

“GWALES”

Legend has it that seven men, survivors of a terrible war, made landfall on a magical island off the westernmost tip of Wales. There they were regaled with stories told by the severed head of their gigantic slain leader, Bran. Eighty years passed this way, in happy forgetfulness until one of the gathered, a man called Heulyn, opened a forbidden door unleashing a flood of horrific memories and precipitating their return to the real world. Where are we now? Are we in thrall still to the comforting tales told us by dead demi-gods? Gazing at a distant horizon. Living on Fantasy Island.

Wele rith....

yml rhyw ynys
nad ywn bod yn y byd,
ond ar gwypawd hud,
ynys chwe adlais
a'i chwedlau ar linellau pelydrau pell,
ynys hynod,
lle i ddewin rodio
neu hedfan ar aden gwylan yn gampau i gyd

ynys un bys a bawd,
hen ben bach a phen-glin plyg
ynys yr hanner mynwes
sy'n rhoi'n y dwr ei darn o dir

ynys y suddo diddiwedd
a'r marw hir

yn wir,
yn wir
wele rith.....

Y Gorwel, Mererid Hopwood. (Wedi ei gyfansoddi i ddarlun gan Iwan Bala yn Eisteddfod Ty Ddewi 2002)