

Eisteddfod

Echoing screams of mordant victory shriek high.
I strike the pitted helmet from my Welsh foe's brow
and cut his throat.

I forget. What festival is this now?
No word leaves his lips. No memory. No mumbling.
Of the Sitting, the Stones, the Bard.

I remember his face.

That peaceful white flower that stalked and entwined the lyric listener
turns scarlet, crowning my ruddy hand with regret.

We used to be minstrels my Welsh friend and I:
to pull strings and hearts was
all we desired.

Liz Lammond

Liz Lamond