

ALAW TU HWNT I NI, ETO NI'N HUNAIN

.



Dangos hoffter i mi fel person bach
di-dealltwriaeth. Sbiwch...mae na dau berson
gyda llusernau wedi'u gorchuddio yn sefyll
ar ael y bryniau cyfagos. Gwylwch nhw'n cerdded
ymlaen o lôn gwerin yn cario ymbarelau di
gogwyddo, sibrydion gwan, clystyrau o'r alaeth.
Mae angen llacio ychydig ar y telesgop fel bod y
golau sy'n teithio lawr y tiwb optegol yn dod i rym,
yn dechrau chwarae. Coeden teulu, canghennau di
torri, caneuon serch, caneuon caethion, caneuon
lladron, caneuon o amgylch y tân. Alaw tu hwnt i ni,
eto ni'n hunain! 1

Outside is the field she's thinking about 2

Long ago people were afraid of mountains.

The way a field turns its secrets describing a bird
you see has nothing to say except, this happened!

After Taid Gaerwen said *rbo fi ar y domen o ddail*
and before he went under not over those leaves
he turned to his daughter asking
could Wil the cat come with him.

Ond sa ni'n goro ladd Wil, Dad.

As a boy in the War, he'd seen
the big paintings arrive from London, to be hidden
in the caves of Manod Mawr.
Hundreds of feet underground:
Rembrandt, Van Gogh, Ghirlandaio.

When we enter that closeness with an animal
objects become warm. I mean, immense love.
House and cat are composite like my dream of you:
Owi, my adopted Taid and Wil the cat
sleeping under the leaves of Wales.

That day, the yellow roses matched
the yellow workman's cap
that sat above his bit of earth.
I was thinking, r.e sky and home
one shines out and one waits for light.

I had never been to a burial before, Ffestiniog hill
carved out in a different way to the story he once
told me *gwranda wan!*

Playing to leaves

When they leave ³

yellow sun

yellow hat

yellow cat

But where do we go from here? ⁴

*When lightning strikes it's safer to ride
on rubber going down a mountain,
safer than trees, or sand, more preventive
to be hid in a cloud we sing, remembering*

The old manse and robins ⁵

I never met my real Grandfathers,
but I was told a story once, about
how my Father first saw his Grandfather
riding down the quarry on a flat car
fighting a man: the two giants
grappling, twisting,
writhing in rain

And how my Mother remembered her own father,
“If you see a wolf, freeze.
If you see a bear, run”.

There are no mountains in the prairies ⁶
let alone inside out ones.
Only the wide empty sky table
hoodoos and bones.

In Wales, it's a different thing

above big holes
from slate booms
are big songs-

Seffews, Rhiaïn non, y pwca.

Ow! but
a greater bear in the break-up of cloud
might imagine something altogether different.

*Stepping across stones in the river which covers
my sound, I startle a big bird who must circle
the meadow to gain height* 6

Until Owí became my Taid,
I had never realised that animals
could speak to humans or that
another person's story could fall
onto my cheek like that - Ow!
listen now, as if I had fallen asleep
and a long bridge appeared

POOF!

Imagine the backwards in the mirror

(One never knows)

a slate chamber of treasure
 imagine (manod means snow)
 dust on your eyelash

a mere portion

HAPPY BIRTHDAY MERRY CHRISTMAS
I LOVE AND MISS YOU VERY MUCH

Do you think I could actually pull off getting there for a visit if I can't put one foot in front of the other here? Maybe Welsh soil is easier to walk on relative to the newness perhaps?

Love, Zoë

P.s It was a brilliant sunny day but COLD. Winter has set in. There was a partial solar eclipse today at 12.34 wonder if you were affected. The day was a bright one, blindingly reflecting off the snow. Would have been a good time for us to have a walk.

of "*vanished stuff*"

GROPING

SUBSTANTIAL

IDEAL

Imagine

a rose is a rose is a rose ⁷

"I invite you, if you feel like it" ⁸



RE: Christmas

From: Andrew Dipper

To : You

Hello! I liked the photo of the night dress in the valley because it reminded me of one of the south facing branches of the Dornol valley. I spent time there when we cycled around Wales when I was 13 years old. One night we lit a fire outside and were sitting there with friends. As the fire died down we were looking up at the sky looking for shooting stars. At a certain moment we were all aware of a bright star in the sky hanging overhead. Then from that star another smaller star emerged and started zig zagging across the sky, making abrupt turns and patterns. After a while the smaller star merged with the larger and in an instant in a streak of light it was gone. Later that night we were all woken by strange calls outside, perhaps an owl or other night creature. Two weeks later while cycling in south Wales we met two other people and we mentioned the star thing. They had seen it as well from a different position many miles away. This was some years before the first Russian orbital sputnik. I am mystified even now as to what it was, but I still look up at the stars and wonder if it will come back. Now there are so many objects in orbit it can never be repeated with the same sense of awe. I have never felt alone after that moment. The

same phenomena is described in the film Easy Rider. Your mother cried tears after that film.

We have eight inches of snow today and much of the day has been spent dealing with the disruption, I am combing horse hair and making violin bows today. I will write more when I catch up with the have-to-do.

Best Wishes,

Drew

Can I, just by mentioning the word rose, bring a rose into being somewhere? No, of course I can't say "rose" and poof, hocus-pocus, a rose appears in the visible world
9 A DUW a ddywedodd, bydded goleuni, a goleuni a fu! Etc.

It was Drew's e-mail that got me thinking of Hale Bopp. It was the summer of 1997, so I guess I would've been ten years old when my Mom held my hand, walking me into the garden at night.

Zoë was visiting from Toronto, my kind-of-aunt, though I don't remember her in the garden, but I do remember the birthday sponge she shaped into mountains, snow tops of icing, a pair of red skates.

In the garden, Mom said: "*hey, listen now*", and told me I was about to see something that would never be seen again in my lifetime. Looking up, there it was, a giant spec, a bright tail sweeping across the broad black sky, a slinky star animal - YEEEEOW!

Dust and ice
up and down
in and over
saying softly, "*watch me*"

Rapid of all pilgrims 10

UNTAPPED

POTENTIAL (a centre) moving out in all
directions 11

Ddistaw, ddwys! Ow! Nowhere to go

except where we've been before ¹²

The depths of the night is lying quite casually
under the eider down.

I remember the comet, the cake, they're all the
same to me: a way to think outside of the world we
live in. ¹³

The cake is round like all the round things in our
experience: the planets, a snowball.

When I grew up Zoë became more a friend than a
kind-of-aunt. When she died, her sister sent me a
random collection of her things: a weaving, a
postcard of a hawk, photographs of her knitting in
the sun.



- 1 Translated from the Forward to Debths, Susan Howe
- 2 The Star Field, Mei Mei Berssenbrugge
- 3 My Friend Tree, Lorine Niedecker
- 4 Google Doc, Dylan Huw, 14.08.22
- 5 A Way of Being, Barbara Guest
- 6 In 1940 Manod Mawr was chosen as the site to protect the National Gallery's paintings, after Winston Churchill rebunked the plan to evacuate the paintings by ship to Canada, for fear of U-boat attacks.
- 7 Google Doc, Kandance Siobhan Walker, 26.10.22
- 8 Sacred Emily, Gertrude Stein
- 9 It's All Words, Inger Christensen
- 10 O! Tyn y Gorchydd, Angharad Price. Translated by Lloyd Jones
- 11 Google Doc, Kit Edwards (quoting John Cage), 03.12.22
- 12 Google Doc, Kandace Siobhan Walker, 01.10.22
- 13 The Domain of Contingency, Inger Christensen
- 14 The Self Illuminating Pen, Sarah Tripp

Images:

- Québécois dancer, Françoise Sullivan, *Danse dans la neige* (Dance in the snow), 1948
- Zoë Berger, Toronto, 1972
- Workmen moving London's muesum collection into the caves of Manod Mawr, Blaenau Ffestiniog, 1940s

Choose someone. You will need to find someone because you cannot do this alone, although alone is a good place to start. Alone makes good beginnings. So, what do you do? Inside you are many voices, one for every person you have ever spoken to. Many! Choose someone. Some- one you love. ¹⁴