



Cerddi Byw Nawr

Live Now Poems

Mererid Hopwood

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Mae'r prosiect hwn yn rhan o Gynllun Nawdd Llên a Lles, Llenyddiaeth Cymru. Derbyniwyd nawdd ychwanegol gan yr elusen Byw Nawr, a cynhaliwyd y prosiect mewn partneriaeth â Bwrdd Iechyd Prifysgol Hywel Dda.

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www.llenyddiaethcymru.org www.hywelddalhb.wales.nhs.uk

Llun clawr gan Glenda M. James, Clwb Gwanwyn, Age Cymru,
Canolfan y Celfyddydau, Aberystwyth

Cover image by Glenda M. James, Gwanwyn Club, Age Cymru,
Aberystwyth Arts Centre

Rhagymadrodd | Introduction

Mae'n bleser gennyf lunio ychydig eiriau i gyflwyno'r casgliad arbennig hwn o gerddi gan Mererid Hopwood, sy'n ffrwyth prosiect gwerthfawr rhwng Llenyddiaeth Cymru, Tîm Gofal Lliniarol Ceredigion a Byw Nawr. Daeth y syniad gwreiddiol gan Gudrun Jones, Therapydd Celf a Nyrs Gofal Lliniarol gyda thîm Tŷ Geraint, Ysbyty Bronglais, Aberystwyth, a braint oedd cydweithio â phartneriaid a noddwyr i roi'r syniad ar waith. Rwy'n sicr y bydd y cerddi yn gysur ac yn rhoi hwb i lawer o bobl yn ogystal â bod yn fan cychwyn i drafod teimladau a themâu sy'n codi o fewn maes gofal lliniarol.

Bu'r prosiect hwn yn gyfle prin i staff Tîm Gofal Lliniarol Ceredigion gymryd cam yn ôl, trafod a dathlu'r gwaith gwrol y maent yn ei gyflawni wrth gefnogi a gofalu am bobl ar ddiwedd eu hoes. Mae'n anodd dychmygu gweithio o ddydd i ddydd mewn maes mor ddwys ac roedden ni'n falch tu hwnt o'r cyfle i fod o gymorth, gan ein bod yn credu fod llenyddiaeth yn llesol i ni ac y gall wella a chyfoethogi bywydau.

It's my pleasure to introduce this special collection of poems by Mererid Hopwood, which is the result of a valuable project between Literature Wales, the Ceredigion Palliative Care Team and Byw Nawr (Live Now). The original idea came from Gudrun Jones, an Art Therapist and Palliative Care Nurse with the Tŷ Geraint team, Bronglais Hospital, Aberystwyth, and it was our privilege to collaborate with partners and funders to make her idea a reality. I'm sure these poems will support and comfort many people while also acting as a starting point to discuss feelings and themes that arise within the field of palliative care.

This project was a rare opportunity for the staff of the Ceredigion Palliative Care Team to take a step back, discuss and celebrate the excellent and valiant work they do in supporting and caring for people at the end of their lives. It is hard to imagine working day-to-day in such an intense field, and we are very proud of the opportunity to help, as we believe that literature is beneficial for all and that it can improve and enrich lives.

*Lleucu Siencyn,
Prif Weithredwr | CEO,
Llenyddiaeth Cymru | Literature Wales*

Rhagair | Foreword

Diolch i Llenyddiaeth Cymru ac i holl deulu Tŷ Geraint am eu croeso a'u hamynedd hael. Roedd cael clywed hanesion a phrofiadau'r cleifion a'r staff yn fraint, a diolch arbennig i'r rheiny a rannodd eu cerddi â mi. Rwy'n sylweddoli'n llawn ei bod hi'n ddigon hawdd i mi wrando a doethinebu. Hawdd oedi i rannu rhyfeddod at ferfau fel 'trigo' sy'n gallu golygu byw a hefyd marw a rhyw eiriau felly. Ond gwneud hynny'r oeddwn i heb fod yn rhan uniongyrchol o ddim byd. Am hyn, cynigiau y llinellau isod yn betrus braidd, ond mewn edmygedd llwyr. Dim ond gobeithio y gallaswn innau ymddwyn mor ddewr ac mor ofalgar pe byddai galw arnaf.

Sylwch i mi benderfynu peidio ag enwi neb yn y cerddi, ond gobeithio y bydd cyfeillion yn adnabod darnau o sgysiau hwnt ac yma. Diolch eto i chi gyd.

I should like to thank Literature Wales and all the Tŷ Geraint family for their welcome and generosity. It was a privilege to hear the voices and experiences of the patients and staff, as it was to read the poems some shared with me. Diolch o galon. I fully understand that it was easy enough for me to listen and share wise comments and to pause and wonder at words such as our Welsh verb 'trigo', which means both to live and to die. I could do this without being directly involved. And this is why I hesitate to offer these lines, but I do so with sincere and deep admiration. I can only hope that I would be able to find such bravery and tenderness should my turn come.

Please note that I decided against naming individuals in the work, but conversation partners might recognise fragments of thoughts and comments. My thanks again to everybody.

*Mererid Hopwood,
Mai | May 2018*

Tŷ Geraint

Tŷ Geraint, tŷ o gariad – ac aelwyd
golau cydymdeimlad,
man ein cynnal, man cennad
y byw i'r awr yn barhad.

‘Nes dyfod derbyn’

Cyrhaeddais rywle arall ddoe,
rhywle annisgwyl,
ac rwy’n dal i ddisgwyl clywed
nad wyf i yno go iawn;
ac os na chlywaf i hynny
bydda’ i’n flin,
yn grac,
ac eisoes yn fy mhen
mae morthwyl bargaen
yn taro, taro,
a thrên tywyllwch ar y trac.

Ond dyma hon yn dod,
â’i llaw yn grud,
gan estyn gostyngeddwrwydd
yn garedig i gyd.

Mae’n cynnig taith newydd
a llwybr ymlaen
a breuddwyd wahanol
i’r freuddwyd o’r blaen.

Mae’n gofyn caniatâd
i roi fy llaw ar y llyw,
mae’n cynnig imi ddewis:
dewis Derbyn
a Byw.

Llatai

When the world shifted
with a sort of sadness
I took permission
to take the message
you muttered,
the one about knowing the destination
but needing directions,
the one you tried to end
by telling me 'it didn't matter'.

But because
it did and does,
let me voice
an answer,
the one about
choice.

Beyond the clatter of
wishing cards,
the get better flattering,
the shattering in shards,
there is light and laughter,
I know, I've heard it, seen it.

And regarding the destination,
with your permission
since a true journey is a day's walk,
let us walk each dignified day
and share the way.

What d'you say?

Cadw Cwmni

Heddiw mor anodd yw darllen y daith,
mae'r hen fap ar ei ben i waered,
mae'r llwybrau cyfarwydd yn ddryswch i gyd –
'sdim awydd ail-gychwyn ar gerdded.

'Sdim hwyliau i fentro ac ail-godi pac,
mae'r siwrnai'n un mor angharedig,
ac er bod 'na dyrfa amdanaf yn dynn,
mae 'nghalon i'n curo yn unig.

Dim ond cwestiynau yw pob arwydd ffordd,
mae'r atebion o'r golwg yn cwato,
does gen i ddim cwmpawd i'r Gogledd na'r De,
ac rwy'n gofyn a gofyn eto.

Ond yna, wrth wrando, fe welaf dy wên
yn y bwlch bach rhwng sibrwd a siarad,
ac mi wn i bryd hynny fod gen i o hyd
dy seren i'm harwain â'th gariad.

The Visit

And it can be done.

And I'll listen if you list them
one by one;
a call,
a tall chair,
a trip,
a pully, a tray,
a letter,
whatever you say,
a drink – in the pub –
or two?

And if you don't mind
I'll stay behind,
as you flick through
and think,
and in your time,
I'll listen if you list them.

And one by one,
it shall be done.

Trwsio'r Cloc

I glaf dydd Ian, mewn edmygedd

Mae'r awyr heddiw'n olau, Nyrs,
ers imi holi'r cwestiwn,
a rhoi naill ochr benbleth byd
a chwiw'r 'petai-petaswn'.

Ac wedi holi'r cwestiwn, Nyrs,
rwy'n deall bydd rhaid derbyn,
a rhoi fy mryd ar fyw i'r awr –
ei *mesur* sy'n fy erbyn.

Gan hynny, gawn ni drwsio'r cloc
a datgymalu'i fysedd?
Ni fynnaf glec y bach na'r hir
na'u siarsio diamynedd.

Dymunaf gloc ag wyneb glân
heb dro, heb draul prysuro
tra mod i'n byw cyn disgwyl gwên
oes arall i'm cysuro.

Just

Me?

I'm just a sitter.

I just sit

and listen,

just because

you're not just

a bad leg,

a broken arm,

a sore heart.

You, just you, are much more than just this.

And it's just that,

namely the whole of you,

that matters.

And when you smiled just now,

I just knew,

that I might just stay a while,

and, well ..., sit,

just sit

with just you.

Clogyn

Gwêl yr hwyr, mor oer, yn rhisglau'r ynn
yn cau'i lygaid
mewn clogyn,

yno 'nghudd, er bo'r sêr ynghynn,
mae mwsog clustog
fel leinin clogyn;

fin nos, mae'r ofnau hyn
yn glwy' agos
dan glogyn;

ond daw golau haul ar gysgod glyn
â'i law eger
ar fy nghlogyn

a daw erwau gardd drwy'r eira gwyn –
cans
cloi i agor
wna clogyn.

Grace

She closes her lips,
not tightly,
but touching, parting slightly,
so that night and day
have a way
of entering in and out.

The dusk draws light
between night and day and day and night,
and finding herself here, still,
she fills the cage with air,
and feels it fair,
the breath
sent silently
on her wordless
prayer.

Carriage Clock

When the East had the morning sun
and the West the evening light,
and each town had its own time –
a different day and night;

when, before the punctual train
caught the minutes in its track
and bundled them up as freight
never to be sent back,

I saved an elastic hour
from the depths of the unused stock,
and salvaged its subject face
from the hands of the uniform clock;

And now, in the now that's all mine,
free from bureaucracy's crime,
the synchronized beat cannot hold me
as I measure my own zenith time.

E=mc²

Ac os oes cau, mae agor,
Ac os oes pell, mae agos,
Ac os oes cell, mae neuadd fawr,
Ac os oes nos, mae toriad gwawr,
Ac os oes anobaith, mae gobaith,
Ac os oes ofn, mae dewrder,
Ac os oes craith, mae pwythau tyner,
Ac os oes diwedd taith,
Mae hefyd ddechrau,

Fel y mae eisiau gweld
Os oes gweld eisiau.

Keeping Company

Rain,

stay with me a while.

Send your soft sound

in small glitter packages

on the pool outside my window.

Sun,

stay with me a while.

Post a warm word through the golden pillar boxes

that keep you up there

and bring you near.

Breeze,

stay with me a while.

The quill you caught

draws cool greetings

on the blue-white canvass sky.

Star,

send your brilliant message

telling me you're not far,

and stay.

Discard the cloud hood,

see the silence between us,

it's full of meaning,

and where there's meaning

there's no distance

understood.

Paentio'r Golau

Gweld heddiw mewn dyfrlliwiâu'r
bore oer, gweld popeth brau
a wnawn, a'r prynhawn ei hun
yn llwyd, yn dywyll wedyn.
Tyrd yn d'ôl! Troediwn ein dau
at y tir hwnt i eiriau.
Yn ddywedwst, di-fwstwr,
â sialc, ac heb fod yn siŵr,
rhow'n wrid i'r cwrlid carlwm
a lliw ar y canfas llwm;
ar y ford, o'r discord dig,
creu alaw mewn acrylig,
paentio trwy y pentwr ofn,
trwy'r ceulo, torri colofn
o haul, nes o'r tawelwch
daw'r iaith dan yr olew'n drwch;
yn slo bach cawn sylwi bod
y golau yn y gwaelod
yn wawl petrusgar, gwargam,
yn ffaelu'i liw, – rhaid i fflam
wrth aer, ac i'w phorthi hi
a'i chynnau i ail-wreichioni,
awn i'r ffenest ac estyn
o'r byd i gyd y dydd gwyn;
tro ati, cei di ei dal,
a chawn fod nerth i'w chynnal.

வாழ்க்கை மாற்றும் நிகழ்வு

From an old language,
words I don't yet understand,
soon I'll set them free.

Gair gan | A message from
Tîm Gofal Lliniarol Ceredigion Palliative Care Team

Ar ran Tîm Gofal Lliniarol Ceredigion hoffwn ddiolch o galon i Mererid am gytuno i dreulio amser gyda ni wrth i ni fynd at ein gwaith bob dydd i geisio sicrhau'r ansawdd bywyd gorau posib i bobl sydd yn byw gyda salwch difrifol, ac i'r rhai sydd yn bwysig iddyn nhw. O'r cychwyn cyntaf roedd yna deimlad cysurus wrth i ni siarad gyda Mererid, a'r chwant i rannu yn onest o'r ddwy ochr yn llifo gyda brwdfrydedd.

Diolch hefyd i Byw Nawr a Llenyddiaeth Cymru am eu cefnogaeth.

Fe werthfawrogom y cyfle i drafod, disgrifio, myfyrio, ymfalchïo, chwerthin, crio a chofio. Therapiwtig oedd y gair a ddefnyddiwyd i ddisgrifio'r profiad gan sawl aelod o'r tîm, ac mi wnaeth ambell un gais am ail gyfarfod gyda Mererid!

Edrychwn ymlaen yn fawr iawn at ddarllen ac at etifeddu'r cerddi a gaiff eu defnyddio mewn sesiynau hyfforddiant gyda chyd-weithwyr, cleifion a theuluoedd.

On behalf of Ceredigion Palliative Care Team I would like to give a heartfelt thank you to Mererid for agreeing to spend time with us in our day-to-day work of trying to ensure the best quality of life for people who are living with serious illness, and the ones close to them. There was a comfortable feeling when talking with Mererid from the very start, and a keen enthusiasm, from both sides, to share honestly.

Thank you also to Byw Nawr and Literature Wales for their support.

We appreciated the chance to discuss, describe, reflect, be proud, laugh, cry and recall. Many of the team described the experience as therapeutic, and a few requested a second session with Mererid!

We greatly look forward to reading and inheriting the poems, to be used as part of our training sessions with co-workers, patients and families.

Carys Stevens,
Arweinydd Tîm Gofal Lliniarol Ceredigion Palliative Care Team Leader

Diwrnod olaf y preswylad oedd hi ac roeddet ti'n eistedd gyda'r bardd yn darllen y ddwy gerdd sgwennaist ti am dy salwch. Maen nhw wedi dweud wrthot ti mai misoedd sydd gennyt i fyw bellach. Wrth imi eistedd yn dawel yn eich gwyllo chi eich dau, fe'm tarodd i mai dyma'r union reswm pam y gofynnnon ni i fardd ddod i dreulio amser gyda'r tîm.

Ddoe fe addasodd y Meddyg dy feddyginiaeth lladd poen. Yn ddiweddar fe osododd y Therapydd Galwedigaethol rheiliau ac offer yn y tŷ i dy gefnogi, fel dy fod ti'n cadw dy egni prin ar gyfer triapiau gyda'r teulu neu dro fer i dy hoff gaffi i gwrdd â ffrindiau a gwyllo'r byd yn pasio.

Nawr mae'r bardd yn eistedd yn agos atat ti, ac rwyd ti'n esbonio sut mae barddoniaeth wedi dy helpu i fynegi dy deimladau am y cyfnod hwn yn dy fywyd. Wrth i ni adael, rwyd ti'n cofleidio'r bardd yn gynnes, ac i mi, dyma yw ystyr y gair lliniarol, sy'n helpu a chefnogi pob agwedd ohonot ar ddiwedd bywyd, ond sydd hefyd yn dathlu'r bywyd rwyd ti'n ei fyw nawr.

It was the last day of the residency and you sat with the poet reading your two poems about your illness. You have been told that you only have months to live now. As I sat quietly observing you both, it struck me that this moment was the very reason we asked a poet to come and spend some time with us as a team.

Yesterday the Consultant had adjusted your pain medication. Recently the Occupational Therapist had installed rails and equipment to help and support you. So that you could conserve your precious energy for trips out with family or short walks to your favourite cafe to meet friends and watch the world go by.

Now the poet sits close by you and you enthuse about poetry and how it has helped you express your feelings about this stage in your life. As we leave you warmly hug the poet and to me this represents the definition of the word palliative, that helps and supports every aspect of you at the end of life, but also celebrates the life you are living now.

*Gudrun Jones,
Therapydd Celf | Art Therapist*

Ar ran Byw Nawr | On behalf of Byw Nawr

Mae llên a lles yn bartneriaid naturiol sydd yn galluogi cyfathrebu'r teimladau dwysaf yn effeithiol, gan gyffwrdd y galon, yr enaid a'r ymennydd yr un pryd. 'Does dim dwywaith bod defnyddio'r celfyddydau i roi llais i'r rhai sydd yn dioddef anhwylder neu sy'n cyrraedd diwedd oes wedi hen ennill ei blwyf fel therapi effeithiol. Mae hefyd yn llawer mwy na hyn beth bynnag. Mae'n gyfraniad i'n hanes a'n diwylliant gan grynhoi ein hymateb i farw, marwolaeth a phrofedigaeth yn ystod un cyfnod mewn un ardal ddaearyddol. Dyma paham yr wyf yn croesawu'r fenter yma ar y cyd rhwng Byw Nawr, Llenyddiaeth Cymru a Thîm Gofal Lliniarol Ceredigion. Bydd cerddi'r Prifardd Mererid Hopwood yn ystod ei phreswylad gyda'r tîm yn gyfraniad gwerthfawr i waith y Tîm Gofal Lliniarol yn lleol, ac i'n gwaith ninnau yn ceisio datblygu rhwydwaith o gymunedau tosturiol ar hyd a lled Cymru.

Literature and wellbeing are natural partners that make it possible to communicate the most intense feelings effectively, touching the heart, the soul and the mind at the same time. Using the arts to give a voice to those who are ill or who are reaching the end of life has long been acknowledged as effective therapy. But it is so much more than this. It contributes to our history and culture by capturing our response to death, dying and bereavement during one period in one geographical location. That is why I very much welcome this project by Byw Nawr in co-operation with Literature Wales and Ceredigion's Palliative Care Team. Award-winning poet Mererid Hopwood's poems during her residency with the team will be a valuable contribution to the Palliative Care Team's work locally as well as to us as we develop a network of compassionate communities the length and breadth of Wales.

*Dr Hywel Francis
Cadeirydd Byw Nawr Chair*

Dyma gasgliad o gerddi Cymraeg a Saesneg gan y Prifardd Mererid Hopwood sy'n deillio o'i phreswyliaid gyda Thîm Gofal Lliniarol Ceredigion.

Gwahoddwyd Mererid i ymgymryd â'r preswyliaid yn y gobaith y byddai'r cyfnod yn esgor ar gasgliad o gerddi a allai fod o gymorth i bobl ar ddiwedd eu hoes, eu teuluoedd, a'r staff sy'n gweithio â hwy o ddydd i ddydd.

This is a collection of poems in Welsh and English by the award-winning poet Mererid Hopwood, composed following her residency with the Ceredigion Palliative Care Team.

Mererid was invited to undertake this residency in the hope that the period would result in a collection of poems that could support people at the end of their lives, their families, and staff who work with them from day-to-day.



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