

The House on Llanwynno Mountain

Standing stark against the moorland sky
The whistling wind blowing, blowing
In strident answer to the curlew's cry
The pert little stream still flowing, flowing

With windows long since bereft of glass
The house lingers loyally, for the owners retread
But with another hard winter come to pass
The end of weary waiting is ahead

They will never return to the land again
Those hillside farmers of the past
The land belongs to the wind and rain
And the hollow house is brought down at last

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