

Another Farm Not Survived

Was that an echo of our cattle,
Ruminating in the stalls?
Their warm, sweet breath
Wetting the cold, stone walls.

Was that a glimmer of the lamplight
That softly lit the lambing shed?
Touching the fleece of the straining ewe
As I felt in her for feet and head.

Was that a whisper of the tractor
Upon which I learnt to drive?
The one that took us all to start it
But that we loved as if alive.

Was that a presence of my mother
As she came in from milking time?
To get us all dressed and off to school
So that we might not follow her line.

Was that a shadow of us children
Playing amongst the bales?
The last crumbled vertebrae
In the backbone of rural Wales.

And was that the silence of my father
As the auctioneer arrived?
To sell our cows and sheep and home
Another farm not survived.

