



# EDEN

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## Eden

The gardener listens carefully  
I point out the arch  
its precious stems of honeysuckle  
hugging themselves from tree  
to tree

I go indoors  
open a letter that tells  
how twenty rescued bears  
in mountain sanctuaries  
all perished in the flood

I go outside  
the gardener screws up his face  
looks hangdog twisted skeins  
lie slack about his feet

this is how it is

the cut vine will grow back  
its fragrant upturned elongated bells  
will turn to berries sow themselves anew

while other chained bears dancing  
baited hacked open for their bile  
will learn there can be kindness in the world

for this is how it is  
this is how it is

and I do not know if I am crying for lost flowers  
lost bears or life itself

## Mynydd

Five summers gone  
fire scorched high slopes  
heather gorse  
the sheltering scrub  
its soft green haze  
that gently lapped  
the grey slate mounds  
all tindered  
leverets adders  
birds on their nests  
all perished flew  
as ash through wind

year upon year  
it lay forlorn  
war's aftermath  
a wasteland scoured  
and stripped charred earth  
its scumbled slopes  
blackened bereft

this August day  
it glows with different fire  
purple embers  
golden spears  
heather gorse  
from some deep well  
returned again  
to bloom

