

TRANSCRIPT

'Clay Hills, Soft Slopes, Rough Ground'
2021.

Clay hills, soft slopes, rough ground.

Returning with my sore eyes, I have longed for the glittering green grass of home.

Cerddaf, looking at the sky, the trees, the ground, the terraced houses; noticing now, what once drifted into my periphery.

Familiar textures, shapes, sounds and scents become undone, unblended, reformed.

A cool breeze grazes my fingertips as I gulp at the crisp air and the rain-scented perfume of a recent glawiad.

Crooked lines of the jolted pavings comes in good use for makeshift hopscotch and secret tripping hazards.

Beneath me, a patchwork of tar, guide my safe crossing. Dribbled black tar, marks the ground. Inconstant in length and shape; like anxious doodles etched on the nearest surface.

Following in olion traed fy nhad a fy nhad-cu, I pass through tapestries of neon, which dust soft grey walls and hardened surfaces. Indistinguishable strings of lost letters float within the found words.

Car hums fade.

Dwi'n agosâi.

Cân y frân get's louder.

Greeted by an arid landscape of a lost world, jagged edges of the hidden quarry soothe my displacement, revealing more of itself the further I wander.

The air somehow gets colder... fresher... more clear...

Sticking to my teeth, dwi'n blasu oerni yr awel esmwyth.

Baglaf dros y siapau lletchwith a throellai o dan fy nhraed.

Scratched sleepers lie under the aged mud. The surface peeling away to reveal hints of the bevelled wood. Yn datgeli ein gwreiddiau.

In the horizon, small mounds are scattered.

Soft to the touch and laced with damp, glynai'r gwair at fy imprint. The surface now, holding the shadow of my hand. I fade into the landscape, yn uno gyda fy nhreftadaeth.

As copper stones glisten, wild horses of varying hues of rust graze the green carpet.

Moving as if in slow motion, they softly punctuate the landscape, as the birdsong echoes.

Rocks flake from cavities high above.

The steep chwarel sits shaded amongst the landscape.

Yn dilyn ffrâm y lens, I capture pools of blue which spit silver.
Abandoned and forgotten, the pools are reclaimed by algae and tadpoles, becoming a site
for life once more.

Ar fy nhaith, amsugnaf y gweadau, y lliwiau ac alaw ddiymhongar y cefndir
Yn barod i'w cyfieithu a'u fowldio i'w ffurf newydd.

Undone, unblended, reformed.

I am Tethered to the bryniau brau and the awyr las; forever entwined with the elastic
surface.
I badmouthed these clay hills, soft slopes and rough ground.

Tir â rhodd bywyd i fy nheulu.

Fy nheulu â rhodd bywyd i'r tir.

As I look back, safai'r creigiau fel trigolion tawel a chroesaf yn nôl o hyd.

END // DIWEDD