

## HARLECH

War has drawn tightly to a close.  
Where am I?

Standing in the rougher stretches  
Under tors

The breeze disturbs the tufty, brazen grass,  
Disturbs the shadows:  
Fingers and thumbs of astringent green;

The dusk  
That ancient sunlight never sees.

The glow will glow less and less  
Where my stare beats down  
Time and time again, compounding the patch I watch;  
The soil; hallowed land.

Red hot leaf; red poppy, hard, rusty bomb:  
Reminds me of  
Me--not yet hit, a dud,  
I squeeze it in my shaking hand.

Through the rock the carillons of Sunday  
Radiate from chapel. I hasten  
To the door when all is over;  
The memory of the war is grand,  
But to my knees I fall--I must;  
My thoughts, my soul, hasten around this land.

How could I love Her in that atmosphere?  
She pushed me into war  
And then she made me write  
In horrid inspiration.

But that will not be.  
In all I did, I fathered all my tricks;  
Against myself I had to fight,  
And war and poetry did not bear relation.

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