

## **Barmouth**

To be there in February is to know  
the mizzle cry of gulls circling  
the hollow between hills and estuary,  
sweep down with them from mossy crags  
mottled with bracken-drawn sheep  
to wheel the sleeping esplanade,  
where carousel and sweet spiralled rock  
wait for summering children,  
then join their squealed hesitation  
over winter waves before curving  
towards the harbor, where tilting boats  
also wait, for any who would go to sea.

Sharon Ashton