

## Wilderness House Literary Review 9/2

*Byron Beynon*  
**Visit To Fern Hill**

I walked there,  
following the road  
three miles or so  
out of Llansteffan's reach.  
That unhurried summer  
the tranquil Tywi flowed  
through high August country  
as the abundant sun made salt,  
soon the river disappeared from view,  
I was alone  
before a private house,  
where amongst the dark  
conifers and lattice of dizzy pylons  
a childhood world  
was one recalled.

His words of celebration and praise  
brought me here,  
a boyhood recreated  
unaware that innocence  
would end;  
outside that day  
a sign warned  
Beware Guard Dogs  
In Operation,  
presented no clue  
to his untethered wordscape  
where a green fraction of fern  
was placed on the mindful page,  
an abiding calligraphy,  
nature's reading  
by the filigree of strong leaves.

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### Lost Tracks

The summer air is pure,  
it is clear as we see  
day-trippers captured  
in a photograph  
from the late  
nineteenth century.

Those rare days  
away from drudgery,  
returning home  
on those lost tracks,  
in open wagons  
scrubbed clean  
by colliers' wives.

The long hours of summer  
light by the holiday sea,  
focused across the years  
towards a single,  
caught exposure  
during a July reverie.

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**BOZOULS, near RODEZ**

*after the painting by J D Innes (1887-1914)*

Time here has stood still.

A sun-warmed place  
preserved over the years  
by the brush dipped  
deliberately onto the day's surface.

Praising the sparkle of light on trees  
like a jeweller's window,  
but with colours introduced by nature,  
allowing imagination  
to continually enter  
the fertility of this land.

Dappled walls  
with a primitive road  
leading to an unknown horizon,  
fragments from a mystery  
claiming attention  
beyond the calm fields.