

Talking to Lord Newborough

I'd perch beside your gravestone years ago,
a boy who thought you old at forty-three.
I knew you loved this quiet place, like me.
We'd gaze towards Maentwrog far below,
kindred spirits, and I'd talk to you.
Sometimes I asked what it was like to die —
were you afraid? You never did reply,
but silence rested lightly on us two.



These days the past is nearer, so I came
to our remembered refuge on the hill,
expecting change yet finding little there:
my village and the Moelwyns look the same,
Saint Michael's Church commands the valley still —
but you, old friend, are younger than you were.

(Lt. William Charles Wynn, 1873 — 1916, 4th Baron Newborough, whose grave overlooks the Vale of Ffestiniog in North Wales.)