

The Colours of Aberfan

White-blond hair; singing songs of Jesus.
White were their socks, pulled to their knees,
White were their faces, scrubbed with mam's spit.
White were their books' fresh new leaves,
White from the chalk, copying from the board.
White were the teacher's rolled up sleeves.

Black it was. An avalanche of fear.
Black clock hands ceased at nine thirteen.
Black, the 'Green Hollow' now enshrouded;
Black mists lift to a desperate scene.
Black-faced miners scraping bare handed.
Black hearts of grief - a nation's scream.

White was the hankie, now beyond tears.
White marble arches, mark their graves
White haired men with their corporate fears.
White - the wash - with which they painted.