

PWY YDW I'N MEDDWL  
OEDDWN I?

1914

WHO DO  
I THINK I WAS?

1918

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## Feathers

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Feathers float down.  
She is surrounded by them.  
Everywhere she looks  
Feathers... white,  
Always the purest white  
Spring blossom,  
Winter snowflakes  
And the clouds, always the clouds  
Constant reminders of a former time.

He burst through the door  
Angry and agitated.  
Volunteer? Never.  
He would not fight  
The workers of the world.  
He would not fight  
His fellow men.  
He would not fight  
A war that was not his.  
His conscience would not allow,  
His conscience was clear.  
Volunteer? Never.

Feathers float down.  
She is surrounded by them.  
There is no escape.  
She closes her eye  
And the weight of the feathers,  
The purest white feathers,  
Crush down.../and she finds the peace she craves.

