

## SHARON MORRIS

### Bluestone

This, a ceremonial landscape:

cromlechs, circles, a cove  
and a line of cairns

along the spine of *y Preseli*,  
intrusive sills of bluestone –

rhyolite a pattern of swirls  
like the air of Jupiter,

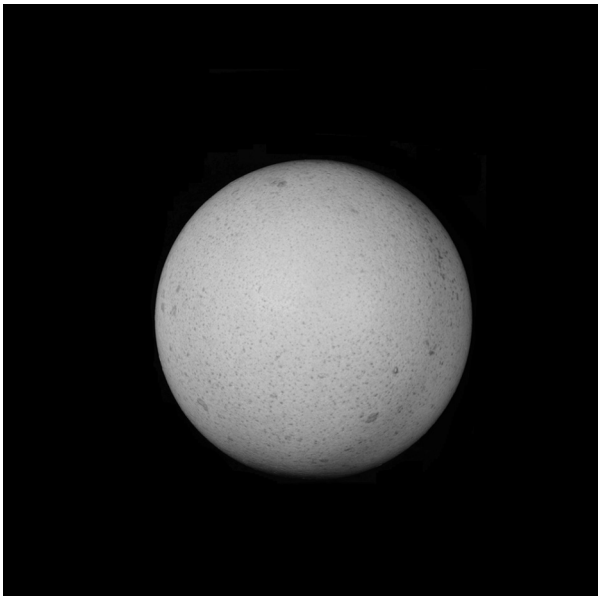
dolerite spotted with feldspar  
like stars in outer space –

quarried and carried over land  
and by river, Nyfer, Severn,

to Salisbury Plain,  
to stand at Stonehenge,

their placement an echo  
of their home:

*a land of stone for the dead,  
a land of wood for the living...*





## Carn Meini

Out of dark matter,  
rock broken,  
distorted, washed, distilled,

extract the sky,  
a common blue  
from its dark chrysalis;

*hanes* from the bones  
of hyena, reindeer, bear  
and myth;

*yr iaith*, song,  
from the lithophonic bells  
of bluestone.





## In the Shelter of y Preseli

‘We never go down there,  
it’s very lovely there,’

my mother tells me,  
looking down the valley

to Glandwr, river Gafel  
flowing into the Tâf:

something brave  
about these words,

something unheard of  
*yn cysgu*

in the shadows...  
*ynghysgod y Preseli,*

where the trees grow  
straight —



## Carreg Coetan Arthur

Shards of Beaker  
ware, grooved  
and corded pots  
on the hearth;  
the body left  
excarnate  
to the sun, rain  
and scavengers;  
bones burnt  
and placed in  
the *cromlech*;  
a capstone,  
as if thrown  
from the top  
of Carningli,  
balanced on two  
of four orthostats,  
leaving  
a glow of sky  
between stones  
for the light,  
for *yr awel*.  
We visit  
the cul-de-sac  
of bungalows  
at Newport,  
take a photo  
with a mobile phone —  
that's all it takes  
to enter through the eye  
into the heart  
*yn ddistaw*  
and stay there  
*yn agos*.



## Pentre Ifan

Light fills me  
with silence,

diminishing  
death —

mist passes  
its cowl

over my head,  
breath

over the quartz  
entrance

to the cromlech,  
a sinuous exit

for the soul,  
over fragments

of carinated bowls,  
an arrowhead

in the shape  
of a birch-leaf,

charred gorse  
in the hearth:

Neolithic axe  
like an egg

in my arms,  
I am attached

by honeysuckle  
rope.



## The Blue Lagoon

From the cliff edge  
he dives

into the flooded quarry,  
sea rinsing

over the black beach  
of Abereddy,

graptolites,  
the shape of tuning forks,

trapped in  
Ordovician shale,

its seams running east  
to Hebron

and Hermon  
ripe for fracking:

in my dream she cries  
*leave my soul alone* —

the water clean  
from the spring...

