

Poetry workshop: Mary Considine

### **Whose hill this is**

Whose hill this is I think I know:

A Norman Lord of long ago.

He will not draw his sword on me

Or hang me from a Bailey tree.

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### **Place of Mystery**

Place of mystery and ghosts

Secret paths,

Tree-lined tunnels

And many, many stories.

Some have been told

Some are yet to be discovered:

Stories great lords could tell ...

Or little children.

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### **My dog and I**

My dog and I walked on Bailey Hill

(We'd eaten tea, and had our fill)

We clambered up the steps quite gladly

He looked at me, while yapping madly

I knew his plan: to be set free

And chase the squirrels with endless glee

The sun was setting on hills far away

The town below was no longer at play

Though loath were we to leave the Bailey,

We knew we would return there daily.

## Peace

Uncared for once,  
You watched silently as the boy king  
was honoured with a cape of gold.  
And always Mother Mountain watched over you,  
and the Alyn river flowed by your side.

You watched, as panic-stricken  
men drowned in the great swollen river.  
You were used - but unloved - by  
Norman Lords and Welsh Kings,  
who fought over you.  
You watched the people on  
Streate Beili and Streate Dadleu-dy.

When a man of wealth planted  
trees on you, you hoped the fighting  
was over: that you would be left in peace.

Many birds came then,  
to gather on your trees: many animals and insects too.  
And people came, looking for peace:  
You welcomed them.  
And so it was ...

And always Mother Mountain watches over you,  
And the Alyn river flows by your side.