

Vernon Watkins

Waterfalls

Always in that valley in Wales I hear the noise
Of waters falling.

 There is a clump of trees
We climbed for nuts; and high in the trees the boys
 Lost in the rookery's cries
 Would cross, and branches cracking under their knees

Would break, and make in the winter wood new gaps.
The leafmould covering the ground was almost black,
 But speckled and striped were the nuts we threw in our caps,
 Milked from split shells and cups,
 Secret as chestnuts when they are tipped from a sack,

Glossy and new.

 Always in that valley in Wales
I hear that sound, those voices. They keep fresh
 What ripens, falls, drops into darkness, fails,
 Gone when dawn shines on scales,
 And glides from village memory, slips through the mesh,

Eisteddfod English competition: Year 10 and 12.

Read the extract above from the Maesteg-born poet Vernon Watkins.

Thinking about Maesteg's beautiful landscape and rich history, add an additional two stanzas to this extract so that this poem becomes specific to this valley. Aim to follow Watkins' structure and style.