

## **treorchy was a blank canvas**

the serpentine roads were misty  
bleak yet beautiful  
the mighty hills and lush forests  
an appropriate backdrop  
for the day ahead

the vast valley seemed worlds away  
from our solid stretch of sand in swansea  
there were no racing ambulances  
or gurgling lorries or shrieking seagulls

the sleepy slopes looked serene  
as my breath billowed on the car window  
and i lifted my phone camera  
a modern day greeting  
to the quiet bending roads  
and still emerald leaves

the theatre was sudden and abrupt  
black against white  
capital letters  
the theatre was a blank canvas  
to spill our thoughts onto

the serpentine roads were misty  
but the agenda was purposeful  
words punctuated silence  
to the steady beat of a busker's foot

treorchy was a blank canvas  
that we splashed our thoughts  
and acronyms and cake crumbs  
and folded paper plates onto

the serpentine roads were misty  
but led us all here  
to this bleak yet beautiful town  
against a sea of emerald green