

Pontypool Park

In spring she wears a verdant gown
Graced with diamond dew,
Upon her head a blossom crown
'Neath skies of gleaming blue.
Her emerald studded fingers reach
Towards the passing clouds.
A gentle breeze stirs copper beech
And daffodils in crowds.

She triumphs over summer heat
Beneath a leafy veil,
While townsfolk gather at her feet
To follow Myfanwy's trail.
At her head lies Folly Tower
Beacon of local pride,
Where she gazes hour upon hour
At patchwork countryside.

Autumn tints her tresses gold
Sweet chestnuts burst the shell.
Although her heart is touched by cold
Warm tales are hers to tell,
Of rugby matches played and won,
Of sulphurous, smoky sky,
Of friends who get the hard work done
To keep a sparkle in her eye.

As winter clothes her all in white
She reveals her boundless glory,
And even while she's hidden from sight
She writes a springtime story.

Su King

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