

Poetry - Fiona Collins

Walk through tree-lined tunnels
Until sounds of the past reach your ears
Listen for birdsong,
 For children's play
 For keening and tears and sorrow
 They all are here.

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The Mold Gold Cape

Did someone wear it, some chieftain or queen,
 On the height of the hill?
Before the hill owned the names we now use...

Did a proud smith smile, honoured by his tribe.
When his work was first seen,
Long ago?

Golden gleam, precious metal,
Wrought like beads, wrought like bone,
Sign of status, mark of majesty, made for a leader alone.

Someone made it, someone wore it
We do not know their names.
Still a treasure, still a marvel,
Receiving worldwide acclaim.