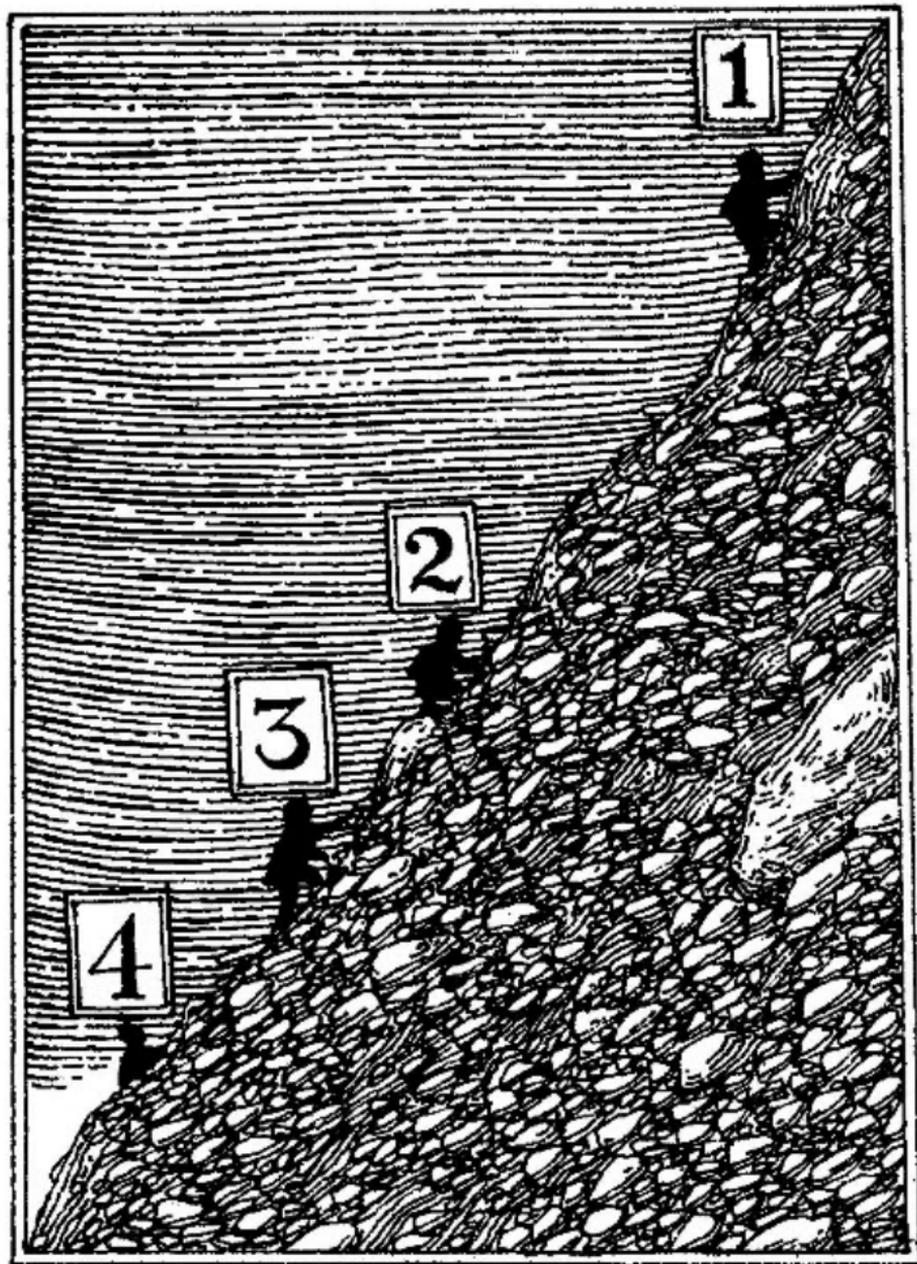


The Mountain Suite



Frontispiece

Paul Evans

The Mountain Suite

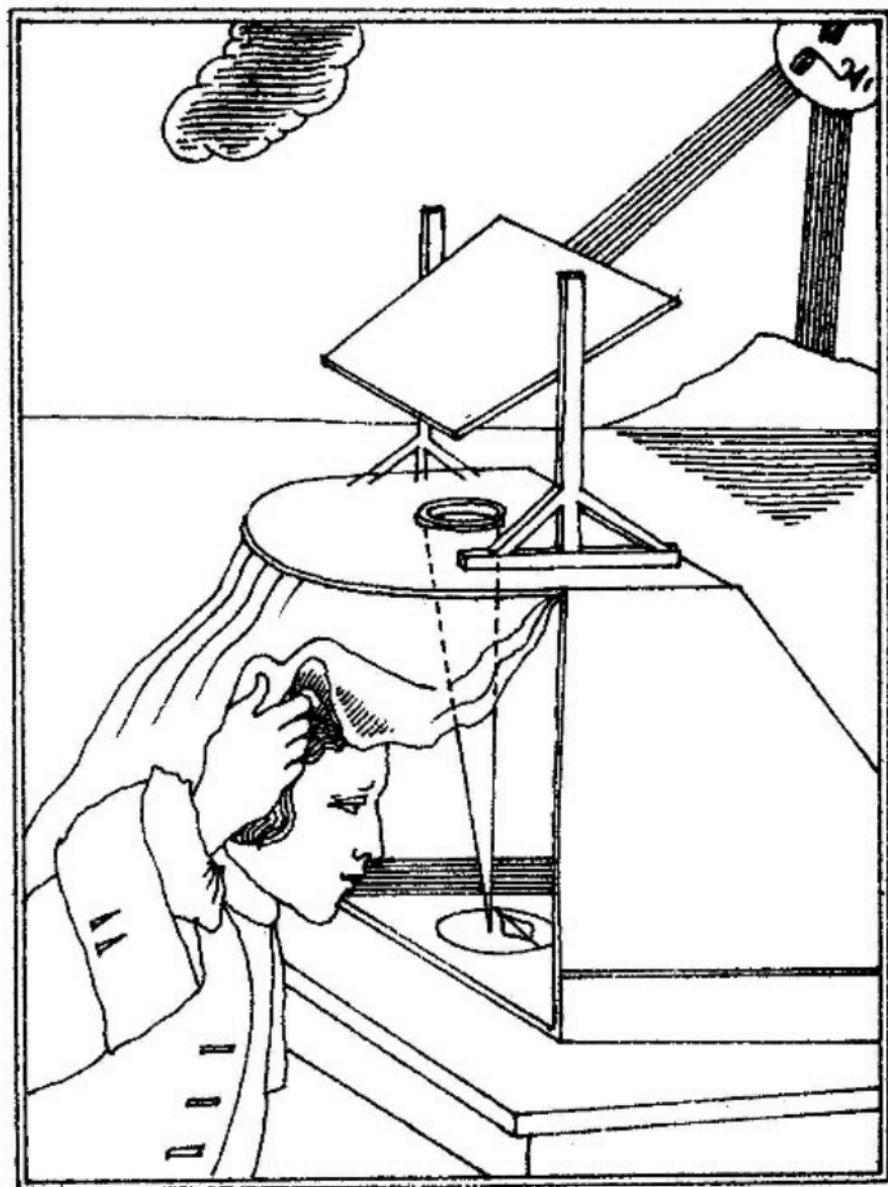
DRAWINGS BY PETER BAILEY

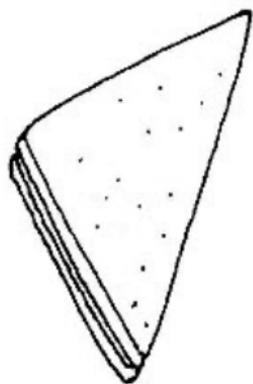
What law of geologic time
Accomplished this green, sculptured cwm?
The same that shaped the mouth of ice
The mountain stream pours from. The same
That shaped this brain-coil and these eyes?

Flip-flops, high-heels and varnished boots
Can turn even the safest routes
Into a lounge:lizard's nightmare.
A mountain doesn't give two hoots
For inappropriate footwear.

Morning so cool, so calm, so bright!
The seventeenth century light
Falls on the mountain in the lake
With scarce a waking soul abroad
To mourn the end you move toward.

"Are you one o' them canoeists?"
Old Welsh drunk demands through the mists
Of the Plas Coch Inn urinal
Slipping to the porcelain floor
As the white-water starts to roar.





La chute de Sunblest

Some men draw back before an edge
While others gaze below, their cool
Concern for sandwiches a hedge
Round a fascinated fear :
Empty space, wind at their ear.

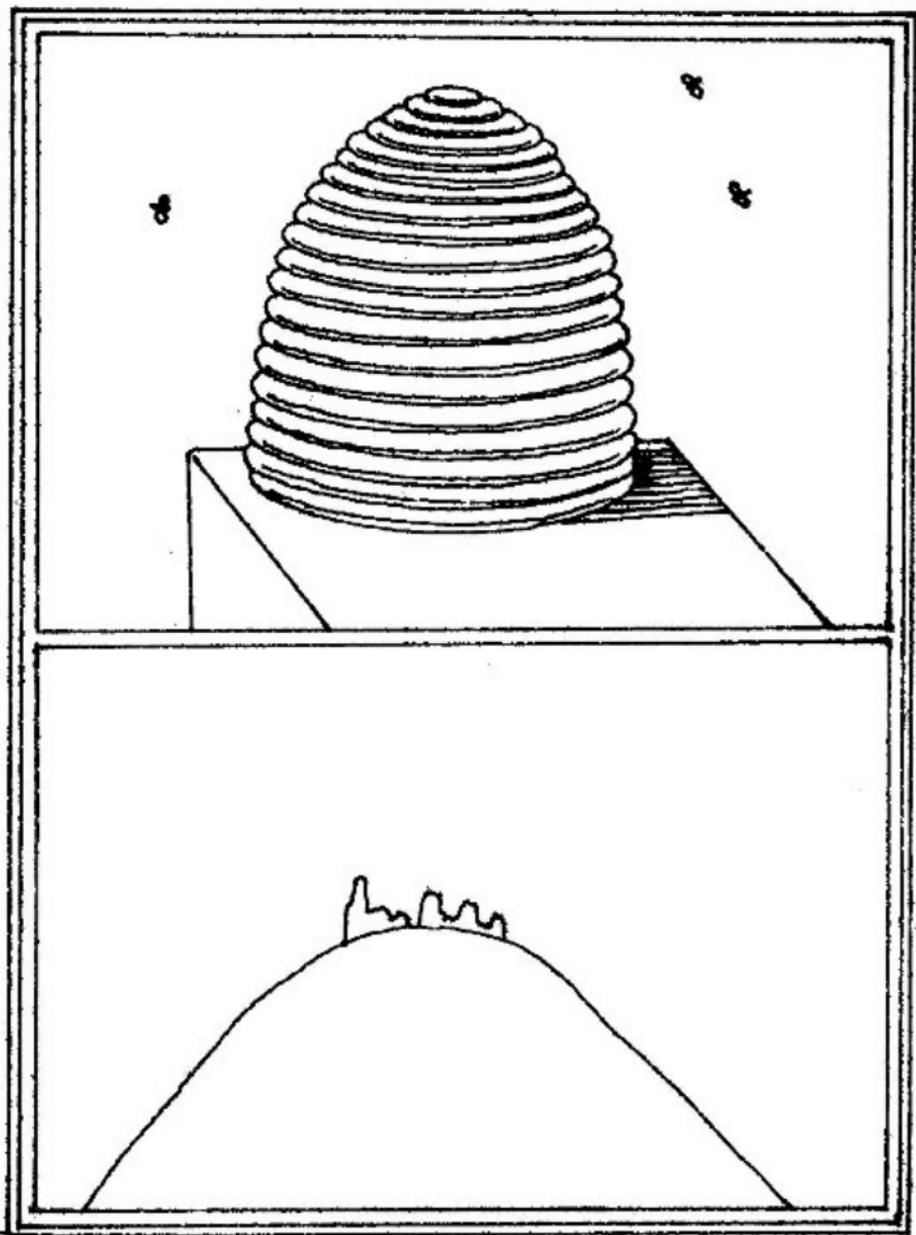
To share a strange bed with a man
(Iron pillow, short by a foot)
And stub toe en route to the can
Is not a fate most married males
Are ready to embrace in Wales.

Facing such a mighty prospect
East and west from the Roman Steps
Your eyes consume every aspect
As if to permanently bind
Sky, sea and mountains in your mind.

Eyes, which take delight in the look
Of sea and sky, mountain and lake,
Though shut quickly, cannot deny
The acid on the cycle-spoke
As it sears the victim's eye.



A Syntactic Landscape.



Good morning! to the Admiral
Who breakfasts at the next table
On eggs and bacon, pond'rously.
His three~piece suit of Harris Tweed
Proclaims his immaculate breed.

The gap-toothed walls of Dinas Bran
Lean off their hill, as if they grin
At the centuries. A bee drones
Faint below wind-batter. Happy?
That sound means nothing to a bee.

Fishermen let down lines to where
Buzzards once ignited the air
Above the valley-floor. Where boys
And girls once stroked warm limbs and hair
Now fish perform their clammy joys.

Four men go up on the mountain
In rain, wind, snow, sunshine and ice.
Later, they consume a fountain
Of gin and tonic, wine and beer.
Men, and mountain, disappear.

Paul Evans: The Mountain Suite

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MERSEYSIDE POETRY MINIBOOKS SERIES

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Born 1945 - in Liverpool since 1980 - poetry published
Includes: *February* (Fulcrum 1973), *The Manual for the
Perfect Organisation of Tourneys* (Oasis 1979), *Sweet
Lucy* (Pig Ptes - due 1983).

PETER BAILEY

Born 1946 in India - freelance illustrator since 1968 -
teaching in Liverpool since 1973.

Bailey and Evans have previously collaborated on:
ONIC: an adventure story (1974)
Schneider's Skink (1977)

The Mountain Suite derives from a walking tour in the
Welsh hills undertaken by the writer and the artist with
friends

WINDOWS

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