

MESTER AN PORTH

A-ugh an grisow, morer yn y neyth
a synz y bellgewsigell avel arv;
yma an mester-marner orth y weyth,
dinamm y dhillaz, berr ha gwynn y varv;
tri hylgh a owr a dhiskwedh dhyn y soedh;
mappow an porth, y wlaskor, yw hewel,
gwiazenn kevniz owth ystynna pell.
Gwesyon, megthythyon a herwydh y vodh:
“Gwra lughskeuzenna hemma!” Yth yw gwryz;
ha heb y gummyaz ny way gorhel vyth:
mester an soedhva, porth hag oll y vyz.
Mez my a’n gwel ’vel studhyer seuladhydh,
ha gonn yn ta: pup dydh an mor a sev
ha dhiyskynn, yn kosel, hebdho ev.

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THE HARBOUR-MASTER (*literal translation*)

At the top of the stairs, the sea-eagle in his nest
who holds his mobile ’phone like a weapon;
the master-mariner is at work,
with spotless clothes, and a short white beard;
three golden bands show us his authority;
charts of the harbour, his kingdom, are conspicuous,
a spider’s web extending far.
Male and female minions go at his bidding:
“Photocopy this!” It is done;
and without his permission no ship may move:
master of the office, harbour and his entire world.
But I see him as a student of former days,
and I know well: every day the sea rises
and falls, quietly, without him.