

Open workshop - Jane Mack

Rhyming Couplet For Bailey Hill

Secret paths lead to deep-buried bones,
Sharing the soil with a circle of stones.

Norman Warrior

A myriad iron rings form his hauberk.
Clinking and clanking of chain mail
as he steps out of the Bayeux tapestry
on to Bailey Hill, crunching the shale.
The battle of Hastings a memory,
arrows cataracting his mind
as he scales the hill, inhaling the view,
thankful he isn't blind.

Clinking and clanking of tankards
in the meadhall as exploits are told.
Metallic eyes glint in the flames of the fire
as darkness embraces Mold.

Sounds on the Bailey

The weight of the giant long-gone
bears down on the Bailey,
and the sound of the owl,
like the howl of a wolf, echoes
down the tree-lined tunnels.

The weight of the giant long-gone
bears down on the Bailey,
and the sound of the woodpecker
rapping, tapping the bark of tall trees
echoes, echoes
down the tree-lined tunnels.

The weight of the giant long-gone
bears down on the Bailey.
Then a nightingale's voice
fills the tree-lined tunnels
with celestial song, while the people
sing the 'language of heaven'.

Clanking in the Wind On Bailey Hill

You
yanked
the drawbridge up
rust-gnawed chains
continued to
clank
in the wind
like those
holding
the saloon sign
in a deserted
wild
west town
no way back
no way to
the crumbling
castle you made
so dear to me
heartflames leapt
in the sombre
waters
of the moat
while a
cloudcobbled
moon shone
into deep crannies
at a moment of
illumination

On Bailey Hill

Hundreds of soldiers have rent the air
on Bailey Hill, on Bailey Hill,
their hauberks jangling everywhere,
but now the air is still.

Coarse cries of pain have peeled the air
on Bailey Hill, on Bailey Hill,
Longbows have cracked beyond repair,
and now the air is still.