**Swansea Son** *by Laura Potts*

He is here in my autumn of age

the riverlight through windowpanes,

the small-hour laughter,

the slim-supple night,

and moonlight eyes on the history page.

I remember his name that giggled the stars

when the stage of the world lit its lights for him,

and I, summer’s daughter,

he Swansea’s son

whose words in the plash of the water

we hear in the echoes of hills. Still

the ghost in my arms in the cracked black night,

still in stairwells that old grey light that writes

of the deer shaping the dales, that writes

of bonfire-bright half-pint ale, that writes

of Death in His coat and tails:

you, man of words with the firefly eyes,

who didn’t stay to see the wild spring flowers

riot on the mountainside, who died

like a steeple that cradles its bones,

and whose voice now sleeps beneath Wales’ stones,

you, my lone man with the light, lord of all words,

whether I’m there with you or not, well, that’s alright.