

An Inspiration

Nestled within the Italian Gardens, she waits majestically like the August sun,
We meet to remember her love of Pontypool, setting off full of inspiration and intrigue,
Walking swiftly up the steep tree lined hill we reach the summit.
I return to resight her words, as we feel her presence, her dreams become my reality,
Onwards we move, dry and wet, sun and rain, inspired to finish this long Welsh trail.
Walking in her footsteps, I think nothing of this 8-mile hike.
A'top the rugged slope the wind blows, light piercing the narrow window panes,
Colours of elegance to the eye. The Grotto, "oh what a beauty".
On to the tower that stood the test of time, revealing unforgettable views
fields with a thousand shades of green.
We stand at the height with great ambition and many dreams.
Along the liquid miles we creep, gently to see the nature before our eyes,
Peeping through the trees the folly in the distance marks how far we have trekked.
As we approach the iconic Pontypool gates, green old and weary,
we stop to appreciate our achievement.
But we must complete one last step, the Pontypool Museum,
it comes to an end but it's only the beginning of the Myfanwy journey.

By Lucie Blake (age 12)