

2017 Literary Entry

(Note: 2017 was not only the first year of visual arts competition but also the first year when the first writer called up to be chaired did not come forward. The adjudicators were impressed with his poem, however, so it is given below.)

(Untitled)

Spring comes singing on Snowdonia's hills,
Yet softer in the southern vales
Where dwellings crowd in straggling streets
And emptied mills and mines still mark
A looted, lyric, land.

Can we return to what before all this
Was land of songsters, shepherds, swains,
Where ancient tongue bore elder lore;
And age to age in cadence told
Brave legends of the land.

Far and away on other distant shores
The children of the valleys meet
To raise again the olden song;
Then Spring comes lilting fresh anew
With echoes of the land.

In chorus rising as with melded voice
Once more the hills and valleys ring
Recalled, remembered in their time
Of old; but still enduring now,
The beauty of the land.

Submitted by *Emplus (Grimal)*, The Rev. Dr. Michael John Gray-Fow