

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