

Y dawnswyr/beirdd

Rosie Bennett
Madeleine Downie
Gwion Hallam
Buddug Jones
Ellie Jones
Anne Mart
Valerie Mayamara
Pat Nicholas
Wendy Ostler
Elizabeth Parsons
Judith Stammers
Cai Tomos

galeri

www.galericaernarfon.com

Tocynnau : 01286 685 222
Llogi ystafell : 01286 685 218
Cyffredinol : 01286 685 250

l.l.l. Llenyddiaeth
Cymru
Literature
Wales

www.llenyddiaethcymru.org

Caerdydd: 029 2047 2266
Tŷ Newydd: 01766 522 811



Geiriau'n Dawnsio : Cerddi'r Corff

Prosiect arbennig a newydd yn cyfuno barddoni a dawnsio, cerddi a symud corfforol wrth i'r bardd Gwion Hallam ymuno â'r coreograffydd Cai Tomos a grŵp dawns Cain yn Galeri, Caernarfon.

Geiriau'n Dawnsio

: Cerddi'r Corff

Mae Gwion a Cai wedi treulio cyfnod gyda'r grŵp Cain yn arbrofi ac ymchwilio a chreu cerddi mewn modd unigryw a heriol.

Rhythmau'r corff a'r cerddi yn un cywaith byw. Gyda chyflwyniad cyhoeddus ar ddiwedd y cyfnod dyma lyfryn sy'n gofnod o rai o'r cerddi â grewyd.

Gair gan Cai:

Mae Cain yn grŵp sydd wedi bod yn datblygu eu gwaith ers rhai blynyddoedd bellach. Prif bwrpas y grŵp yw archwilio'n greadigol drwy ddawns a mynegiant corfforol. Craidd y gwaith yw'r gred bob gan bawb ddawns oddi fewn iddynt. Dim ots pa oed, siap, brofiad, anabledd, iaith, neu gefndir creadigol - y nod yw datblygu creadigrwydd, hyder, a chreu cymuned - sydd am ychydig oriau bob mis yn profi'r rhyddad a'r gwellhad sydd ar gael pan y mae rhywun yn ymgolli mewn dawns a symud.

Mae'r broses hon gyda Gwion wedi bod yn un unigryw a chyffrous - yn edrych ar sut y mae geiriau a dawns yn plethu i'w gilydd. Fel pob arbrawf gwerth ei gwneud mae yna elfen o ddirgelwch lle y mae rhywbeth anweledig yn dod i'r golwg drwy broses o wrando ar y corff, drwy wrando ar y geiriau, ac mewn rhyw ffordd, cyfieithu drwy'r synhwyrau y geiriau i ddawns - ac yna y ddawns i fewn i'r geiriau hefyd.

Gair gan Gwion:

Mae cydweithio hefo Cai a dawnsyr Cain wedi bod yn fraint ac yn her. Mae wedi herio fy nhueddiad i feddwl mai yn y pen y mae'r gerdd yn ffurfio fel arfer. Fel dawns, a cherddoriaeth, mae barddoniaeth yn perthyn i'r corff cyfan. Yn tarddu o rythmau a synnau, a'r ysfa i symud, lawn cymaint â byd syniadau. Yn y dechreuad yr oedd y gair? Nid i ni dros y misoedd diwethaf wrth ymchwilio i'r berthynas rhwng dawns a barddoni. O'r esgryn y mae'r gân yn dod!

Cywaith yw'r cerddi'n y llyfryn hwn. Casgliad o symudiadau ac arbrofion y grŵp - ein dawns wedi ei dal ar bapur. Roedd yna bapur dros y llawr a waliau'r stiwdio i'w lenwi â geiriau, llinellau ac odlau, rhythmau, syniadau - neu sŵn. Doedd dim rheolau. Dim ond yr ymgais i adael i'r ddawns i sgwennu ein cerddi corfforol. A'r gerdd weithiau wedyn i wthio ein cymalau i ddawnsio. Sgriblo. Symud. Creu. Odli. Plygu. Dawnsio. Cerdd. Cerddi'r corff yn wir.

Diolch i Cai a'r grŵp arbennig hwn am fy nghroesawu i'w canol a gadael i mi ddysgu a thyfu.

Why

Was this really why the clay grew tall
so we would shrink and crink and cramp and fall
and crotchet and snip and snap and crease
and wrinkle and crinkle and finally cease?

Bit by bit do all things slip
from our outstretched hands and failing grip,
so we end as empty as we arrived
with only the ghosts of what we've survived?

Or do we nurture the grace of whatever we are
and savour the taste of time,
while we fill ourselves up with what wisdom we can
and kindness, compassion and care?

So that at our end we can be our own gift
to whatever God greened our bright fuse
and explode into death, each atom a star,
to light up our world with our love.

Ellie Jones

Daeth brenhines y ddawns
yn rhydd.

Dawns y gerdd.
Geiriau'r ddawns.
Gwaed yn cynganeddu.
Ymestyn at y gwreiddiau
dwn. Codi at y pridd.
The world is too much -
so we dance!

Gwisgo pob yfory'n
newydd, cerddi hardd
y corff.

Cerddi gan
Rosie, Madeleine, Gwion, Buddug, Ellie, Anne, Mayamara, Pat,
Wendy, Liz, Judith a Cai.

Cerddi'r Corff

Dwylo sy'n erfyn
a'r gofod sy'n gwrando
am ein traed.

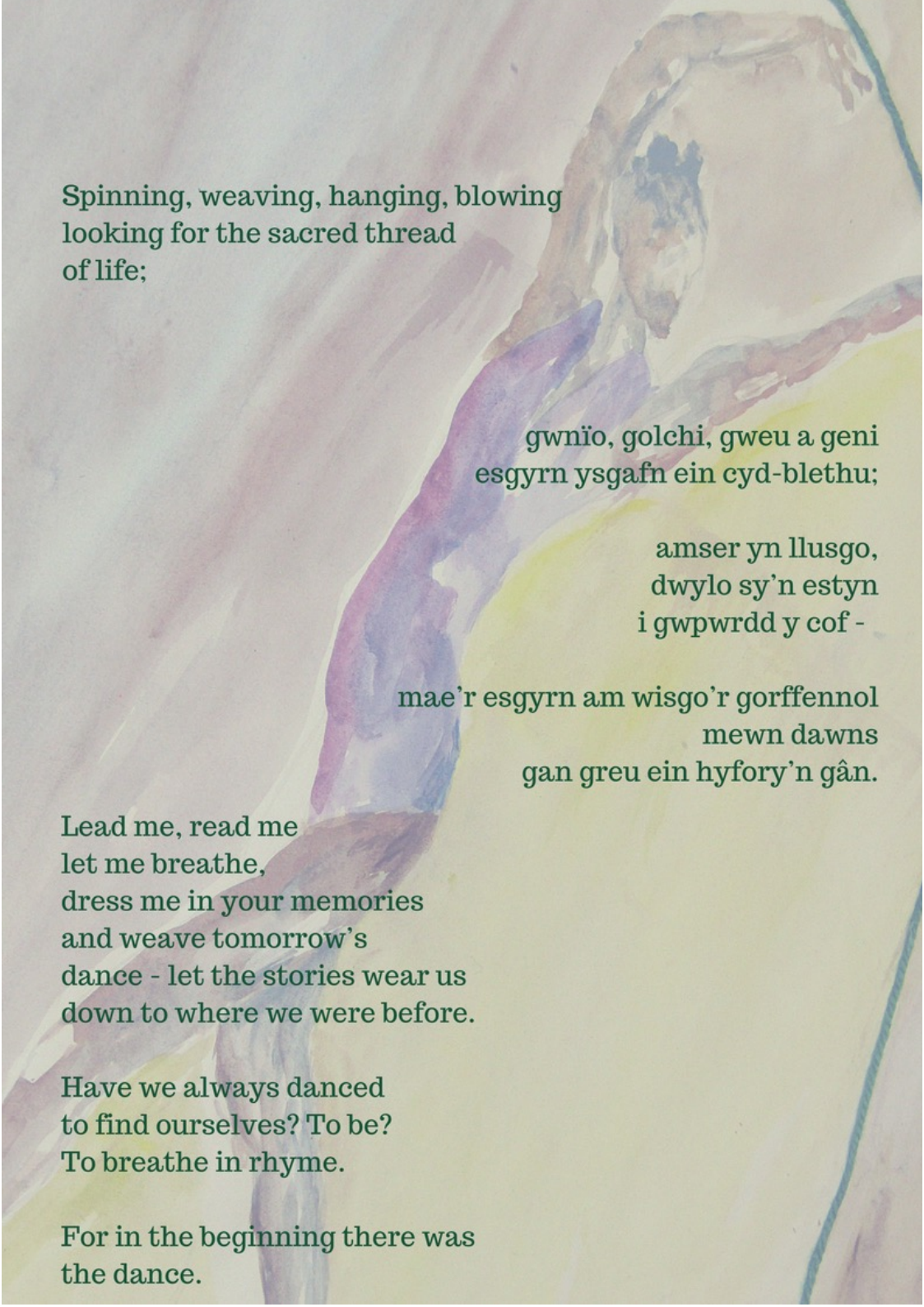
Dwylo fel dail
yn disgwyl am awen -
am gân.

We stand
full of waiting - drenched
in expectancy, reaching
for life, feeling the words
walk our skin.

Fel geni a galar,
yr egni sy'n cnoi
yw'r bywyd a'r gofid
sy'n creu.

Dwylo sy'n gofyn
a'r gofod sy'n gwrando
am ein traed.

A fydd ein gwaed am sgwennu'r
ddawns? Ein cyrff am eni'r
gerdd?



Spinning, weaving, hanging, blowing
looking for the sacred thread
of life;

gwnïo, golchi, gweu a geni
esgyrn ysgafn ein cyd-blethu;

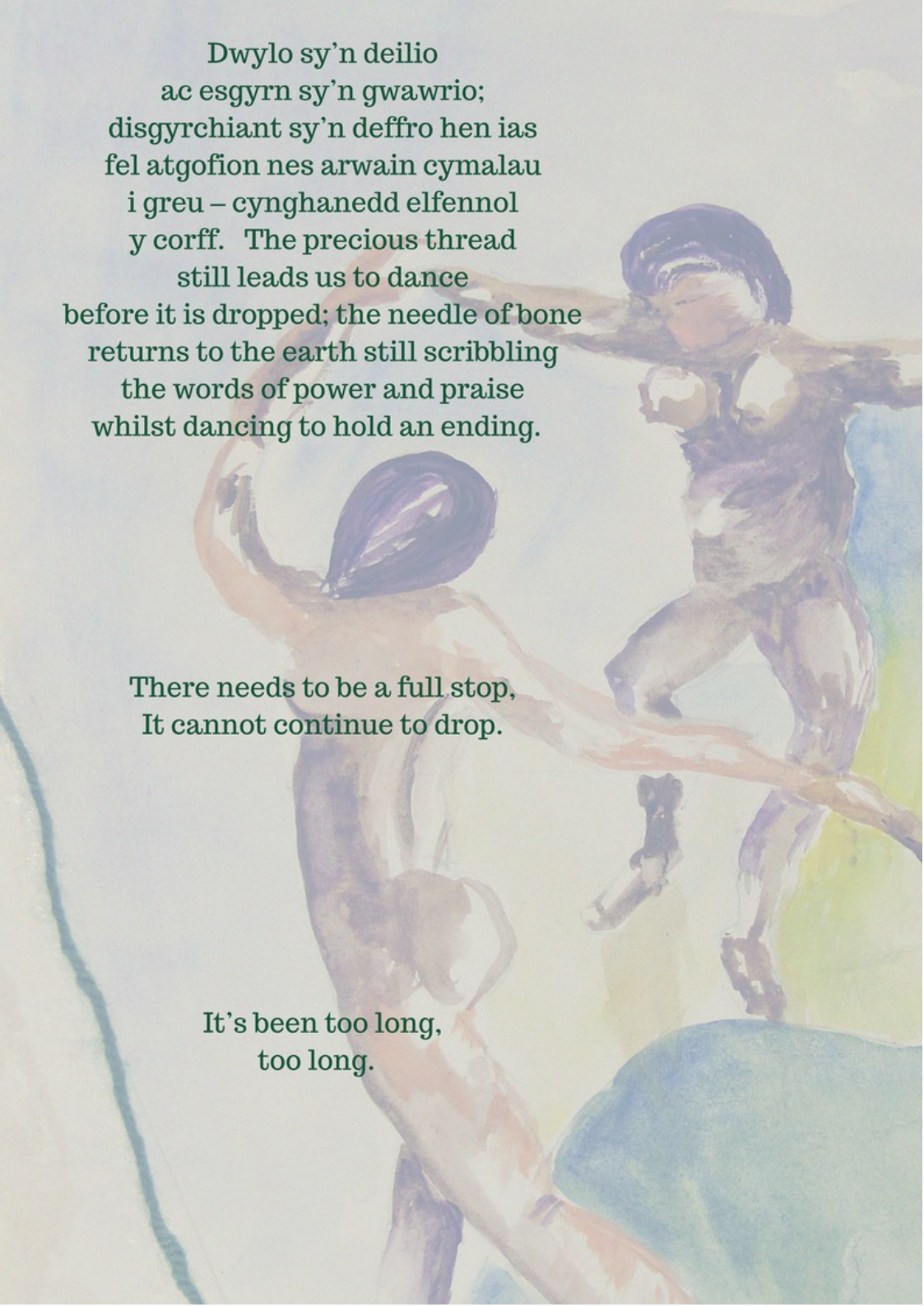
amser yn llusgo,
dwylo sy'n estyn
i gwpwrdd y cof -

mae'r esgyrn am wisgo'r gorffennol
mewn dawns
gan greu ein hyfory'n gân.

Lead me, read me
let me breathe,
dress me in your memories
and weave tomorrow's
dance - let the stories wear us
down to where we were before.

Have we always danced
to find ourselves? To be?
To breathe in rhyme.


For in the beginning there was
the dance.



Dwylo sy'n deilio
ac esgyrn sy'n gwawrio;
disgyrchiant sy'n deffro hen ias
fel atgofion nes arwain cymalau
i greu - cynghanedd elfennol
y corff. The precious thread
still leads us to dance
before it is dropped; the needle of bone
returns to the earth still scribbling
the words of power and praise
whilst dancing to hold an ending.

There needs to be a full stop,
It cannot continue to drop.

It's been too long,
too long.

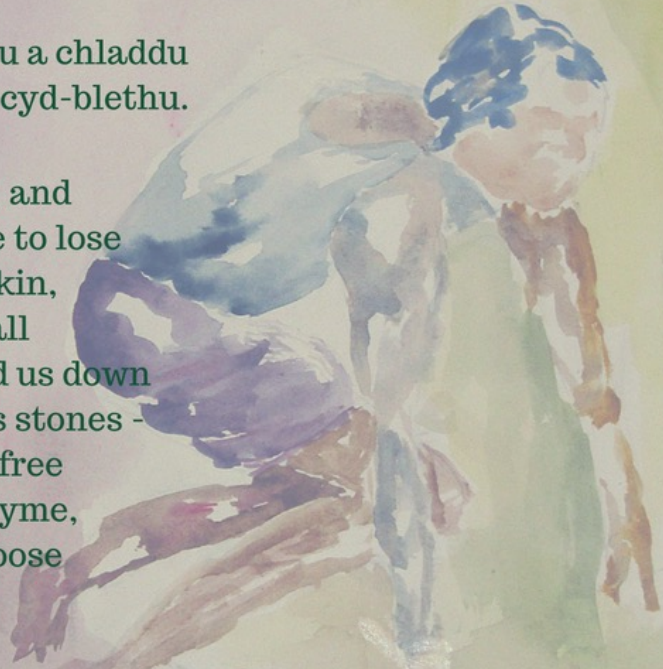


Cario, cynnal, llusgo, gwthio
rhythmau bywyd sy'n ein gwisgo.

Lightness, calmness,
letting go - relinquishing
ourselves to this;
y diwedd hardd
a'r dechrau'n deg
sy'n dal i'n codi i fyny
at y llawr.

Gwnïo, amdo, gweu a chladdu
esgyrn ysgafn ein cyd-blethu.

Relinquishing, and
letting go - to lose to lose
and feel the skin,
stripped of all
the things that held us down
and kept us dark as stones -
the bones are free
to write and rhyme,
so loose and loose
and light,



lightness leads me into song -
yr esgyrn ysgafn,
dawns y gerdd.



tick tock
tic toc -

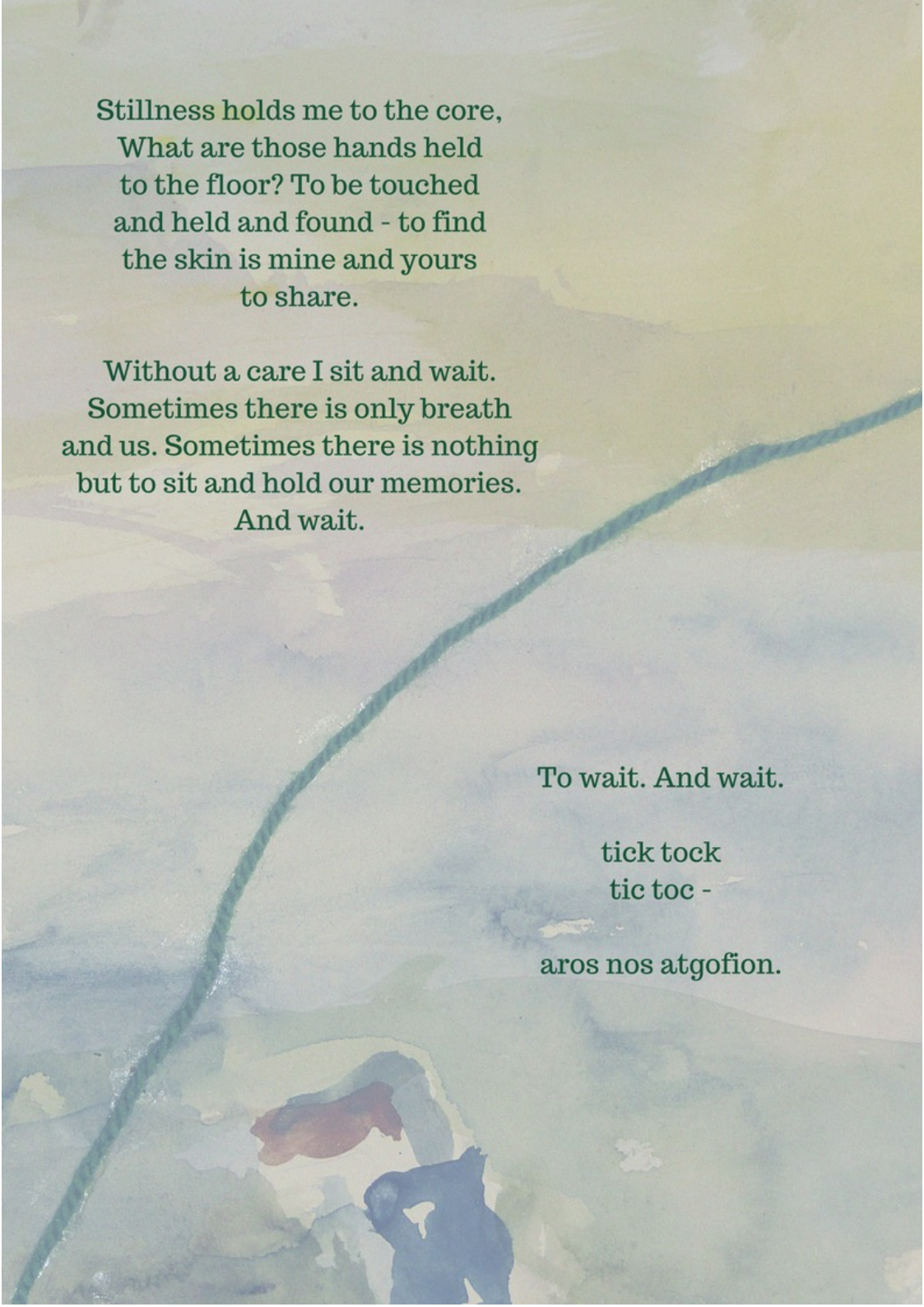
toc mi ddaw y wawr.

long, gone
tock tick
tic toc -

mae amser yn tocio,
ond rhythmau ei guro
sy'n cynnal y dawnsio o hyd.

Spinning and weaving, hanging and pulling
us down to the floor whilst
reaching for meaning and sound -
looking for the sacred thread of childhood,
before gravity takes it away.





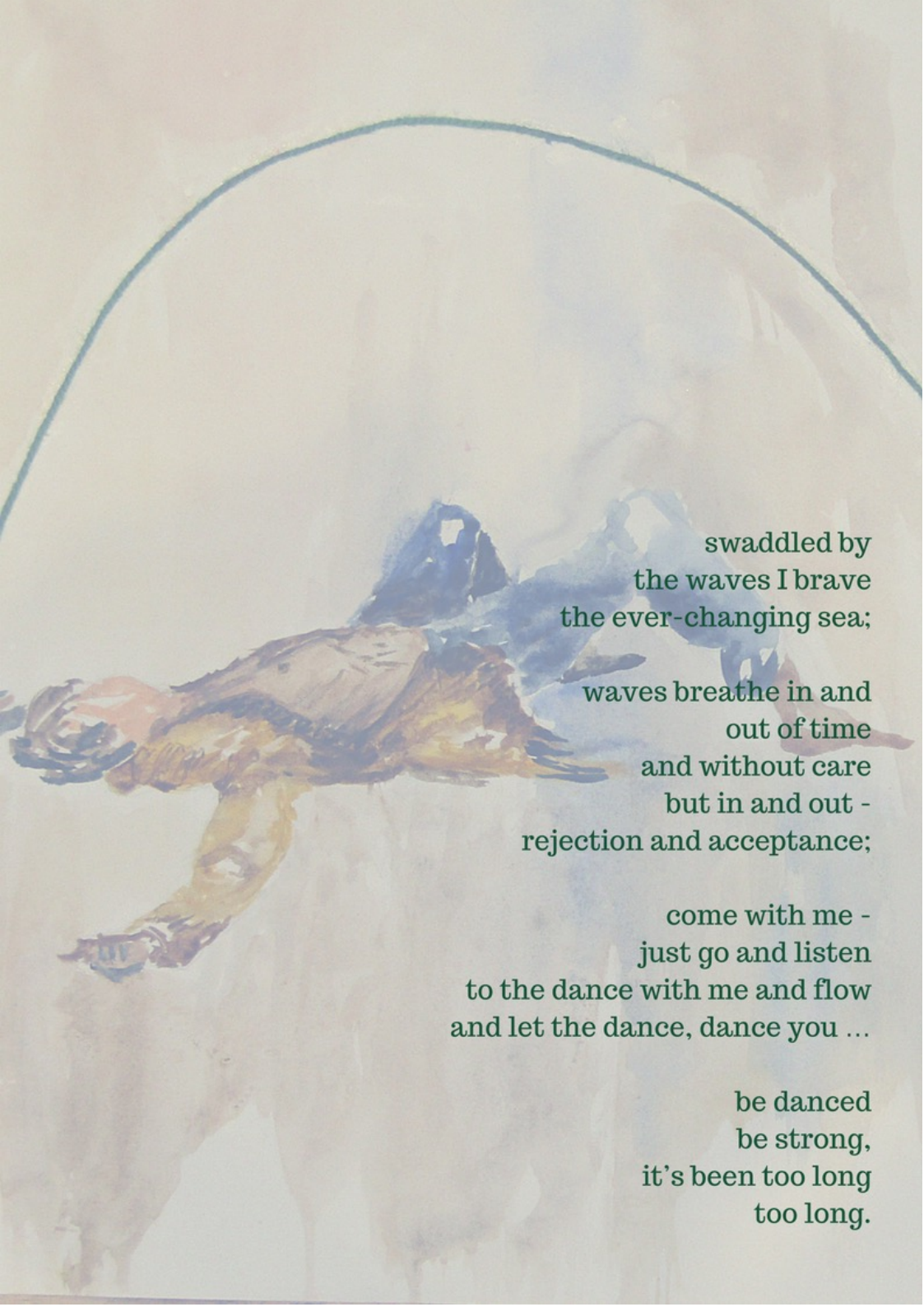
Stillness holds me to the core,
What are those hands held
to the floor? To be touched
and held and found - to find
the skin is mine and yours
to share.

Without a care I sit and wait.
Sometimes there is only breath
and us. Sometimes there is nothing
but to sit and hold our memories.
And wait.

To wait. And wait.

tick tock
tic toc -

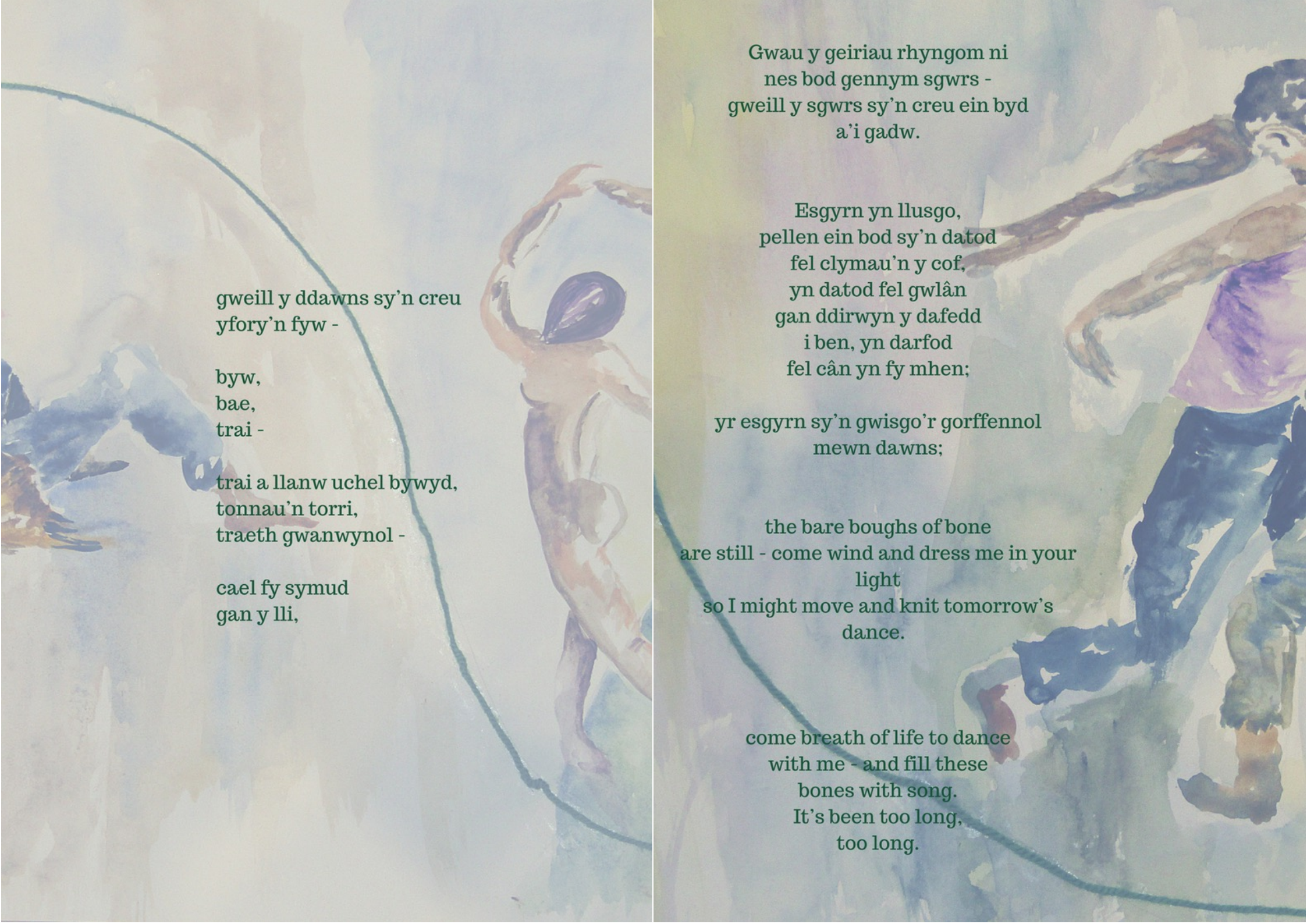
aros nos atgofion.



swaddled by
the waves I brave
the ever-changing sea;
waves breathe in and
out of time
and without care
but in and out -
rejection and acceptance;

come with me -
just go and listen
to the dance with me and flow
and let the dance, dance you ...

be danced
be strong,
it's been too long
too long.



gweill y ddawns sy'n creu
yfory'n fyw -

byw,
bae,
traï -

traï a llanw uchel bywyd,
tonnau'n torri,
traeth gwanwynol -

cael fy symud
gan y lli,

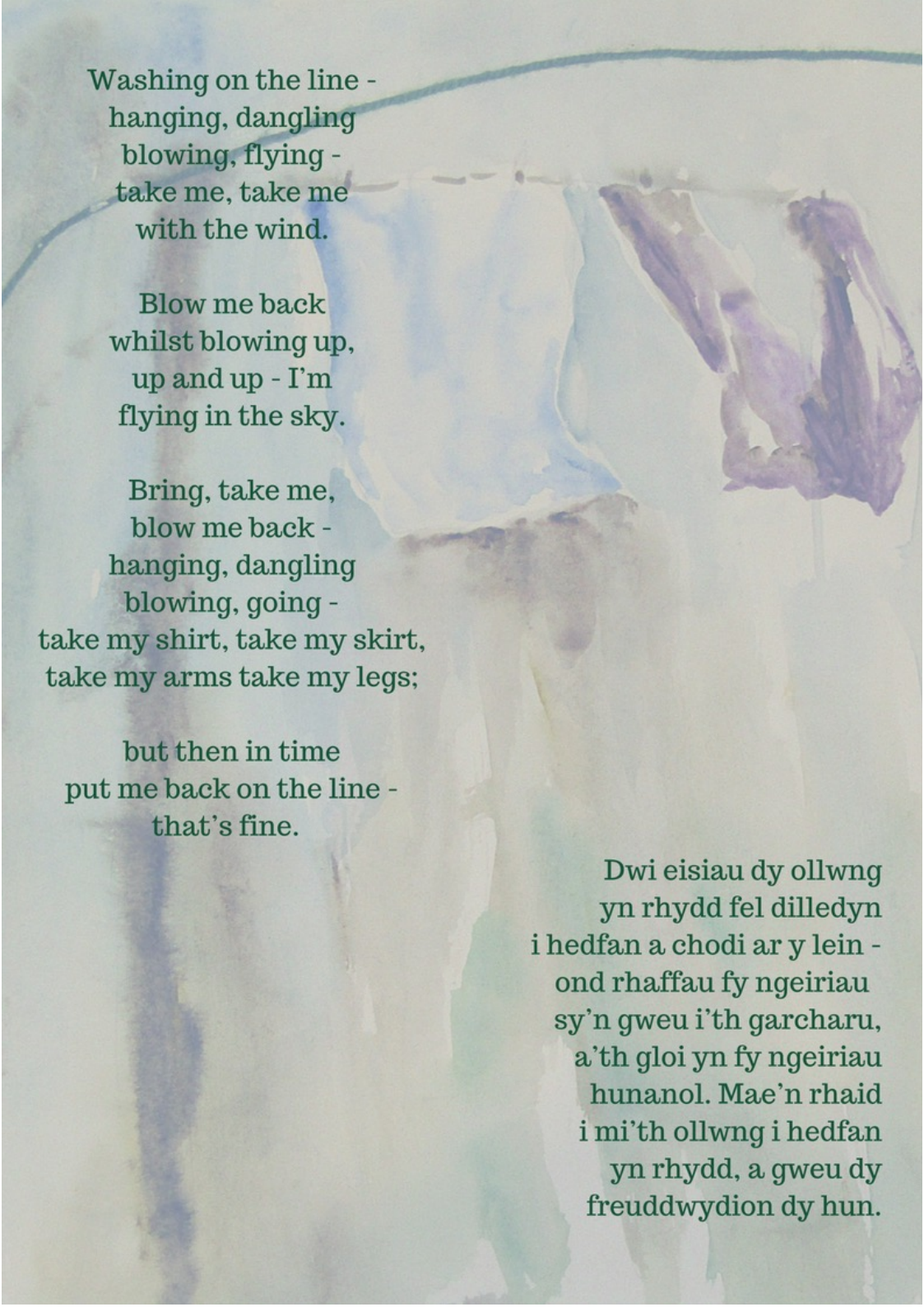
Gwau y geiriau rhyngom ni
nes bod gennym sgwrs -
gweill y sgwrs sy'n creu ein byd
a'i gadw.

Esgyrn yn llusgo,
pellen ein bod sy'n datod
fel clymau'n y cof,
yn datod fel gwlan
gan ddirwyn y dafedd
i ben, yn darfod
fel cân yn fy mhen;

yr esgyrn sy'n gwisgo'r gorffennol
mewn dawn;

the bare boughs of bone
are still - come wind and dress me in your
light
so I might move and knit tomorrow's
dance.

come breath of life to dance
with me - and fill these
bones with song.
It's been too long,
too long.

A watercolor illustration of laundry hanging on a line. A white shirt and a purple skirt are hanging from a line that stretches across the top of the page. The background is a soft, light blue and white wash, suggesting a sky or a wall. The style is soft and painterly.

Washing on the line -
hanging, dangling
blowing, flying -
take me, take me
with the wind.

Blow me back
whilst blowing up,
up and up - I'm
flying in the sky.

Bring, take me,
blow me back -
hanging, dangling
blowing, going -
take my shirt, take my skirt,
take my arms take my legs;

but then in time
put me back on the line -
that's fine.

Dwi eisiau dy ollwng
yn rhydd fel dilledyn
i hedfan a chodi ar y lein -
ond rhaffau fy ngeiriau
sy'n gweu i'th garcharu,
a'th gloi yn fy ngeiriau
hunanol. Mae'n rhaid
i mi'th ollwng i hedfan
yn rhydd, a gweu dy
freuddwydion dy hun.

A watercolor illustration of a person hanging upside down. The person is rendered in warm, golden-brown and orange tones. They are positioned in the upper right corner of the page, with their head near the top edge. The background is a light, neutral tone with a soft, curved line arching across the top, similar to the one on the left page.

Naked I come to you.

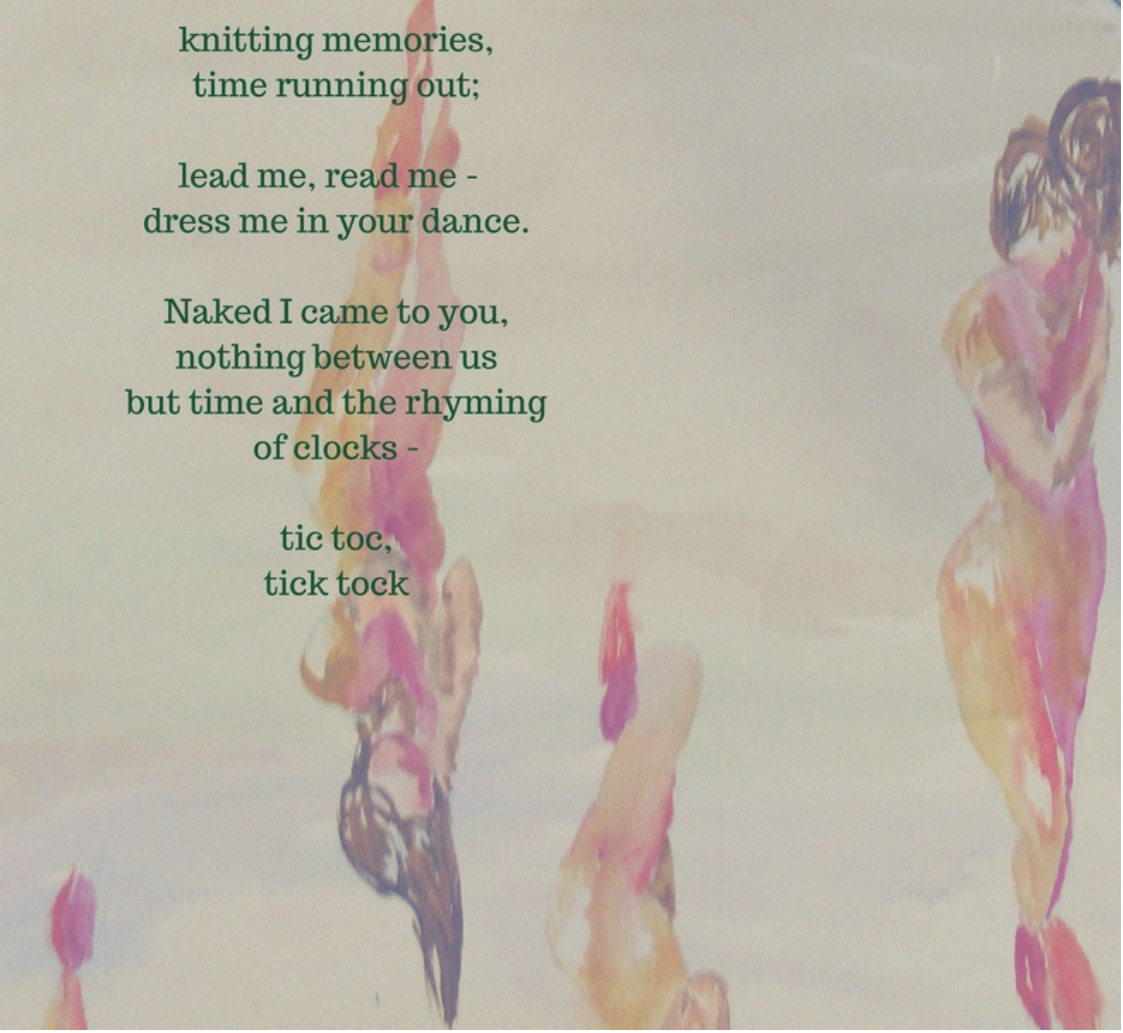
Feed me, take me, shape me -
slowly, slowly together we grow
and wither and die;

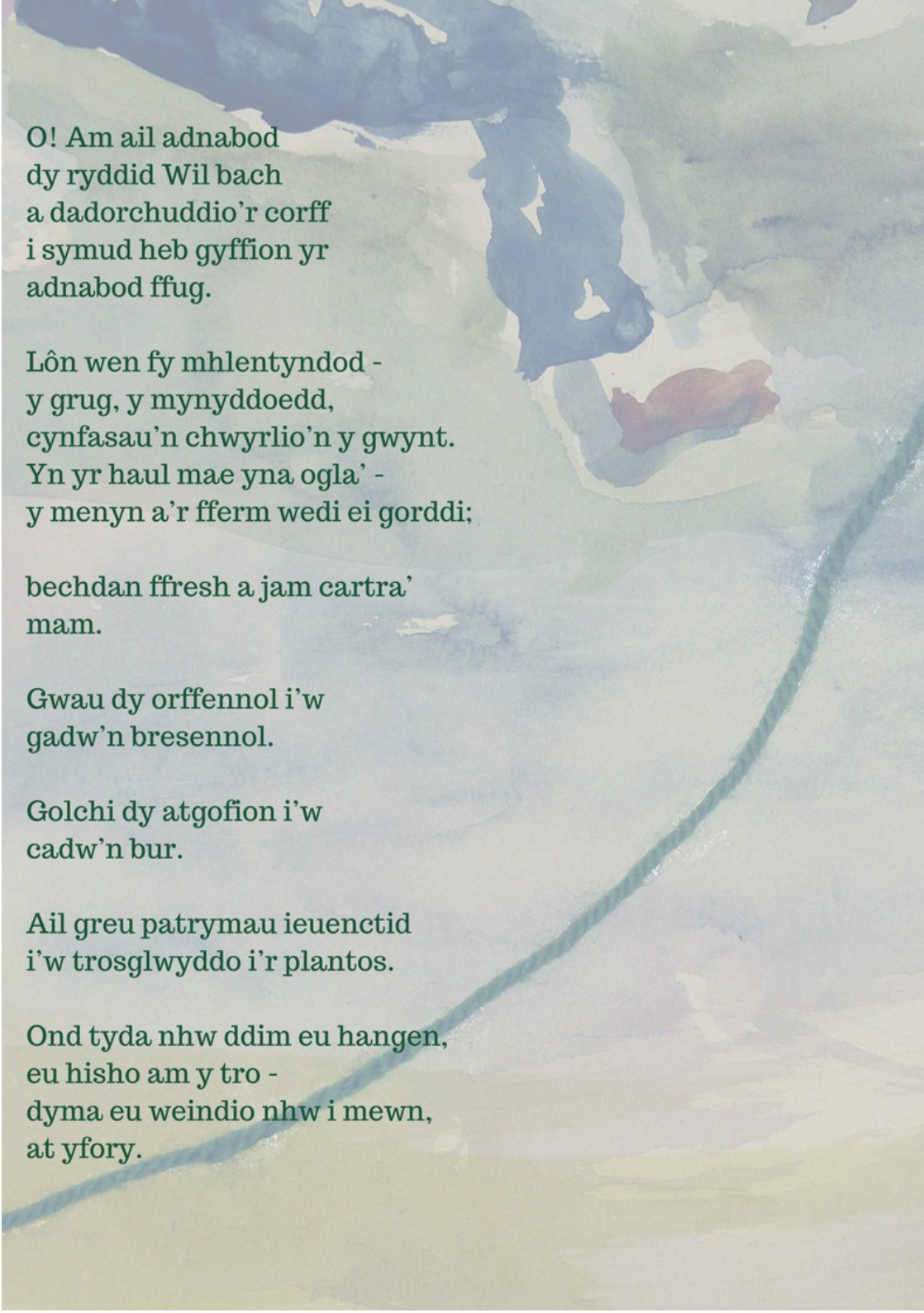
knitting memories,
time running out;

lead me, read me -
dress me in your dance.

Naked I came to you,
nothing between us
but time and the rhyming
of clocks -

tic toc,
tick tock

A watercolor illustration of a person hanging vertically. The person is rendered in warm, golden-brown and orange tones, similar to the person in the top right. They are positioned in the lower right corner of the page, with their head near the bottom edge. The background is a light, neutral tone with a soft, curved line arching across the top, similar to the one on the left page.



O! Am ail adnabod
dy ryddid Wil bach
a dadorchuddio'r corff
i symud heb gyffion yr
adnabod ffug.

Lôn wen fy mhlentyndod -
y grug, y mynyddoedd,
cynfasau'n chwyrlio'n y gwynt.
Yn yr haul mae yna ogla' -
y menyn a'r fferm wedi ei gorddi;

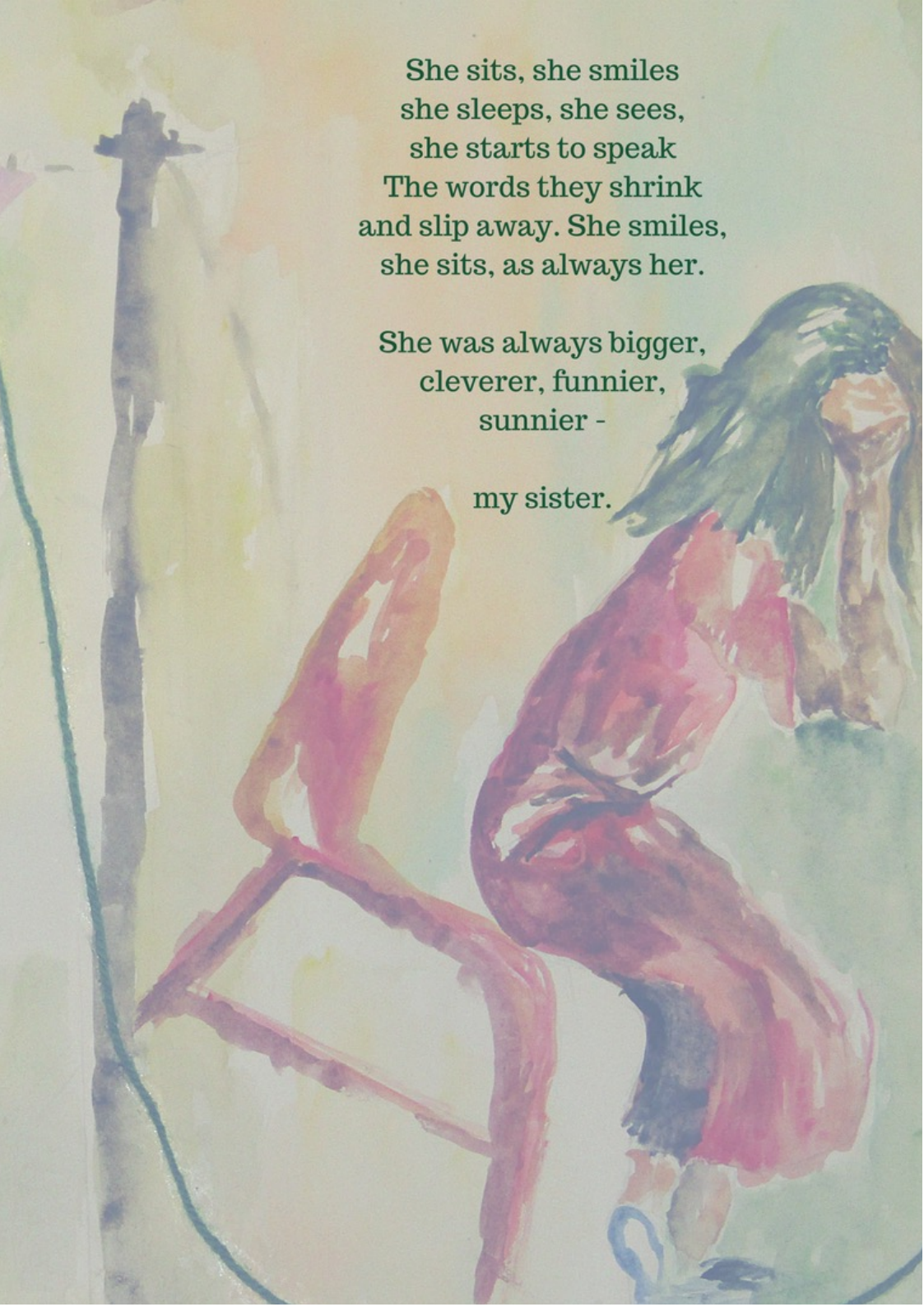
bechdan ffresh a jam cartra'
mam.

Gwau dy orffennol i'w
gadw'n bresennol.

Golchi dy atgofion i'w
cadw'n bur.

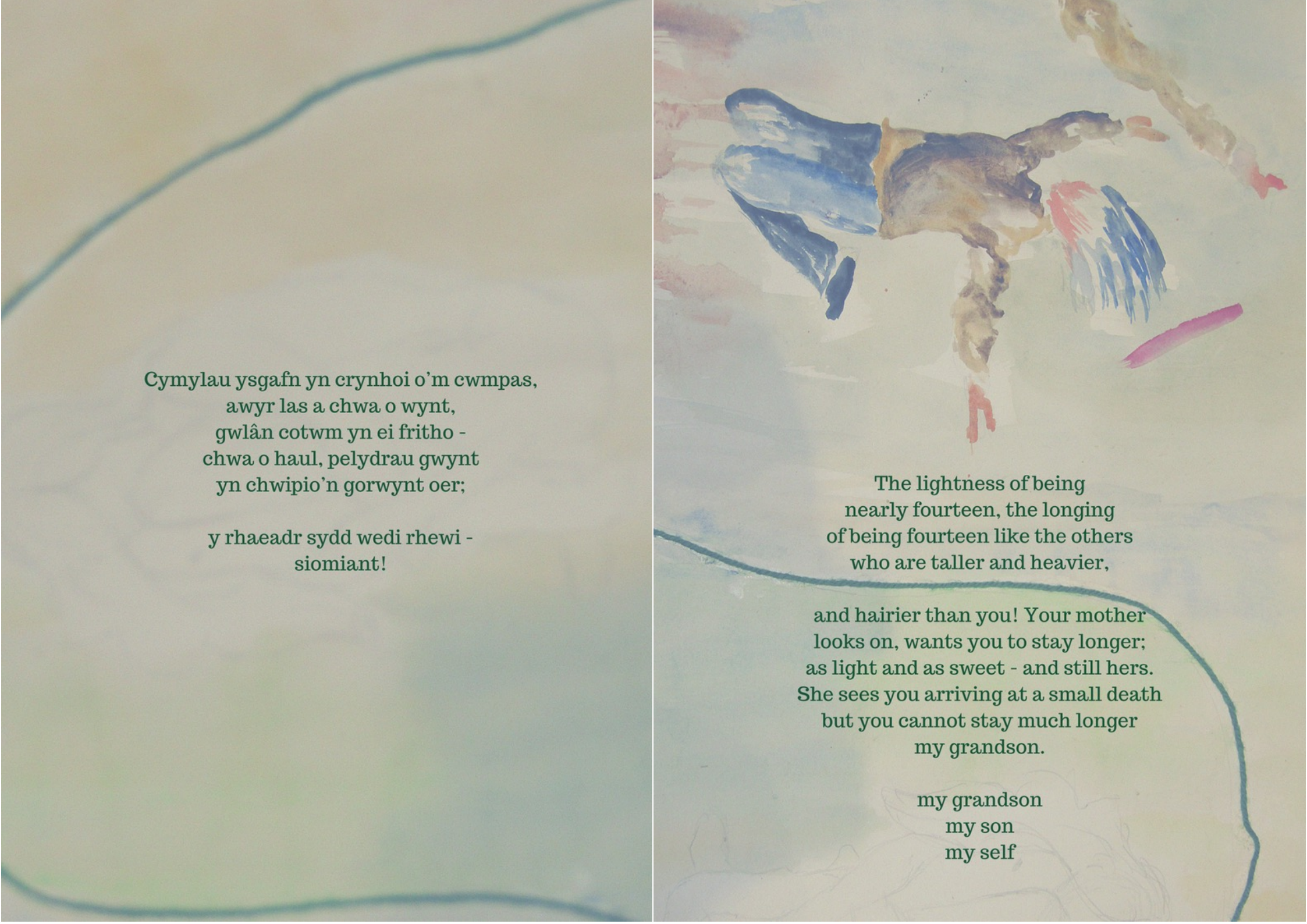
Ail greu patrymau ieuenctid
i'w trosglwyddo i'r plantos.

Ond tyda nhw ddim eu hangen,
eu hisho am y tro -
dyma eu weindio nhw i mewn,
at yfory.



She sits, she smiles
she sleeps, she sees,
she starts to speak
The words they shrink
and slip away. She smiles,
she sits, as always her.

She was always bigger,
cleverer, funnier,
sunnier -
my sister.



Cymylau ysgafn yn crynhoi o'm cwmpas,
awyr las a chwa o wynt,
gwllân cotwm yn ei fritho -
chwa o haul, pelydrau gwynt
yn chwipio'n gorwynt oer;

y rhaeadr sydd wedi rhewi -
siomiant!

The lightness of being
nearly fourteen, the longing
of being fourteen like the others
who are taller and heavier,

and hairier than you! Your mother
looks on, wants you to stay longer;
as light and as sweet - and still hers.
She sees you arriving at a small death
but you cannot stay much longer
my grandson.

my grandson
my son
my self