

The Chase Across Time (Part 1)

All the time pointing at trees - 'Name it.
List its uses. Which poem, which story?
How does it dress as the seasons unfurl?
Which deity or spirit should we appease?
Relate to me again the local history!

Poor Gwion, exhausted with learning -
 scalded for day-dreaming - mind-numb:
'We are not a college to graduate flatterers -
 praise is the enemy of clear counsel!'
'Our words, our melodies, our learning
 are the terror of all oppressors ...'
'The propaganda of Lords will not sway us.'
'True knowledge abhors orchestrated silence.'
'The spirit of the land is ruthless to minds
 soaked in luxuria.'
'Hierarchy is the unreal consequence of war -
 like a rotten tooth it oft' resists pulling.'
'Children of the cauldron can name and banish
 all the principal spirits of discord.'

Such teachings boxed his ears - words from all
 compass points, swirling and clamouring.
Ceridwen: Boundless energy, mischievous jesting
 (and gifted at mimicry) always exposing the
vices of the illustrious. 'That tyrant needs binding!'
'Our King governs with a pox-infected member!'
'The Bishop's wrath is only outdone by his
 avarice ... his virtues are holidaying in Rome!'

Well might they fear her enchantments -
 ageless woman, swarthy with blue tattoos,
 and eyes like an owl
Two dragons are her counsel
 and the ravens are her spies.
A dozen languages are her demesne
 and the trees are her camouflage.