle mound in Llandovery since 2001.



gap between officially sanctified and marginalised Welsh history, as well as a tension between victimhood and colonial aggression.

For example, *The Corpse Candle* focuses on the turbulent history of the Towy Valley alongside a tranquil depiction of Aberglasney Gardens. The following quote emphasises the way in which the project addresses this fictionalisation and victimisation of Welsh historical figures, by providing readers with an alternative history that has been marginalised by historians, reaffirming that medieval Wales was not a victim but rather had the military capability to threaten English rule. I have chosen specific events from Welsh history to counter prevalent and pernicious historical narratives.

Aberglasney Hill and the Battle of Coed Llathen, c.1257. Prince Edward suffered a defeat by Llywelyn ap Gruffydd's army. Roughly three thousand English soldiers were killed. Local myth says that anyone who lives in the shadow of the hill are cursed. Fields around the area are still referred to as 'Cae Tranc' which means 'field of vengeance' and 'Cae'r Ochain' which translates to 'groaning field'. (p42)

The marginalised fragments of history are condensed into terse footnotes. The collection then expands upon their narratives in the footnotes and notes at the end of each poem, stressing the complex and multivocal nature of history. Raymond Queneau considered the novel to be like an onion where readers could reveal its layers to gain a deeper insight into the text, and my desire was to do something similar in poetry.

There has been a revival of marginalised Welsh history by academics and poets that guided my interpretation of domestic and matriarchal Welsh history. For instance, the opening chapter concentrates on the twelfth century and the last Welsh princess of Wales – Princess Gwenllïan – and the aftermath that followed the death of her father at the Battle of Orewin Bridge, c.1282. The collection is an extension of this renewed focus and raises awareness of cultural identification in modern Wales through a re-examination of the past that reveals strong female voices who have adapted cynghanedd to destabilise and challenge communal and political conventions in a patriarchal environment. My focus on a female perspective links to my concern

with contemporary alienation, centring the poetry within a domestic environment where marginalised voices have been confined and must fight to be heard outside of their restrictive boundaries.

*The Lost Children* by Byron Rogers<sup>84</sup> and *The Works of Gwerful Mechain* by Katie Gramich<sup>85</sup> were very important to me in this sense. Here, history concentrates on raising awareness of the contribution of maternal and domestic perceptions that coexist alongside dominant masculine perspectives. These academic texts explore a sense of Welsh identification, interwoven with themes of oppression and apparent cultural purity. This is exemplified in the third chapter and historical information that concerns an eighteenth-century Welsh-fasting girl. Her biographical information is interrupted by cultural and political struggles of her time. The Welsh metrical tradition is important because it imitates this connection between identification and politics, especially during the medieval period. Readers thus learn about the way in which identification has been influenced by wider issues of environment and politics, contextualising Wales through a broad range of subjects.

*The Iron Giant: The industrial landscape of Wales (17<sup>th</sup>-18<sup>th</sup> century)* focuses on the death of Sarah Jacob. My key text for this chapter was *A Wonderful Little Girl – The True Story of Sarah Jacob, The Welsh Fasting Girl*<sup>86</sup> by Sian Busby. This drew attention to an election in England and Wales (November 1868) that allowed tenant farmers to vote for the first time. The system was corrupt. Landowners threatened eviction if their tenants did not vote for a Tory government (many tenants were Liberal). After this vote, tenant farmers quickly made the connection between their treatment by landowners and the treatment of Sarah by the English media which was damaging the respectability of the Jacob family. The plight of Sarah was employed as a symbol of Welsh oppression under English rule to further their agenda. The key text for this chapter emphasises the way in which Sarah deceived her rural community and seemingly more intimately associated with an English identification. The pedagogical function of the poem exposes the dishonesty of Welsh/English

---

<sup>84</sup> Byron Rogers, *The Lost Children* (Newton: Gwasg Gregynog, 2005).

<sup>85</sup> Gwerful Mechain, *The Works of Gwerful Mechain*, ed. and trans. by Katie Gramich (Canada, Ontario: Broadview Press Ltd, 2018).

<sup>86</sup> *A Wonderful Little Girl* (Sian Busby, *A Wonderful Little Girl – The True Story of Sarah Jacob, The Welsh Fasting Girl* (London: Short Books, 2004).

identification under English rule. Communities in Wales perceived England and the English-language to symbolise progress and opportunity. It is reasonable to assume through her interactions with English tourists and use of English in a predominately Welsh-speaking community that Sarah shared this view.

Princess Gwenllïan shares three cultural associations – religious, English and Welsh – while Gwerful Mechain in the following chapter is an atypical Welsh noblewoman with a secure identification. My belief is that the identification of Sarah Jacob prior to her popularity as a fasting-girl was Welsh. Her sense of belonging was influenced by her rural Welsh and religious family, her education and community. Her attempts to encourage her English audience as a fasting-girl, such as presenting herself as a bride and reading out poems in English, suggest to me that Sarah – like many other young Welsh people of that time – came to view England as a country of opportunity and escape from rural poverty. Sarah was bilingual. The book doesn't suggest why Sarah, the only one of her family, learnt to speak English years before she became bedridden. Busby suggests that this was guided by the increasing technological advancements of her time: the connection initiated by trains that enabled rural and urban communities a greater opportunity for travel. These advancements have a secure association with an English identification through commerce and British emigrants who settled in Wales. This also ties Sarah with a time where mass immigration influenced the industrial landscape of Wales that was experiencing a heightened political tension between England and Wales.

The pedagogical methodology contextualises the disingenuous nature of cultural identification. The collection encourages readers to eradicate their cultural animosity by employing differentiated and inquiry-based learning that reveals layers within a clandestine Welsh history. *Drowning Maggots from the Dog's Backbone* reimagines the narrative of Princess Gwenllïan at a time of her death as a middle-aged nun who had spent all her life at Sempringham Priory,

They p-e-e-l-e-d the crown do.wn; renown  
 qu<sup>i</sup>v<sup>e</sup>r<sup>s</sup> of pelt to fie<sup>LXXII</sup> heartfelt  
 ch-a-ste meat; neat one makes no one mistreat. (p38)

Gwenllian is a marginalised voice in Welsh history, and it is difficult to get access to information about her life and the fate of her male cousins. Her voice will not be heard in English-speaking education or during times of remembrance. It is only recently that Wales and Britain are realising the extent with which its history has been untold. Black British history is an excellent example of these buried histories, and the alienating effect that has on the diverse communities within the country. I have evidenced through the collection that the eradication of cultural animosity must be founded in knowledge and empowerment of all communities in Wales, and that their connection with Wales must be presented as equally important to ongoing conversations about Welsh identification.

Crucial to my poetry is therefore Welsh poetry written by immigrants who have settled in Wales, such as Lynette Roberts. The identification of Lynette Roberts encompasses her childhood in Argentina, creative instruction and association with Wales. In her *Collected Poems*<sup>87</sup> her modernist language is fused with scientific vocabulary and Welsh mythology that draws attention to Modernist art and geometric shapes, as shown in *Swansea Raid* with language such as, ‘collyrium sky’; ‘fine metallic hum’; ‘blade of magnetism’; ‘chemically washed’; and, ‘naphthalene air’. For instance, her reference to Maurice Maeterlinck – who wrote a play about children searching for happiness and eventually finding it in their back garden – draws attention to her demonstrative attachment with the village of Llanybri. My creative practise interweaves a broad range of identifications in Wales to represent the expressive nature of identification. This practise was inspired by the way in which Lynette Roberts employed a loose variation of *cynghanedd* and applied it to the looser rules of Expressionism that can be seen in the modernist language of her poetry about rural Wales during WWII.

This is echoed in my response to her poetry in the chapter, *The Triple Goddess: The coastal landscape of Wales (19<sup>th</sup> century)* (p71) where quotes – ‘slight turn of foot’ (p62) – from her poetry have been interwoven with a similar focus on revitalising

---

<sup>87</sup> Lynette Roberts, *God's with Stainless Ears* (London: Faber and Faber, 1951).

Lynette Roberts, *Collected Poems*, ed. by Patrick McGuinness (Manchester: Carcanet, 2005).

modernist language through science and nature. The collection regenerates a Welsh identification and the Welsh metrical tradition by coalescing the past with the present and its future potential. Lynette Roberts draws on the way in which science has impacted nature at a time of political instability – an instability which I would argue is also central to my own work. The language of chemistry and the vivid and unnatural colours that seem to impose itself on a rural environment reminds readers that this is a Wales at war (World War II). The interruptions from warplanes and clouds of steam from Swansea's smelting works are further evidence of a new age of technological warfare. The helpless observations of Lynette, and, at times, Rosie, show a community as small and insignificant as the worms and animals that help to break down a body and mind, – a construct that has influenced the character of The Entity – especially in the face of a greater national and international force that is exemplified through war.

Roberts also exploits the volatility and potential of language to expose a singular perspective that might be perceived as suspicious or insignificant by those searching for a secure Welsh identification. *Raw Salt in the Eye* (Lynette Roberts, 2005, p6-7) explores the way in which her identification is torn through persistent suspicion from within her rural community. This distrust was initiated by World War II, 'who would know' and 'yet I had need of both to prove my sting' expressing this sense of being an outsider. The colonial associations of Lynette Roberts and her family encourage her to explore the life of the stranger within a home environment. She regularly wore a scarlet cloak when out walking and made no attempt to learn Welsh, yet her poetry is evidence of a deep desire to belong to the community of Llanybri. Readers should be aware of the way in which Lynette Roberts intertwined her Argentine and Welsh identification that modernised the poetic language of the nineteenth century.

This application of contemporary vocabulary is exemplified in *Swansea Raid* (Lynette Roberts, 2005, pxix-xxi). For instance, 'collyrium sky', 'chemically washed Cu DH2' and 'cows returning to their sheds wear hides of cyanide blue' draw parallels with *The Wet Ones Who Lurched Cloistered Bubbles of Brine*,

Anthracite *sprightly* gold, neither in.cite

cer<sup>u</sup>.le<sub>an</sub> apatite<sup>LXXII</sup>; coral ne-ap<sup>LXXII</sup> taut  
 spoilt ne.r.eids, *so polite* near naos<sup>LXXII</sup>. (p76)

The context of this poem shares similarities with *Swansea Raid*. ‘Anthracite *sprightly* gold’ is a reference to the industrialisation of Wales that has contributed to global environmental issues and the national landscape. ‘CU DH2’ in *Swansea Raid* is a reference to the copper and smelting industry that was flourishing in Swansea during that time. The words ‘collyrium’ and ‘cyanide’ concentrates the poem on the local and global impact of the war. The sea is in the distance and represents the breath of space between her and Keidrych Rhys. It is also the sea that connects them and the brutality of warfare that they partake in through their gendered functions.

The words, ‘coral’, ‘cerulean apatite’, ‘nereids’ and ‘naos’ imitates a contemporary focus on modern concerns and vocabulary. This concentration replicates the employment of language in *Swansea Raid*. Reality is subverted through the application of mythology that shares an association with the past. Neptunian language and mythology – nereids are Greek mythical sea nymphs that assume the form of components that symbolise the sea such as foam or waves – draws attention to modern anxieties about the Welsh coastal environmental.

The poetry of Lynette Roberts also draws threads between the extravagant language of the Welsh twelfth century bards and their poetry. Her enthusiasm is evidenced in *Village Dialect*<sup>88</sup>, an essay written to raise awareness of its rules and history. These elements are continually drawn on throughout the collection to emphasise the way in which the past continues to inform the fluctuating identification of Wales. The pedagogical methodology exposes this connection through the poetry that gradually reveals the characteristics of *cynghanedd* to expand readers understanding of Wales, and the subsequent multinational voices within its history and literature.

The language of each chapter has been influenced by the vocabulary of its time. My application of scientific terminology directly responds to the creative work of

---

<sup>88</sup> Lynette Roberts, *Diaries, Letters and Recollections*, ed. by Patrick McGuinness (Manchester: Carcanet, 2008), p107.

Lynette Roberts and the increasing technological advancements of the twentieth century. The instability of identification is accentuated through the ways in which the coastal landscape of Wales has been impacted by a global cultural collaboration that originated from maritime trade. This establishes threads that have been broadened in subsequent chapters. The final chapter and the Windrush generation have a direct connection with the sea through its shared past. Roberts' poetry therefore provided one model of how to navigate this material. Equally important, however, is the idea of The Entity.

The term The Entity has been derived from Welsh history and mythology. The opening chapter introduces Princess Gwenllian and the history of her family that has been represented in glorified fragments or marginalised by modern historians. Her death in *Drowning Maggots from the Dog's Backbone* (p38) is not the end of her narrative in the collection. The symbolism associated with her name makes Princess Gwenllian an ideal figure for creative experimentation, because her voice has been lost to time. I essentially replicated my own journey to a stronger Welsh identification that was guided by my learning of cynghanedd. She is my voice that has been expanded to include a broad range of attitudes about identification from prejudice to tolerance, and it accepts that, like learning a craft, progress is circular rather than linear. There is a constant struggle to move forward and overcome engrained attitudes that have been implanted through misguided cultural intolerances that the collection reveals have been misrepresented in mainstream history.

There is no record of her own writing or voice except a signature that uses an anglicised version of her name, Wencilian. These fragments made it clear that Princess Gwenllian had little knowledge of her Welsh ancestry and what her role as the last Princess of Wales meant to Welsh autonomy. Her personality and identification are ambiguous and open to reinterpretation. So, I employed the character of Princess Gwenllian as a means of exploring attitudes present in modern Wales towards concerns about identification. These attitudes present the way in which someone struggling with their identification might undergo an experience of self-discovery and reinvention to reclaim their Welsh identification while challenging any outdated attitudes that might be preventing them from fully engaging and accepting the multinational history of Wales.

Princess Gwenllian is reincarnated as The Entity, an ambiguous mythical creature that opens the second chapter. It was pivotal that the nature of the creature was unpredictable with the capability for extreme and rapid violence. The fear instigated through the presence of The Entity imitates the fear of marginalised communities in Wales when walking outside of their home, unsure of the way in which people may respond to their presence. I imagined that if Princess Gwenllian was released during her lifetime and reclaimed her role as Princess of Wales, then she would have felt a sense of profound disquiet about modern Wales. The connection of this mythical creature to mythology emphasises an uncanny Welsh landscape that advances my use of modernist techniques in the collection. The Entity removes this distance between the emotional connection of the voices and the reader by immersing them in a subjective narrative that plunges readers into a sinister urban fantasy that borders reality.

The sensory components of the poetry encourage an emotional reaction from readers and offer an immediate, aural connection to the poetry rather than a first-person narrative, which was my intention for the character of The Entity. The narrative is prosodic in nature, but the language is lyrical and abstract. This language enhances the Expressionistic features of the collection by experiencing Wales through the subjective perspective of an unhinged and unearthly creature. Readers should not trust The Entity, and this mistrust encourages them to challenge outdated views on cultural identification that are presented through its narrative. They should also be able to relate to some, if not all, of the attitudes exhibited by the creature while it attempts to rediscover its position in a modern Welsh landscape. The journey it undertakes is a figurative and literal one, that begins with intolerance and cultural possessiveness situated in the Welsh countryside – a landscape often drawn on by English writers and Welsh writing in English to express a nostalgic view of Wales – and concludes with the outward-reaching landscape of the coast, and an awareness of the international connections of Wales. Princess Gwenllian is reincarnated as The Entity in order to undertake this journey that transverses time and landscape. The Entity experiences a reincarnation of its own through the decomposition of its body and mind that imitates the reconsideration of cultural identification that the collection emphasises through the poetry. This bodily and corporeal break down echoes the same self-discovery that someone struggling to reclaim their Welsh identification



while challenging any outdated attitudes might experience and overcome to fully engage with the multinational history of Wales.

The Entity relates to Welsh identification and modernist poetry through a creative practise known as Chronotope. The creature echoes the sensory components of the poetry that reveal the frustrations of marginalised communities in Wales; this shares an association with sound poetry and the academic work of Johanna Drucker that draws on the connection between the universal language of infancy and the way in which the expressions of children adapt to a communal environment. Chronotope is defined as a time and space unit in which time thickens to take on the characteristics of flesh. In the following quote, Johanna Drucker discusses the way in which an object can embody an expression of its own ideological assumptions that imitates my adaptation of *cynghanedd*,

[Discussing visual poetry] Even when the work of a poet apparently "refuses" to acknowledge this - as in the most ultra-conservative-traditional-pure-poetry-as-personal-voice-craft-form - the work remains a visual, graphically coded object. Its spaces can be described within a materially grounded form of inquiry, in a methodology of textual studies informed by media studies where each object is inevitably an embodied expression of its own ideological assumptions. (Johanna Drucker, 2005)<sup>89</sup>

A decomposition of the body focuses readers attention on the sensory components of the poetry where the emotional attachment commonly associated with a smell or texture draws on past experiences. This enhances my pedagogical methodology that employs a constructivist approach followed by a period of inquiry, reflection, and collaboration that takes place through the Welsh metrical tradition. I have used The Entity in my poetry to explore an expressive form of communication that is interwoven with Welsh identification explored through *cynghanedd* and the language of modernist poetry, influenced by Welsh literature that reveals a broad range of identifications.

---

<sup>89</sup> Johanna Drucker, 'Un-visual and Conceptual', *Open Letter*, 2005  
<[http://writing.upenn.edu/epc/authors/goldsmith/Goldsmith-Open\\_Letter.pdf](http://writing.upenn.edu/epc/authors/goldsmith/Goldsmith-Open_Letter.pdf)> [30.06.2020].

*Mae'r Môr yn Poeri Atom – a Fallible Hominid Portmanteau* (p144), 'Rue HIR.aeth; | eau, EAU...aur.ae he.arth, | eaux wr<sup>ith</sup>e, | I.xi.a<sup>LXXII</sup> wr<sup>ai</sup>th; | a.s.ea as a wreck, war.ble | oSe<sup>LXXII</sup> ease WRICK wirble<sup>LXXII</sup>', concentrates on a physical and expressive means of communication. It is animalistic and governed by instinct. International mythology and mythical creatures are presented as outsiders invading a sacred space, disfigured and terrifying.

The Entity writhes under its influence, belly flopping towards the succulent shade of a gnarled and aged oak tree. (opening page of chapter two, *Worrying Sheep*, p40)

This relates to the way in which the body has been employed in the collection to emphasise a fragmented Wales, while at the same time the Entity is portrayed as a living being focused on survival. The concentration on a body that breaks down only to be renewed demonstrates the way in which the Welsh metrical tradition made Wales come alive for me. I wanted to prompt readers to begin thinking of Wales as a body that is sentient and constantly adapting to its environment. Bodies can break down and repair themselves. There is an emphasis in the collection on decomposition and renewal. This revitalisation was pivotal to encourage readers to reconsider a Welsh identification that is accessible and open to adaptation.

The characteristics of The Entity that concentrate on a physical manifestation of the body overlap the academic work of Johanna Drucker. Her work analyses the way in which a semiotic infantile body communicates with those that have an established dominant language. This has associations with a pedagogical methodology that shares similarities to constructivism which is discussed by Johanna Drucker in a lecture in 2011,

My investigations of the construction of knowledge have also shifted from the old-fashioned ideas of structures on systems and knowing that has to do with somebody

here who knows something there to a constructivist position.<sup>90</sup> (Johanna Drucker, 2011)

A constructivist approach concentrates on the reactions of The Entity to the changing environment of modern Wales that has been informed by the past. A reader therefore commences the collection with predetermined assumptions regarding Welsh history and identification. The collection recognises that identification, but then exploits this space to expose a multicultural and modernist future unimpaired by cultural animosity. The Entity encompasses rudiments of oppression and revitalisation – ‘Beginning at the banks of a strawberry river, The Entity distinguishes unfamiliar gibberish’ (p111) – to explore an identification that is attached to history through its previous life as Princess Gwenllïan. In *Worrying Sheep: Gwerful Mechain and the country of Wales (14<sup>th</sup>-16<sup>th</sup> century)*, I write

Princes scatter like ricin, seeping through cracks in society of stoned mazes where mice dwell, lingering on the margins unsure of this new brand of *Master*. (p111)

The reiteration of history is a theme continued throughout the collection. This imitates the permanence of cynganedd by replicating an echoing characteristic of the metres. The relationship between craft and creative expression exhibited by The Poets of the Princes in the twelfth and thirteenth century has been adapted in my work to form a rudimentary pedagogical methodology, recommending the understanding of a craft and its history through the poetry that defined it. This provides readers with a means in which to contribute to the conversation, while the flexible creative expression of the craft allows for adaptation and experimentation through modernist poetic techniques and experiences.

The Entity reiterates an awareness of the body as a primary and primitive form of communication. It writhes, snarls and belly-flops its way through the collection. The

---

<sup>90</sup> Johanna Drucker, PennSound, ‘Johanna Drucker discusses aesthetics and materiality 1/2’, *Youtube*, 2011 [video] < <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pF25XJptbmU> > [27.06.2020].

academic work of Johanna Drucker exemplifies the range of ways in which the anatomical characteristics of The Entity has been employed to collaborate with the aesthetics of modern poetry,

Language is no longer merely a medium, but part of that cognitive informatics that subsumes human consciousness the way the alien energies absorbed the children's awareness in Arthur Clarke's *Childhood's End*. (Johanna Drucker, 2012, p9)<sup>91</sup>

The Entity thus in many ways imitates the functions of an infant. Its role in the collection is to exhibit the way in which language can be restructured to adapt and integrate an individuality with the dominant language of the immediate environment, a tension or conflict in the work between a bodily, somatic meaning and the received ideas of the dominant colonial culture. The Entity parallels the way in which I anticipate readers may break down preconceptions on language to rebuild it based on information in the prose sections. Sound elements that reinforce lexical sense are rejected in favour of a more expressive medium. Decomposition is a necessary requirement for revitalisation, suggesting the importance of accessing future potential of Wales through a shared somatic language. In this sense, the character of The Entity is represented as a sentient presence, and respiration is frequently alluded to throughout Its narrative. The following quote demonstrates the way in which respiration shares a secure association with identification and sound,

The Entity insufflates its trachea with asperous pandemonium that aerates with each pulse of blood. It's not dead. *Nid yw'n marw*. A dog mauls a bone as The Entity's maw lethargically anamorphosises into a simper, swelling to the sound of *hearth* oxidising outside stone walls. (p102)

---

<sup>91</sup> Johanna Drucker, 'Beyond Conceptualisms: Poetics After Critique and the End of the Individual Voice', *The Poetry Project Newsletter*, 2012  
 <[https://pages.gseis.ucla.edu/faculty/drucker/Paris/PoetryNewsletter\\_IndVoice.pdf](https://pages.gseis.ucla.edu/faculty/drucker/Paris/PoetryNewsletter_IndVoice.pdf)> [21.07.2020].

In the opening poem – *Llygodyn Fach* (p17) – the reader is confronted with a modernist poetic style that might initially alienate them from continuing to the end of the collection. Lines such as ‘O-ri-el WRECK, fleck steam FLAW’<sup>92</sup> where sound for its own sake becomes the principle expressive medium is contrasted with the elaborate language in the footnote. For instance,

My father spoke a blithe language of colour over a rickety crib. I felt its berth sway forcing nausea up a corrugated scalloped tube, bile exhausted me into sleep, perchance dreams are better than this gaunt glacial hinterland. (p17)

The collection utilises the spatial element of sound poetry. The breath between the text is explored through visual aspects, such as subscript and superscript to represent a voice that is gradually ascending and descending throughout the collection. The following lines from *Beams Relieving Chakora are Senescent* exhibit this spatial element through the employment of numerical language, subscript, superscript and italics. The inclusion of discourse analysis where the written and spoken language is studied in relation to its community context denaturalises the English language. This inclusion draws on the varied ways in which readers comprehend the relationship between words and the silence that interrupts them.

curb~̣~̣tie<sup>LXXII</sup> sun; a<sub>cer</sub>bate sin,  
 Io<sup>LXXII</sup>, orb *usque*<sup>LXXII</sup> a<sub>ra</sub>besque<sup>LXXII</sup>.  
*I* drails<sup>LXXII</sup> a<sub>pol</sub>une<sup>LXXII</sup>; dirls<sup>LXXII</sup> plane. (p139)

The inclusion of symbols that have been interwoven between the words imitate a cultural affiliation that guides readers interpretation of the poem. The reversed moon symbol references the Chakora in the poem. It is an Indian mythical bird that takes

---

<sup>92</sup> I employ textualization, widely recognised characters and font styles to show readers the way in which the poem could be read. This is dependent of the cultural associations that readers attach to those characters. I have employed them from a Western perspective where bold emphasises a word and subscript reduces a word to a whisper.

the form of a hybrid creature, crossed with a crow and a peasant. It consumes only fresh rainwater as it falls from the sky and resides on the moon. I was inspired by research into unfamiliar mythology and an exploration into international poetic measures and metre to exaggerate the perceived strangeness of these voices in Wales. The use of grammar such as, ‘~∩~’, Roman numerals, subscript and superscript is used to emphasise the strangeness or denaturalisation of the language for immigrants settling in Wales.

The denaturalisation of language is expressed through its relationship with unrequited love and unquenchable longing to belonging to someone. This yearning could be perceived as a pursuit for community. The connection between community and a multinational Wales is the way in which marginalised groups are assumed to be foreign in a place they call home. My image of Wales is a multicultural country that is inclusive of a broad range of identifications.

The prominence of ‘usque’ and ‘arabesque’ secure this ethereal association with the heavens. The denaturalisation of language distorts reality in a way that subverts the expectations of readers, the multisensory aspect of the poem providing a means of accessing while the written word has a historical depth that readers can explore through the pedagogical component of the collection.

Language in the collection is a waltz between history, poetry and cultural experience. The numerical language in the poem continually lures the reader back to the Welsh metrical tradition and ancient history of Wales. This directly references the influence of the Roman Empire and colonialism. The notes at the end of each poem have been employed to offer factual evidence on the poem and prose section. The information is not only a means of layering information for readers to peruse at their leisure; each section provides an insight into the history and inspiration that directed the poem. The quote below has been taken from the footnote of the above poem. It examines an Indian folktale that has been adapted through a Western perspective. This folktale emphasises the way in which conversations about multiculturalism has become stagnant in modern Wales.

The Princess ventured a pale white and blush gaze outward towards the edges of her kingdom. Her pearlescent eyes ethereal. Her speech intangible. The cat had not got her tongue, it had merely detained it. The tiger is prowling, a cautious paw padding alongside the strait. It potholes a swarm of blue bottles, turquoise in a bronzed summers glow. She felt the rush of wind cawing at her larynx and settling within her abdomen. There was nothing that hadn't been unsaid. (p139)

The footnote shares a connection with discourse analysis and the way in which the spatial element of poetry reveals its strength and meaning through silence. The poem employs this silence in a literal manner through blank spaces while the prose represents this through the protagonist of the folktale, a blind and mute Indian princess. The concluding chapter manipulates the harmonious nature of cynghanedd to draw attention to communities in modern Wales, interweaving cynghanedd with international poetic metres and measures to establish a disharmonious sound. The rules of each tradition are not followed exactly, but instead take on loose characteristics of each tradition. It is the absence of harmony that accentuates the multicultural struggle. The language of the concluding chapter demonstrates my work at its most abstract, but the quotes contextualises the narrative of each poem. *MaE ALCemI Rhyfedd yn EiN ClymuA PECuliAR AlcheMy TiEs uS* demonstrates the way in which difference stresses marginalised communities desperate to be listened to and involved in discussions on cultural identification,

Anomalistic argot; catalyse  
 gabble as homogenized shrieks.  
 Anglicise gas leaks; rupture squeaks,  
 alluviums that abscise  
 for nationalized rebellion, chastise  
 grief as womb oxidise, reek<sub>iss</sub>.  
 Troubled youth piques haggard techniques;  
*Wren* cusps its beak; she shakes the sky. (p146)

The meaning of ‘anomalistic’ is someone or something that does not fit or is peculiar to an environment. ‘Argot’ is slang for a specific class or group of people.

Immediately the poem is pointing out the differences between communities in modern Wales. The title contrasts this difference by physically tying the Welsh and English language. The denaturalisation of each language is continued in the title through capital letters that indicates stress in unusual and awkward places for the tongue to sound out. In astrology ‘cusp’ is an imaginary line that separates a pair of consecutive signs in the Zodiac, but the wren is ‘shaking the sky’ which implies that something strange and different is taking place to this separation. The poem attempts to reconcile voices through the physical tying of languages while acknowledging the distinctions within those language that require discussion for harmony to re-establish itself. Cultural tensions between countries continue to inform the attitudes of a modern generation without the benefit of context.

<sup>1</sup> ‘No matter what anybody is going to say, I’m a Jamaican Welshman, I’ve spent 58 years here and 24 in Jamaica.’

Direct quotations activate an interest with concepts of multiculturalism and identification with a modern readership. This relates to my work because The Entity is not an impartial and passive presence in the collection, but rather functions to represent a broad range of detrimental attitudes on cultural identification that have contributed to the exclusion of diverse communities in Wales.

The physically incarnate or embodied nature of The Entity also stresses a sense of political conflict In *Y Masnachwyr: The relationship between England and Wales (20<sup>th</sup> century)* tensions are revealed through animalistic language – ‘feathered claws clink on linoleum like glass slippers’ (p104) – linked to a concern with colonial oppression. This is evidenced in the evolution of a Welsh and English relationship<sup>93</sup>

---

<sup>93</sup> The opening chapter explores the loss of Welsh independence in 1282 and how it impacted the royal families of Wales. *The Iron Giant: The industrial landscape of Wales (17<sup>th</sup>-18<sup>th</sup> century)* considers the voting rights of tenant farmers. The fractious nature of a Welsh relationship with England has informed aspects of a modern identity that perceives itself – this can chiefly be seen



from the twelfth through to the twenty-first century. The employment of a carnal vocabulary situates Wales within a mammalian and muscular consciousness that is sentient and authoritarian. This revitalisation is emphasised by the opening quote of *Y Masnachwyr*,

Jimmy Jack:

‘Do you know the Greek word endogamein? It means to marry within the tribe. And the word exogamein means to marry outside the tribe. And you don’t cross those borders casually – both sides get very angry. Now the problem is this, Is Athene sufficiently mortal or am I sufficiently Godlike for this marriage to be acceptable to her people and to my people?’ (p102)

The quote exhibits the ways in which a threatening relationship with England has manifested itself in the communal and historical narrative of Wales. The Entity is torn between a need to protect Wales, and horror at how the landscape has been treated by the people. It is not a positive or negative presence, but rather it takes on the reactive characteristics of a child. Its views – like its identification – is continually developing through the collection. Caustic language is employed in the narrative of *The Entity* to explore this tension,

Molten slag vitiates its motivation, fizzling and spuming blackened cysts that loiter on the whitened tongue of its soldiers. The Entity is entrenched with hindsight that replays itself in reverse, escalating into oblivion. The curvaceous serpentine wreathed blossoms rust as paramnesia is distorted. The Entity stared down the luminous auriferous honeyed orbs of trolls that coruscated the skeleton of a monstrosity. (p55)

---

through a cultural focus on the preservation of the Welsh language – to be under threat from a dominate colonising force. This attitude is detrimental when exhibiting a modern Welsh identification that is often hyphenated in nature.

Ultimately The Entity is a means in which readers can explore and recognise attitudes within themselves – ‘coruscated the skeleton of a monstrosity’ – and their community. The aim of this recognition is to encourage readers to initiate positive change that has been informed by education and knowledge. The Entity is thus a catalyst that compels readers to ruminate upon their own relationship with Wales. The collection does not legitimise or validate exclusive or nativist attitudes but rather embodies a broad range of perspectives where these views are heard and acknowledged by an inclusive and balanced reaction.

The final poem of the collection *MaE ALCemI Rhyfedd yn EiN ClymuA PECuliAR AlcheMy TiEs uS* (p146) employs language to bridge and draw attention to the ways in which a reconsideration of identification in Wales does not threaten perceptions of Welshness but rather contributes to its future potential. For instance,

The Entity is frazzled with a leg cocked over the barrier of multiple ideals of Welshness. It's all a gabble of babbling sheep. Crows steal eyes and force blindness to characterise this dystopia as a desirable future. Babblings are shaping Cymru as bickering becomes a chorus, cascading down from above ambiguous heads. Worms had burrowed here long before any impact of their existence could be foreseen upon a land shaped by their gunnelling – under and over hill. (p147)

The collection raises awareness of the challenges facing modern Wales rather than offering a resolution. Indeed, the collection is in many ways intentionally antagonistic, in order to provoke a national discussion on the ways in which a cultural identification could be redefined to include marginalised communities in Wales. This relates to the project through its concentration on a nostalgic and outdated definition of a Welsh cultural identification. The pedagogical methodology draws on animalistic and muscular components to revitalise the ways in which readers engage with Welsh history. This engagement emphasises a consistently evolving country that is situated firmly within an international and technological identity.

Johanna Drucker draws on the ways in which the verbalisation of primitive and juvenile sound in modernist poetry shares an association with the language of children. This emphasises sound poetry as a universal means of communication.

I've moved from an interest in the notion of aesthetics per se as a kind of structuring set of principles whether they have to do with the understanding of perception or sensation... aesthetics as a set of principles for understanding and negation our own relationship to cultural objects and artefacts as well as ways of making speaking and being. (Johanna Drucker)<sup>94</sup>

This relates to the ways in which a modernist poetic style could transcend language barriers by adapting a widely recognised form of body language onto the page. *Little Mouse*, 'pry my spi<sub>der</sub> from spook l.a.ir, | se...<sub>ver</sub> eyes wi-th sil<sub>ver</sub> tail' (p25). This language is directed by the language of text and the ways in which a modern reader might recognise the cultural associations of the written language.

This draws on the guttural poetry of Jerome Rothenberg who stretches out sounds and spits them out in rapid succession to evoke an intense reaction from his audience. The following lines from his *Horse Song*<sup>95</sup> exhibit these guttural characteristics,

Hey heya yo oh ho | nice nice nice--it—is | when--they--dance--the--ladies—dance | our—mothers | gahnoweyah heyah | graceful it—is | nice nice nice--it—is.” (Jerome Rothenberg, n.d)

---

<sup>94</sup> Johanna Drucker, PennSound, 'Johanna Drucker discusses aesthetics and materiality 1/2', *Youtube*, 2011 [video] < <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pF25XJptbmU> > [27.06.2020].

<sup>95</sup> Jerome Rothenberg, 'Total Translation: An Experiment in the Translation of American Indian Poetry', *UBUWEB ETHNOPOETICS: DISCOURSE*, n.d  
<[http://www.ubu.com/ethno/discourses/rothenberg\\_total.html](http://www.ubu.com/ethno/discourses/rothenberg_total.html)> [04.08.2020].

The poem must be heard to appreciate its intensity in the way in which it was initially envisioned by the poet. *Y Môr Llaidd Crawlers* (p62) exhibits the way in which cynghanedd has been employed to exploit the aural physiognomy of poetry,

Natterjacks<sup>LXXII</sup>, fie Net t'er Jacks!

Capt'n quicks<sup>as</sup> captan<sup>LXXII</sup> quacks;

cricks<sup>echo through bemired</sup> cracks. (p62)

Cynghanedd becomes a means in which to access a modern Welsh identification through a guttural sound that rejects lexical sense. The application of a modernist sound can be employed to explore the limits of meaning through poetry. The poem shares parallels with the dynamic performances of bilingual poets, Twm Morys and Rhys Trimble, bridging traditional and modernist poetic methodologies and practises through a focus on a Welsh cultural identification.

After all, a concentration on the aural qualities of poetry shares similarities with ancient poetic traditions, rules that have been determined by the social vicissitudes that have occurred throughout Welsh history. This craft would be recognisable to a Welsh-speaking community but its adaptation into English removes it from an established cultural framework.

*Lusus Naturae* (p.85) is a clear example of cynghanedd where I have intentionally sacrificed meaning to adhere to this structure. This is because I wanted to emphasise the echo I have previously mentioned as well as the idea of voices screaming in the background. Its use of violent language helps to develop a tense atmosphere which is continued throughout the chapter. It is intended to replicate immigrants' feelings in Wales during the early twentieth century, a feeling of instability and fear. The following line exhibits characteristics of cynghanedd draws: 'Lusus Naturae | Lusus Naturae<sup>i</sup> wayless; enter | Fox, treadle forfox trod lei'. The stress in the line falls on the ultimate and penultimate syllables: 'NaTuRae | – eNTeR'. This is also shown in the repetition of 'TRDL' – 'TReaDL' – 'TRoDL' – where the stress falls on 'eadle' and 'odlei'.

The performance poetry of Jerome Rothenberg demonstrates the ways in which widely recognised sounds are distorted to provoke unpredictable reactions from an audience. His performances are an onslaught of verse and musical composition<sup>96</sup>.

The performance of his poem, *The First Horse Song*<sup>97</sup> draws on guttural noises. This modernist poetic style that concentrates on the voice heightens their impact by invoking emotions from an audience that seem out of context. It is difficult to replicate examples of his performance onto the page. An example of the ways in which I replicated a focus on sound is shown through the following lines of poetry from *The Sinuous Spindle of a Crab's Whiskers*, 'j<sup>erk</sup>ed and be<sup>lly</sup>-flop<sup>ped</sup>' (p74). The effect is often a recognisable structure glimpsed through a distorted perspective, guiding readers into an expeditionary form of learning that is directed by their own associations with sound.

Identification and sound are intimately connected and share a symbiotic relationship that is defined by cultural experience. Identification manifests itself through the materiality of sound that is sui generis of human development. The guttural voice of Jerome Rothenberg and the inharmonious undertones of the concluding chapter suggest a language restructuring itself through a fluctuating and precarious environment. The denaturalisation of the language is a means in which to emphasise sound as a defining feature of identification that can be adapted and experimented with to reconsider communication through creative expression.

Johanna Drucker analyses associations between language and child development from an early age. *The Art of the Written Image* draws on,

writing as a social system one partially gives up...only to acquire it again, as inevitably as one's body acquires a characteristic walk...while functioning according to the norms and expectations of one's cultural and social world. (Johanna Drucker, 1998)

---

<sup>96</sup> Jerome Rothenberg, Helena, 'Jerome Rothenberg Horse Songs – (1977)', *Youtube*, 2018 [video] <[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qTmsctQz\\_WE](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qTmsctQz_WE)> [05.06.2020].

<sup>97</sup> Ibid.

Here she considers the ways in which a child utilises its body to communicate complex requirements and imitate others in its community environment. It seems to me that her poetry centres on metamorphosis. *The Art of the Written Image*<sup>98</sup> introduced me to the phrase, imago<sup>99</sup>. The collection, chiefly the narrative of The Entity, takes on a metamorphosis that is rooted in Welsh history.

Maturity is attained by an understanding of identity and community structures, including the means by which to successfully navigate through this environment. For example,

The Entity haunts summer, crackling sea glass between nubs of decalcified teeth. Rapturous while a euphoric plague hits the mist net, gravitating to the tangle. The Entity pocketed a collection of harmonious voices that cantillate in a veracious style. Regressive and belligerent their vibrations rustle at the moon. (p71)

The ecdysis is the moulting of preconceived constructs that may have been indoctrinated into the individual during the instar process. Johanna Drucker considered the ‘written language as a materialisation of thought into form and form into history, culture, and record<sup>100</sup>’ (Johanna Drucker, 1998). This quote details how the ‘rhythmic passage of air through larynx and over the palate to be beaten by the tongue and pressed against the teeth<sup>101</sup>’ signifies a robust connection with the body.

This is directed by an individual’s physical and personal gratification that is at the same time focused on the formation of language, such as a baby blowing raspberries which is a pivotal development that contributes to lip tension that helps them to drink from a cup. The act of blowing these giggle-inducing bubbling, humming sounds is

---

<sup>98</sup> Johanna Drucker, *Figuring the Word: Essays on Books, Writing, and Visual Poetics*, (New York, USA: Granary Books, 1998).

<sup>99</sup> In biology, the imago is the last stage an insect attains during its metamorphosis, its process of growth and development; it also is called the imaginal stage, the stage in which the insect attains maturity. It follows the final ecdysis of the immature instars.

<sup>100</sup> Johanna Drucker, *Figuring the Word: Essays on Books, Writing, and Visual Poetics* (New York, USA: Granary Books, 1998).

<sup>101</sup> Ibid.

extremely pleasant for the child. The collection attempts to establish this playfulness with language and sound that readers would have had as a child. Children are more accepting of failure and eager to experiment. The process of writing cynghanedd in English was a series of failures and adapting experiments, but it also gave me an immense enjoyment and connection with sound. Each developmental stage is a progression that acknowledges an individual's mental and physical connection with their communal environment, driven by the necessity for communication.

Cynghanedd is an aural and tactile poetic tradition that emphasises the materiality of language. The replication of its characteristics in English emphasises this materiality that roughens texture and impedes flow. Dylan Thomas employed alliteration and consonance in his poetry for this reason ('And death shall have no dominion'<sup>102</sup> etc) and the same practices can be seen— albeit more intricately — in Lynette Roberts. The language of *Curlew* — in which a bird trapped in a room — 'explodes a chill sky croon | Wailing ... paling ... a desolate phantom'. This poem exhibits two characteristics of cynghanedd which are rhyme and consonantal repetition. The language of the poem that has a material quality places a focus on sound. The presence of rhyme suggests that the writer had some intention to encourage the tongues of readers to twist around each sound.

The materiality of language is also a specifically modernist poetic practise and part of its attempt to make language fresh, defined by the Russian Formalists — a movement that advocated a scientific and technical method for studying poetic language — and Viktor Schlovsky — a Russian and Soviet literary theorist, critic and writer heavily associated with Russian Formalism — who encouraged 'making the stone stony'<sup>103</sup>. The language in the poetry collection communicates layers of neurological sensations. This makes language an object, rather than the servant of the author or a frictionless transmission of ideas and images. It acquires a kind of agency

---

<sup>102</sup> Dylan Thomas, *The Collected Poems of Dylan Thomas: Centenary Edition*, ed. by Professor John Goodby (London: Orion Publishing, 2016).

<sup>103</sup> Viktor Shklovsky, 'Art, as Device', *Warwick University*, trans. by Alexandra Berlina, p.162, 2015 <[https://warwick.ac.uk/fac/arts/english/currentstudents/undergraduate/modules/fulllist/first/en122/lecturelist2017-18/art\\_as\\_device\\_2015.pdf](https://warwick.ac.uk/fac/arts/english/currentstudents/undergraduate/modules/fulllist/first/en122/lecturelist2017-18/art_as_device_2015.pdf)> [20.09.2019].

as a result. A modernists' aim is to make a reader relish language for its own sake (as in *Ulysses*<sup>104</sup>).

*The Wet Ones Who Lurched Cloistered Bubbles of Brine* – ‘Anthracite sprightly gold, neither in.cite | cer<sup>u</sup>.le.an apatite<sup>LXXII</sup>; coral ne-ap<sup>LXXII</sup> taut | spoilt ne.r.eids, so polite near naos<sup>LXXII</sup>’ (p76) – presents the idea of language as an object through the concentration of sensations (‘cerulean’ and ‘apatite’) and the visualisation of pigments represent a tempestuous physiological mindset. This attitude echoes the concerns of readers, chiefly those with a hyphenated identification. This focus on sound thus reclaims primitive language as a sustainable means of expressing the human experience through poetry.

I draw parallels between my research and this field by advancing a Welsh narrative that draws on an artistic bridging between literary and musical composition. Phonetic aspects of human speech are foregrounded in favour of conventional syntactic values, or, verse without words. Of course, verse must possess an ultimate meaning, otherwise genuine communication with an audience will not be established.

It is my hope that the historical connection gives form and meaning to the collection, advancing a style of poetry that samples Welsh history, literature and mythology and reimagines it through poetry in an ambitious redefinition of a traditional, and nationally recognisable, poetic sound. The educational component is central to this. It is not simply a reimagining of a familiar Welsh narrative<sup>105</sup>. It is a reaffirmation of previously neglected communities’ inclusion in modern Wales through a concentrated and comprehensive creative educational resource.

The experimentation of cynghanedd and its connection with music informed my presentation of the narratives in each chapter. Sound is employed to authenticate each narrative in innovative ways that centre on a modern Welsh cultural identification. Disturbed, frustrated and distorted voices reverberate throughout the collection. The poem *Caffeinated Decoction of Hiraeth* in the concluding chapter

---

<sup>104</sup> James Joyce, *Ulysses* (London: Penguin Modern Classics, 2000).

<sup>105</sup> There are a variety of adaptations that draw on epic and medieval Welsh poetry, including Welsh mythology, by modern poets. It seems to me that these are a bromidic reiteration of a compelling story through modern language.



interweaves sound to contrast with the harmonious structures of *cynghanedd* – ‘sempiternal<sup>LXXII</sup> vernal machine; | contracture<sup>LXXII</sup> and fracture tulle<sup>LXXII</sup>, (p131) – musicality imitating reality through a subjective focus on the emotional turbulence felt by immigrants in Wales in regards to cultural identification, an unbalanced and inharmonious explosion of noise.

## Conclusion

I hope that my work offers an innovative educational resource that interweaves modernist creative practises with a distinct pedagogical methodology, and in doing so, relates to wider issues regarding modern Welsh identification and the question of sound in poetry. Mererid Hopwood<sup>106</sup>, speaking at Hay Festival, notes:

The sharing is there for the taking. Learning a language at whatever stage in whatever capacity gives us a share of the memory that language holds and a share of the story... The etymology of Wales and the Welsh is traced back to the sense of foreign or other. This is clearly a label given to us by somebody else. You don't call yourself foreign if you're at home ... Being Welsh is not a question of who was here first, but *what* was here first, and who is here sharing it now. Sharing the story, sharing the memory. (Hopwood, 2020)

My work hopes to counter a contemporary sense of alienation by ‘sharing the memory’ of what it means to be Welsh, while simultaneously broadening the range of identifications. In this, my poetry seeks to authentically represent a modern Welsh identification defined by its multidimensional characteristics, contributing to a national conversation regarding tradition, transformation and identity.

Wales is not an isolated country. Its history includes exportation and importation through maritime and military trade, as well as postcolonial connections<sup>107</sup>. The collection explores a Welsh history that resists an idealistic representation of its

---

<sup>106</sup> Mererid Hopwood, Hay Festival, ‘What’s Wales in Welsh?’, Youtube, 2020 [video] <<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jIFuTf45jFQ>> [05.10.2020].

<sup>107</sup> The *Mimosa* (1847) and its voyage to Patagonia.

heritage, promoting a comprehensive understanding of Wales that avoids preconceptions of a simplistic nationalistic identification.

These ideas have also been informed by the *Independent Review of Curriculum and Assessment Arrangements in Wales* (Professor Graham Donaldson, 2015)<sup>108</sup>; *An independent report for the Welsh Government into Arts in Education in the schools of Wales* (National Assemblée for Wales, 2017)<sup>109</sup>; and, *Teaching of Welsh History* (National Assemblée for Wales, 2019)<sup>110</sup>. These Governmental documents helped me position my poetry within a wider pedagogical discussion regarding Welshness and Welsh identification. My intention throughout was to direct my research through these channels where I feel it could be employed on a national level to authentically represent a modern Welsh identification. This comes at a time of enormous political, cultural and economic change in Wales where reformation is already being exploited to navigate the EU referendum vote of 2016 and an acute awareness of racial inequality. I therefore feel it is vital, as a poet, to be part of the conversation.

The collection challenges readers by drawing them into unfamiliar territory and asking them to step outside the boundaries of strict, nationalist forms, while at the same time refusing to perpetuate a simplified history that either focuses on Wales as a victim of oppression, or as a bystander to the cruelty of the British Empire. In this sense, the advocacy of craft that is expressed through the poetry is an act of reclamation, a reclamation of marginalised voices, and thereby an understanding of trans-national identity.

In the collection, distinctive voices scream from within the restrictions of respected poetic measures and metres, an inharmonious chorus desperate to be heard. My ambition throughout was to remind readers of multicultural communities and global

---

<sup>108</sup> Professor Graham Donaldson CB, 'Successful Futures: Independent Review of Curriculum and Assessment Arrangements in Wales', *Welsh Government*, 2015  
<<https://gov.wales/sites/default/files/publications/2018-03/successful-futures-a-summary-of-professor-graham-donaldsons-report.pdf>> [06.08.2020].

<sup>109</sup> Welsh Government, *Independent Review of Support for Publishing and Literature in Wales* (Cardiff: Welsh Government, 2017), pp1-86.

<sup>110</sup> Welsh Government, 'Teaching of Welsh History', National Assemblée for Wales, Culture, Welsh Language and Communications Committee, 2019 <<https://senedd.wales/laid%20documents/cr-ld12870/cr-ld12870%20-e.pdf>> [06.08.2020].

connections, building a path towards a more tolerant and knowledgeable Wales possessing an identity outside of Westminster. My poetry contributes to current discussions on cultural identification and representation in Wales demanding educational reform and substantial cultural transformation, influencing the ways in which the nation could offer a broad representation that could contribute to an authentic portrayal of the diverse – and hyphenated – identities in modern Wales.

I wanted to draw attention to the way in which an individual, subject to persistent and aggressive discrimination, might be impacted by an environment that deliberately ostracises and mutes them. This idea of silence as a culturally accepted norm, fuelled my motivation for writing the poetry, as well as contributing to the intellectual ideas underpinning this commentary.

The intention of the thesis throughout is to contribute to sustained cultural reformation through the reconsideration of the ways in which Welsh history is represented and taught to an English-speaking readership. As such, the thesis seeks to contribute to sustained cultural reformation via a dynamic conversation that does not mute or disregard multicultural communities in Wales, but rather embraces diversity, change and transformation.

## Glossary

- Caesura – a break within words of a metrical foot; also, a musical break between bars.
- Cerdd dafod – Welsh for ‘craft of the tongue’. The term refers to the Welsh metrical tradition.
- Cynghanedd – Welsh for ‘chiming’. This term refers to the four Welsh metres: cynghanedd lusk, draws, sain and groes.
- Russian Formalism – Russian formalism employs a scientific method for studying poetic language.
- Welsh writing in English – this phrase covers all aspects of Welsh writing in English. This is inclusive of English-language writers who share Welsh ancestry or wrote extensively about Wales.

## Bibliography

### Academic Books

Alan Llwyd, Roy Stephens, *Yr Odliadur Newydd* (Ceredigion: Gomer Press, 2008).

Alex Preminger, T.V.F Brogan e.d, *The New Princeton Encyclopedia of Poetry and Poetics* (New Jersey: Princeton University Press, 1993).

Andy Griffiths, Mark Burns, *Outstanding Teaching: Engaging Learners* (Carmarthen: Crown House Publishing, 2012).

Alice Entwistle, *In Her Own Words: Women Talking Poetry and Wales* (Bridgend: Seren, 2014).

Byron Rogers, *The Lost Children* (Newtown: Gwasg Gregynog, 2005).

Cameroon Anthology by Writers of Wales and Cameroon, *Nobody's Perfect: Refugees Writing in Wales – 2*, ed. by Eric Ngalle Charles, Tom Cheesman and Sylvie Hoffman (Swansea: Hafan Books, 2004).

D. Idwal Lloyd, *Celtic Word Craft* (London: Dyllansow Truran Cornish Publications, 1985).

Dr. Gweneth Lilly, *Gilbert and Gwenllian: The story of a nun's life at Sempringham* (Conwy: The Princess Gwenllian Society, 2008).

Dr Siriol McAvoy, *Locating Lynette Roberts: 'Always observant and slightly obscure'* (Cardiff: University of Wales Press, 2019).

Eric Ngalle Charles, *Asylum* (Swansea: Hafan Books, 2016).

François Le Lionnais, *LIPO: First Manifesto and Second Manifesto*, trans. by Harry Matthews and Iain White, ed. by Warren Motte (London: Atlas Press, 1995).

Glyn Jones, *The Dragon has Two Tongues* (London: J.M Dent and Sons LTD, 1968).

Gwerful Mechain, *The Works of Gwerful Mechain*, ed. and trans. by Katie Gramich, (Canada, Ontario: Broadview Press Ltd, 2018).

Gwyneth Tyson Roberts, *The Language of the Blue Books: Wales and Colonial Prejudice*, 2nd edn (Cardiff: University of Wales Press, 2011).

H.I. Bell, *The Development of Welsh Poetry* (Oxford: Oxford at the Clarendon Press, 1936).

Howard Huws, *Compact Wales: Welsh Poetry and Musical Metre* (Llanrwst: Carreg Gwalch, 2017).

Johanna Drucker, *Figuring the Word: Essays on Books: Writing, and Visual Poetics* (New York, USA: Granary Books, 1998).

John Gibson and Wolfgang Huemer, *The Literary Wittgenstein* (London: Routledge, 2004), pp.34-54.

Ouvroir de Litterature Potentiale, *Oulipo: A Primer for Potential Literature*, ed. by W.Motte, ed. and trans. by W.F Motte JR (Illinois, USA: Dalkey Archive Press, 2015).

Lady Charlotte Guest, *The Mabinogion*, illus. by Alan Lee (London: Voyager, 2000).

Laura Wainwright, *New Territories in Modernism: Anglo-Welsh Writing 1930 – 1949* (Cardiff: University of Wales Press, 2018).

Lynette Roberts, *Diaries, Letters and Recollections*, ed. by Patrick McGuinness (Manchester: Carcanet, 2008).

Mererid Hopwood, *Singing in Chains: Listening to Welsh Verse*, 2nd edn (Ceredigion: Gomer Press, 2017).

Thomas Dilworth, *David Jones: Engraver, Soldier, Painter, Poet* (London: Vintage Penguin, 2019).

Tony Conran, *Welsh Verse* (Bridgend: Seren, 2017).

## Articles

Anonymous, 'A New Nation (part 2)', *BBC History*, 2014

<[http://www.bbc.co.uk/wales/history/sites/themes/guide/ch22\\_part2\\_a\\_new\\_nation.shtml](http://www.bbc.co.uk/wales/history/sites/themes/guide/ch22_part2_a_new_nation.shtml)> [03.13.2019].

Ashitha Nagesh, 'Is this what BAME people have to look forward to post-Brexit', *Metro*, 2016 <<https://metro.co.uk/2016/06/25/is-this-what-bame-people-have-to-look-forward-to-post-brexit-5965720/>> [14.03.2019].

Caleb Spencer, 'Islamophobia: The Muslim family who 'ran away' from abuse', *BBC Wales*, 2019 <<https://www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-wales-46990722>> [16.03.2019].

Choi. Q Charles, 'Living Science. Tiny Window in Real Mice Shows Cancer Spread in Real-Time', *Live Science*, 2012 <<https://www.livescience.com/24432-window-mice-cancer-spread.html>> [13.03.2019].

Eric Ngalle Charles, 'My Story: Eric Ngalle Charles', *MOAS*, n.d <<https://www.moas.eu/story-eric-ngalle-charles/>> [03.13.2019].

Gwyneth Lewis, 'Extreme Welsh Metre', *Poetry Foundation*, 2014 <<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poetrymagazine/articles/70172/extreme-welsh-meter>> [06.20.2018].

Jon Gower, 'Library of Wales: The Dark Philosophers by Gwyn Thomas', *Wales Arts Review*, 2012 <<https://www.walesartsreview.org/the-library-of-wales-the-dark-philosophers-by-gwyn-thomas/>> [11.04.2019].

Lesley Duncan, 'The Bonnie Broukit Bairn', *The Herald*, 2012 <[https://www.heraldscotland.com/arts\\_ents/13049830.the-bonnie-broukit-bairn/](https://www.heraldscotland.com/arts_ents/13049830.the-bonnie-broukit-bairn/)> [02.16.2019].

Lydia Smith, 'Men are attacking women and cutting off their hair in India', *Independent*, 2017 <<https://www.independent.co.uk/news/world/asia/men-attack-women-cut-hair-chop-braids-india-kashmir-a8011406.html>> [13.03.2019].

Paul Pigott, 'How Windrush generation in Wales overcame discrimination', *BBC News*, 2018 <<https://www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-wales-45221305>> [18.09.2019].

Philip Case, 'Sheep industry's anger at footage of shearing abuse', *Farmers Weekly*, 2018 <<https://www.fwi.co.uk/livestock/sheep-industry-s-anger-at-footage-of-sheering-abuse>>f [13.03.2019].

Rhea Seren Phillips, 'How the Welsh developed their own form of poetry', *The Conversation*, 2017 <<https://theconversation.com/how-the-welsh-developed-their-own-form-of-poetry-73299>> [06.03.2018].

Rhea Seren Phillips, 'How ancient poetry could help Wales understand its modern cultural identity', *The Conversation*, 2018 <<https://theconversation.com/how-ancient-poetry-could-help-wales-understand-its-modern-cultural-identity-86948>> [06.03.2018].

Saunders Lewis, 'The Fate of the Language', *BBC Radio Lecture*, trans. by Aled Williams, 1962 <<https://morris.cymru/testun/saunders-lewis-fate-of-the-language.html>> [29.02.2019].

Twm Morys, 'A Poet Introduces a Welsh Metrical Tradition', *Brunel University, London*, n.d <<https://www.brunel.ac.uk/creative-writing/research/entertext/documents/entertext022/Twm-Morys-Cerdd-Dafod-A-Poet-Introduces-a-Welsh-Metrical-Tradition.pdf>> [06.03.2019].

Walford, J, 'The gut-wrenching stories of the brave young refugees who fled their countries and made Wales their new home', *Wales Online*, 2018 <<https://www.walesonline.co.uk/news/wales-news/gut-wrenching-stories-brave-young-14810269>> [18.09.2019].

## Audio

Mab Jones, 'Seriously: Hiraeth', *BBC Radio 4*, 2017 <<http://www.bbc.co.uk/programmes/p04kk8mg>> [06.04.2017].

Twm Morys, 'To Rhyme and Chime for a Chair', *BBC Radio Wales*, 2018 <<https://www.bbc.co.uk/programmes/b0b1pthy>> [12.05.2018].



## Miscellaneous

Brian Friel, *Translations* (London: Faber and Faber, 2012).

Herbert Williams, *Welsh Voices: The Century Speaks* (Cheltenham: The History Press, 1999).

Neil Gaiman, *Cinnamon*, illus. by Divya Srinivasan (London: Bloomsbury Publishing, 2017).

Mira Schor, *Personal Writing*, 1994, oil on linen, 12” x 16” each panel.

Sian Busby, *A Wonderful Little Girl – The True Story of Sarah Jacob, The Welsh Fasting Girl* (London: Short Books, 2004).

## Novels

Bertha Thomas, *Stranger within the Gates*, ed. by Kirsti Bohata (Aberystwyth: Honno Classics, 2008).

BSSA, *New King James Holy Bible* (Swindon: Bible Society, 2012).

Caradoc Evans, *My People* (Bridgend: Seren, 1995).

Caradoc Evans, *Capel Sion* (Bridgend: Seren, 2002).

Charlotte Williams, *Sugar and Slate*, UK edn (Northbridge: Planet Books, 2002).

Dylan Thomas, *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Dog* (London: J.M Dent and Sons Ltd, 1971).

Gwyn Thomas, *Library of Wales: Oscar* (Swansea: Parthian Books, 2014).

Gwyn Thomas, *Library of Wales: The Dark Philosophers* (Swansea: Parthian, 2014).

Margiad Evans, *Country Dance* (Swansea: Parthian, 2006).

Menna Gallie, *The Small Mine* (Aberystwyth: Honno Classics, 2010).

Niall Griffiths, *Sheepshagger* (London: Vintage Publishing, 2002).

Vladimir Nabokov, *Lolita* (London: Penguin Books Ltd, 2015).

### **Poetry Books**

Alfred Tennyson, *Poems of 1842*, ed. by Christopher Ricks, new ed. (London: Trans-Atlantic Publications, 1975).

Anamaria Serrano Crowe, *On words and Up words* (Northumberland: Shearsman Books Ltd, 2016).

Aneirin, William Skene, *Y Gododdin: Forgotten Books* (London: Forgotten Books, 2007).

Aneirin, A.O.H. Jarman, *Y Gododdin* (Ceredigion: Gomer, 1988).

Austin Clark, *Old-Fashioned Pilgrimage and Other Poems* (Dublin: The Dolmen Press Limited, 1967).

Cameroon Anthology by Writers of Wales and Cameroon, *Hiraeth Erzolirzoli: Wales – Cameroon Anthology*, ed. by Eric Ngalle Charles (Swansea: Hafan Books, 2018).

David Greenslade, *Each Broken Object* (Reading: Two Rivers Press, 2000).

David Jones, *In Parenthesis* (London: Faber and Faber, 2010).

Dafydd ap Gwilym, *A House of Leaves. Selected poems of Dafydd ap Gwilym*, ed. by David Rowe (Gwynedd: Gweithdy'r Gair, 1995).

Dylan Thomas, *The Collected Poems of Dylan Thomas: Centenary Edition*, ed. by Professor John Goodby (London: Orion Publishing, 2016).

Dylan Thomas, *Fern Hill – Phoenix 60p Paperbacks* (London: Orion Publishing Group, 1995).

Elisabeth Bletsoe, *Pharmacopœia and Early Selected Work* (Northumberland: Shearsman Books Ltd, 2010).

Emily Blewitt, *This is Not a Rescue* (Bridgend: Seren, 2017).

Erza Pound, *Selected Poem 1908 – 1969* (London: Faber and Faber, 1977).

Gwyneth Lewis, *Sparrow Tree* (Northumberland: Bloodaxe Books, 2011).

Harriet Tarlo, *The Ground of Aslant* (Northumberland: Shearsman Books, 2011).

Hugh MacDiarmid, *Sangschaw* (London: Blackwood, 1925).

Ian Davidson, *At a Stretch* (Northumberland: Shearsman Books Ltd, 2004).

James Joyce, *Ulysses* (London: Penguin Modern Classics, 2000).

John Goodby, *The No Breath* (New Mills: The Red Ceilings Press, 2017).

Keidrych Rhys, *The Van Pool and Other Poems* (London: Routledge and Sons Ltd, 1942).

Lynette Roberts, *Collected Poems*, ed. by Patrick McGuinness (Manchester: Carcanet, 2005).

Lynette Roberts, *God's with Stainless Ears* (London: Faber and Faber, 1951).

Lyndon Davies, *Shield* (Swansea: Parthian, 2010).

Mary Tighe, *The Collected Poetry of Mary Tighe*, ed. by Paula Feldman (Maryland, USA: John Hopkins University Press, 2016).

Natalie Ann Holborow, *And Suddenly You Find Yourself* (Swansea: Parthian, 2017).

Nia Davies, *All Fours* (Northumberland: Bloodaxe Books Ltd, 2017).

Nia Davies, *Cekoslovakyalilastiramadiklarimizdanmisiniz or Long Words* (Swansea: Boiled String Poetry Pamphlets, 2016).

Nia Davies, *England* (London: Crater Press, 2016).

Nerys Williams, *Sound Archive* (Bridgend: Seren, 2011).

Nigel Jenkins, *Hotel Gwales* (Ceredigion: Gwasg Gomer, 2006).

Peter Finch, *Poems for Ghosts* (Bridgend: Seren, 1991).

Raymond Garlick, *Collected Poems 1946-86* (Ceredigion: Gomer, 1987).

Rhian Saadat, *Window Dressing for Hermès* (Swansea: Parthian, 2004).

Rhys Trimble, *Hexerisk* (Newton-le-Willows: Knives, Forks and Spoons Press, 2014).

Simon Armitage, *Pearl* (London: Faber and Faber, 2016).

Sophie McKeand, *Rebel Sun* (Swansea: Parthian, 2017).

Tony Conran, *Welsh Verse: Fourteen Centuries of Poetry* (Bridgend: Seren, 2017).

Tony Conran, *Eros Proposes a Toast* (Bridgend: Seren, 1998).

Tony Conran, *The Red Sap of Love: Collected Lyrics 1951 – 2000* (Llanrwst: Gwasg Carreg Gwalch, 2006).

Tony Conran, *What Brings you here so Late?* (Llanrwst: Gwasg Carreg Gwalch, 2008).

Tony Conran, *Branwen* (Llanrwst: Gwasg Carreg Gwalch, 2003).

Tony Conran, *The Shape of my Country* (Llanrwst: Gwasg Carreg Gwalch, 2004).

T.S Eliot, *The Waste Land and Other Poems* (London: Faber and Faber, 1995).

Welsh and Welsh-Connect Poets, *The Edge of Necessary: Welsh Innovative Poetry 1966 – 2018*, ed. by Professor John Goodby and Lyndon Davies (Swansea and Llangattock: Boiled String and Aquifer Press, 2018).

Wendy Mulford, *The Land Between* (East Sussex: Reality Street, 2009).

William Wordsworth, *The Collected Poems of William Wordsworth*, ed. by Antonia Till (Hertfordshire: Wordsworth Edition Ltd, 1994).

Zoe Skoulding, *Remains of a Future City* (Bridgend: Seren, 2008).

### **Poetry Journals and Magazines**

Kyoko Arai, 'How Can We Translate Invisible Constituents in Haiku? The Translation of Poetic Ellipsis' (Toyoko, Japan: Translation Ireland, Volume 19, number 1, 2013) pp.65-76.

Chris Torrance, Lynette Roberts, *Poetry Wales*, Vol 19, Issue No.2 (1983).

### **Lectures**

G.E Daniel, *Sir John Rhŷs Memorial Lecture: 'Who are the Welsh?'* (London: The British Academy, 1954).

H.I Bell, *Sir John Rhŷs Memorial Lecture: The Welsh Literary Renaissance of the Twentieth Century* (London: The British Academy, 1953).

L.J Jones, *Sir John Rhŷs Memorial Lecture: The Court Poets of the Welsh Princes* (London: The British Academy, 1948).

T.H Parry-Williams, *Sir John Rhŷs Memorial Lecture: Welsh Poetic Diction* (London: The British Academy, 1946).

T Parry, *Sir John Rhŷs Memorial Lecture: The Welsh Metrical Treatise attributed to Einion Offeiriad* (London: The British Academy, 1961).

### **Reports**

Welsh Government, *Independent Review of Support for Publishing and Literature in Wales* (Cardiff: Welsh Government, 2017), pp.1-86.

## Websites and News Articles

Anna Aslanyan, 'Academy of intellectual scorn: The Oulipo group, who freed themselves by inventing rules', *TLS*, 2020 < <https://www.the-tls.co.uk/articles/the-penguin-book-of-oulipo-book-review-anna-aslanyan/> > [18.06.2020].

Anonymous, 'Treacherous Blue Books Online', *BBC Wales*, 2005  
<<http://news.bbc.co.uk/1/hi/wales/mid/4555702.stm>> [20.09.2019].

Anonymous, 'Religious hate crime: Rise in offences recorded by police', *BBC Wales*, 2018 <<https://www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-45874265>> [03.13.2019].

Cathy Weselby, 'What is Differentiated Instruction? Examples of How to Differentiate Instruction in the Classroom', *Resilient Educator*, 2020  
<<https://resilienteducator.com/classroom-resources/examples-of-differentiated-instruction/>> [05.06.2020].

*CHILD1ST PUBLICATIONS, LLC*, '16 Characteristics of Kinesthetic and Tactile Learners', *CHILD1ST PUBLICATIONS, LLC*, 2019  
<<https://child1st.com/blogs/resources/113559047-16-characteristics-of-kinesthetic-and-tactile-learners>> [05.06.2020].

Daniel.G, Williams, 'Your Multicultural Nation is not Necessarily Mine', *iwa*, 2012  
<<https://www.iwa.wales/agenda/2012/11/your-multicultural-nation-is-not-necessarily-mine/>> [09.06.2020].

Dyer, J, 'The Country Walk', *Poetry Nook*, line number 126, n.d  
<<https://www.poetrynook.com/poem/country-walk>> [17.09.2019].

Dylan Thomas, 'And death shall have no dominion', *poets.org*, n.d  
<<https://poets.org/poem/and-death-shall-have-no-dominion>> [19.09.2019].

Dylan Thomas, 'I dreamed my genesis', *Poetry Hunter*, n.d  
<<https://www.poemhunter.com/poem/i-dreamed-my-genesis/>> [20.09.2019].

Dylan Thomas, 'On no work of words', *English Poetry*, line number 7, n.d  
<<https://engpoetry.com/dylan-thomas/on-no-work-of-words/>> [20.09.2019].

Erza Pound, 'The Seafarer', *Poetry Foundation*, n.d  
 <<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/44917/the-seafarer>> [20.09.2019].

Fiona Macmillian, 'Kinesthetic learner characteristics: what are they?', Engage Education, 2018 <<https://engage-education.com/aus/blog/kinesthetic-learner-characteristics-what-are-they/#!>> [05.06.2020].

Gillian Clarke, 'Why Dylan Thomas deserves his international Day', *The Guardian*, 2015 <<https://www.theguardian.com/books/booksblog/2015/may/14/why-dylan-thomas-deserves-his-international-day>> [21.05.2019].

Gillian Kidman, 'Explainer: what is inquiry-based learning and how does it help prepare children for the real world?', *The Conversation*, 2019  
 <<https://theconversation.com/explainer-what-is-inquiry-based-learning-and-how-does-it-help-prepare-children-for-the-real-world-115299>> [05.06.2020].

Heather Wolpert-Gawron, 'What the Heck Is Inquiry-Based Learning?', *Edutopia*, 2016 <<https://www.edutopia.org/blog/what-heck-inquiry-based-learning-heather-wolpert-gawron>> [05.06.2020].

Hugh MacDiarmid, 'The Bonnie Broukit Bairn', *Scottish Poetry Library*, line number 3, n.d <<http://www.scottishpoetrylibrary.org.uk/poem/bonnie-broukit-bairn/>> [18.09.2019].

Huw Williams, 'Articulating a Welsh multiculturalism', *iwa*, 2015  
 <<https://www.iwa.wales/agenda/2015/09/articulating-a-welsh-multiculturalism/>> [09.06.2020].

Jerome Rothenberg, 'Total Translation: An Experiment in the Translation of American Indian Poetry', *UBUWEB ETHNOPOETICS: DISCOURSE*, n.d  
 <[http://www.ubu.com/ethno/discourses/rothenberg\\_total.html](http://www.ubu.com/ethno/discourses/rothenberg_total.html)> [04.08.2020].

John Milton, 'Lycidas', *Poetry Foundation*, line number 131, n.d  
 <<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/44733/lycidas>> [19.09.2019].

Johanna Drucker, 'Un-visual and Conceptual', *Open Letter*, 2005  
 <[http://writing.upenn.edu/epc/authors/goldsmith/Goldsmith-Open\\_Letter.pdf](http://writing.upenn.edu/epc/authors/goldsmith/Goldsmith-Open_Letter.pdf)>  
 [30.06.2020].

Johanna Drucker, 'Beyond Conceptualisms: Poetics After Critique and the End of the Individual Voice', *The Poetry Project Newsletter*, 2012  
 <[https://pages.gseis.ucla.edu/faculty/drucker/Paris/PoetryNewsletter\\_IndVoice.pdf](https://pages.gseis.ucla.edu/faculty/drucker/Paris/PoetryNewsletter_IndVoice.pdf)>  
 [21.07.2020].

Jude Rogers, 'Patagonia: a small slice of Wales in South America', *About Wales*, n.d  
 <<https://www.wales.com/about/language/history-welsh-people-patagonia>>  
 [14.07.2020].

Kelly Roell, 'The Kinesthetic Learning Style: Traits and Study Strategies', *ThoughtCo*, 2018 <<https://www.thoughtco.com/the-kinesthetic-learning-style-3212046>> [05.06.2020].

Laura Robb, 'What Is Differentiated Instruction?', *Scholastic 100*, 2020  
 <<https://www.scholastic.com/teachers/articles/teaching-content/what-differentiated-instruction/>> [05.06.2020].

Marjorie Perloff, 'Living in the Same Place: The Old Mono-Nationalism and the New Comparative Literature', *Marjorie Perloff*, 1995  
 <<http://marjorieperloff.blog/essays/mono-nationalism/>> [01.07.2020].

Marcus Guido, 'What Is Inquiry-Based Learning: 7 Benefits & Strategies You Need to Know', *Prodigy*, 2017 <<https://www.prodigygame.com/blog/inquiry-based-learning-definition-benefits-strategies/>> [05.06.2020].

Marcus Guido, '20 Differentiated Instruction Strategies and Examples [+ Downloadable List]', *Prodigy*, 2016  
 <<https://www.prodigygame.com/blog/differentiated-instruction-strategies-examples-download/>> [05.06.2020].

Michael Long, 'Rats Build Their Labyrinth: Oulipo in the 21st Century', *HYPERALLERGIC*, 2015 <<https://hyperallergic.com/206802/rats-build-their-labyrinth-oulipo-in-the-21st-century/>> [01.07.2020].



Professor Graham Donaldson CB, ‘Successful Futures: Independent Review of Circirculum and Assessment Arrangements in Wales’, *Welsh Government*, 2015  
<<https://gov.wales/sites/default/files/publications/2018-03/succesful-futures-a-summary-of-professor-graham-donaldsons-report.pdf>> [06.08.2020].

Terry Heick, ‘4 Phases Of Inquiry-Based Learning: A Guide For Teachers’, *teachthought We Grow Teachers*, 2019 <<https://www.teachthought.com/pedagogy/4-phases-inquiry-based-learning-guide-teachers/>> [05.06.2020].

Todd Finley, ‘Teaching a Class With Big Ability Differences’, *Edutopia*, 2017  
<<https://www.edutopia.org/article/teaching-class-big-ability-differences-todd-finley>> [05.06.2020].

Tudur Hallam, ‘“Curse, bless, me now”: Dylan Thomas and Saunders Lewis’, *British Academy, London*, 2015  
<<https://www.thebritishacademy.ac.uk/sites/default/files/09%20Hallam%201817.pdf>> [21.05.2019].

Rhea Seren Phillips, ‘Grandiloquent Wretches: a poetry project exploring the cultural identity of modern Wales’, *Word Press*, 2018  
<<https://grandiloquentwretch.wordpress.com/>> [13.03.2019].

SJ.Fowler, ‘Maintenant #99 – Rhys Trimble’, 3: *AM Magazine*, 2015  
<<https://www.3ammagazine.com/3am/maintenant-99-rhys-trimble/>> [29.06.2020].

T.S Eliot, Frances Dickey, Jennifer Formicelli, Ronald Schuchard, ‘The Complete Prose of T.S Eliot: The Critical Edition’, *Project Muse, Hopkins University Press*, 2015 <[https://english.duke.edu/sites/english.duke.edu/files/file-attachments/eliot\\_dante.original\\_0\\_0.pdf](https://english.duke.edu/sites/english.duke.edu/files/file-attachments/eliot_dante.original_0_0.pdf)> [19.09.2019].

Twm Morys, ‘Cerdd Dafod: A Poet Introduces a Welsh Metrical Tradition’, *Brunel University, London*, p.117, n.d  
<[https://www.brunel.ac.uk/\\_\\_data/assets/pdf\\_file/0014/111155/Twm-Morys-Cerdd-Dafod-A-Poet-Introduces-a-Welsh-Metrical-Tradition.pdf](https://www.brunel.ac.uk/__data/assets/pdf_file/0014/111155/Twm-Morys-Cerdd-Dafod-A-Poet-Introduces-a-Welsh-Metrical-Tradition.pdf)> [21.05.2019].

Viktor Shklovsky, ‘Art, as Device’, *Warwick University*, trans. by Alexandra Berlina, p.162, 2015

<[https://warwick.ac.uk/fac/arts/english/currentstudents/undergraduate/modules/fulllist/first/en122/lecturelist2017-18/art\\_as\\_device\\_2015.pdf](https://warwick.ac.uk/fac/arts/english/currentstudents/undergraduate/modules/fulllist/first/en122/lecturelist2017-18/art_as_device_2015.pdf)> [20.09.2019].

Welsh Government, 'Teaching of Welsh History', *National Assemblée for Wales, Culture, Welsh Language and Communications Committee*, 2019  
<<https://senedd.wales/laid%20documents/cr-ld12870/cr-ld12870%20-e.pdf>>  
[06.08.2020].

## Visual

Abergail Harlow, TEDx Talks, 'Kinesthetic learners | Abigail Harlow | TEDxPascoCountySchoolsED', *Youtube*, 2015 [video]  
<<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=diMJhM8Y1N4>> [05.06.2020].

Aneirin Karadog, Ar Waith Ar Daith, 'Aneirin Karadog - Pastwn Rap (#Awen2015)', *Youtube*, 2015 [video]  
<<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=290PLZziRgY>> [05.06.2020].

Charles Bernstein, Pennsound, 'Against National Poetry Month as Such – Charles Bernstein', *Youtube*, 2011 [video]  
<<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tifxk1WZ8OE>> [05.06.2020].

Charles Bernstein, Pennsound, Charles Bernstein, "Contradiction Turns to Rivalry", *Youtube*, 2020 [video] < <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0Tuls-ggZ2M>>  
[05.06.2020].

Charles Bernstein, American Studies Center – OSA UW, 'Charles Bernstein – The Pitch of Poetry', *Youtube*, 2015 [video]  
<<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UcSh5iIJMTc>> [05.06.2020].

Christian Bök, 'Christian Bök Reads from Eunoia', *Youtube*, 2007 [video]  
<<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wso-SJBgJlc>> [05.06.2020].

*EL Education*, 'Expeditionary Learning', *El Education*, 2018 [video]  
<<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-DDliXGmJJA>> [05.06.2020].

Ola Majekodunmi, 'What does "Irishness" look like?', *Youtube*, 2018 [video]  
<<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EqWKR7eq-CQ>> [19.09.2019].

Jerome Rothenberg, Helena, 'Jerome Rothenberg Horse Songs – (1977)', *Youtube*,  
2018 [video] <[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qTmsctQz\\_WE](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qTmsctQz_WE)> [05.06.2020].

Jerome Rothenberg, Outside-in/Inside-out conference, 'Poetic Talks by Jerome  
Rothenberg, *Youtube*, 2016 [video]  
<<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0AYLOWuijCA>> [05.06.2020].

Jerome Rothenberg, UChicago Division of Humanities, 'Jerome Rothenberg Poetry  
Reading', *Youtube*, 2015 [video]  
<<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RrDjDQcKE04>> [05.06.2020].

Johanna Drucker, PennSound, 'Johanna Drucker discusses aesthetics and materiality  
1/2', *Youtube*, 2011 [video] <<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pF25XJptbmU>>  
[27.06.2020].

Marjorie Perloff, Pennsound, 'A Conversation with Marjorie Perloff', *Youtube*, 2011  
[video] <<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=n4daQeq6m8w>> [05.06.2020].

Marjorie Perloff, University of Richmond, 'Writers Series: Marjorie Perloff,  
American poetry critic', *Youtube*, 2010 [video]  
<[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=huBBI9\\_uoSs](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=huBBI9_uoSs)> [05.06.2020].

Mererid Hopwood, Hay Festival, 'What's Wales in Welsh?', *Youtube*, 2020 [video]  
<<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jlFuTf45jFQ>> [05.10.2020].

Rhys Trimble, Ar Waith Ar Daith, 'Rhys Trimble - Clêr, Clera, Clidro  
(#Awen2015)', *Youtube*, 2015 [video]  
<<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=O2SHc5DK6YI>> [05.06.2020].

Twm Morys, Beyond Text, 'VOICING THE VERSE : Y GERDD AR GÂN 7/35',  
*Youtube*, 2010 [video] <[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Tt\\_CK2P7BWA](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Tt_CK2P7BWA)>  
[05.06.2020].

UBI Soft, *Assassins Creed IV: Black Flag* [PS4 video game] (Milan and Kiev: UBI Soft Montreal, 2014).

---