

## GEIRIAU ALLWEDDOL

### KEYWORDS

Mesur y Pellter

Measuring the distance

Not coming back but exile [ext]ending

I started dating Raymond the summer  
of the plague. I liked posh china more  
but we never stood on tables. Thought  
it looked a lot like Barbaric Boris et al

commanding class power dripping in joker  
so I turned/tuned to artistries & cultures  
cos our communities can change terms  
for this working landscape we were born

to love, kaleidoscope all we were taught  
to the centre of the city with a Guy Fawkes  
heart, & head like Macsen & sass like Shaybo:  
mudlarkin-pluralistic-patchwork-highbrow-gusto.

First I took 'llan' for church,  
and felt ironworked doors bolt closed on my **Muslim** face.  
'No,' said a friend. 'Llan is from **Llanerch**,  
an open glade, a space to gather.'

Ac ym myd dierth Llanllebynnag y tylwyth teg  
mae tincial-tincial llwyau te ar soseri,  
a bys bach pob llaw dde lefn  
yn cadw cydbwysedd mwy  
na rhwng min  
desglau porslen  
a gwefusau twt.

Dyma Gydbwysedd eu Trefn.

Tincial-tincial twt-twtian tafodau,  
tincial mor ddyfal  
nes credu  
bod crisial ffenestri 'u palasau prynhawn  
yn ffinio cadwedigaeth  
diwylliant go iawn.

So now I see Mecca in Llanedeyrn and Llandaff.  
I see crowds circling Stumps for remnant memories.  
Thumping feet, heavy as a **pastwn**, making **qalqala**  
on Welsh soil so loud it splits victim from terrorist, **Eryri** from Snowdonia.

Gwêl y gwall

am nad oes rhwng profiad a phrofiad  
ffin  
yn nirnadaeth y wlad honno  
lle mae cyrion  
gwynt y gorllewin  
a gwynt y dwyrain  
yn cwrdd  
a'u cyrlio'n ein sythu.

The N.W had well & truly split the city.

The crews there sent threats  
Looped their loadedness  
In an attempt/attack justified by the fact  
That stages-venues-clubs were theirs.

The majority of the N.W were ignorantly oblivious  
Of the nuclear national treasures  
Belonging to those people they keyboard warriored  
And the post-industrial poverty that pillaged & plagued.  
Viewed others engaging with certain art forms theft.

But there was nothing N.W about them  
Just O.S. Head's vexed  
About funding being distributed anywhere  
Other than the compass of culture  
That they were willing to go to war for.

I was a soldier for over a decade  
Made progress for us-them-we-Wales.  
But the city crews re-evaluated my pedigree  
When I got too vocal, too shiny  
And the vicious fissures that lacerated my love  
Made it difficult to keep up momentum  
Especially as my injuries were not visible enough  
And my smile was too convincing  
For anyone to connect with the actuality of my agony  
And like snot snakes they ate me from the inside out  
Went about the culture with a diehard manifesto  
That had never even heard of Raymond Williams  
Let alone considered that the capital of this country  
Could belong to us all.

The shaking wakes the earth's **power**. Shoots burst upward,  
complex tendrils rise and reach.  
They unpick the sticky white webs and their sticky **white lies**.  
Let them scatter about, lost and alone.

From the centre of the city,  
from our square mile king-faced stamp of vastness,  
we see it all,

And we cross the Ts and dot the Is  
with fine-nibbed pens  
in half-moon cuticled fingers  
beneath cufflinked sleeves,

to show that we know it all  
in detail

and knowing that we know the detail,  
from vastly sophisticated observatories  
we can even tell the weather,

because again,  
it's all about the detail.

Did you catch that?

Listen ...

... and in Wales: showers.

We are building from the ground up,  
Seeking specifics amidst the messy, **cyclical** dance.  
Not whole, not harmony but **7ub**:  
That seedling of love, soundly lives,  
building worlds in our **words**.

Boofy, Tin Town turned tin foil  
"We don't play it - this isn't a hobby"  
Experience & Evidence  
Living both through "profi"

The tea-shop-type got to him  
Acting like culture wasn't ordinary  
You can laugh loud now  
But jokes on you when they rule the country

Pilgrimages to Milton Keynes  
Follow rave, drum-n-bass, beat-poetry  
Where words are net-works  
Ideas, Ideals, moments of harmony

Celebrate your way, everyday  
Serve the ancestors' story  
Celebrate strands of self, community wealth  
Ordain me in ordinary profi as I journey

Say we gathered at the Llanerch,  
making **tawaf** like the bees dance.  
Would our ancestors be proud?

AC

Ar ymyl brawddeg, lle mae'r geiriau'n frau  
A'r meddwl fel trê'n gwib ar golli'r tracs,  
Yr ymyl, lle mae'r dweud yn agor-cau,  
Ac ystyr bron a llithro rhwng y cracs,  
Mae rhai yn mynnu bloeddio, codi llais,  
Fel pe bai gweiddi'n gallu llenwi'r twll,  
Gweiddi, gweiddi nes i'r waedd droi yn drais,  
Gan adael dim ond eco-eco mwll.  
A'r ymyl hwn yw'r man lle oedwn ni  
I adael sŵn tawelwch gael ei dro,  
Y sŵn sy'n gerbyd dirnad trai y lli,  
Sŵn gwacter dirgel, sŵn tawelwch co',  
Ac ar yr ymyl hwn, cawn, fesul gair,  
Ailbwytho iaith a'n hun a ninnau'n tair.

Tawaf

Tawaf

Tawaf