

PWY YDW I'N MEDDWL
OEDDWN I?

1914

WHO DO
I THINK I WAS?

1918

Mair Gwynedd Smith, Dowlais Visual Art Group

Entrenched

The sky is black with putrid fumes like lead.
Charred by the smell of flesh the air has fed.
With what groans, what agony hath that dust forgone.
Grey hinged fragments, yellowed gas and killing dread.
Oh marching song, oh hapless throng -
Through mist and smog, thou must go on.

Oh for the shield of triumph in scarlet blood beheld.
In mortal pain, shall feel no shame;
For thou art but a name in the game of war, of feelings rent
Blinded by fear, thou cannot hear - thy shall not see again.
Thy valiant heart shall set thee free,
And then in final victory - remorse not spent

Behold thou fought for peace, and shall receive thy share.
Thy cold blank stare, by turmoil and by filthy snare -
Just lying there - tiny brothers crying everywhere.
Reach out, reach out and walk about, come now and walk with me.
Walk with courage; walk with stealth for all the world to see.
Thy loyalty rewarded now for all eternity.

Leave behind thy family in mourning gear and sorrow,
So the sun may sit above this blackened field tomorrow.
The suffering continues on; anxiety and fear belong to evensong.
The tears full shall blind her face, and stumbling limbs
with three embrace, this moment, time and space.
Until a place like you in air shall meet -
A chilling breeze which will subdue the heat.

Behold thy time has passed away,
And evening clouds thy soul portray -
The spectre of a sunlight ray, as stories of a life display,
Walk away, walk away from sorrows of another day.
Come to me my little son, because you have a battle won.
And have begun to see at last, the morning sun in glory cast.