

THE RADNOR DRAGON / DRAIG FFOREST CLUD by Carolyn Kennard

DRAIG FFOREST CLUD

Yn ôl y chwedl, ddyddiau fu,
mae draig yn Fforest Clud -
a phedair llan o'i chwmpas hi
i'w chadw ymhell o'r byd...

Nid pawb sy'n credu'r stori hon
Drwy hyd a lled y tir
Ond gwelais innau fodiau'i thraed
A gwn ei bod yn wir!

Fe'i gwelwch chithau hefyd,
Ar daen ar hyd y fro,
Yn nhonnau a rhigolau'r tir
Sydd yma ers cyn co:

Ceunentydd, pantiau, bryniau fry,
gweirgloddiau gleision llyfn
a'r pinwydd ar y cribau crwn
yw'r pigau ar ei chefn.

A'r cysgodion ar Rydieithon
a'i chorau gweigion, mud -
adenydd plyg y ddraig yw'r rhain
sy'n cysgu yno'n glud.

O Gasgob sguba'i chynffon,
drwy Nant Melan a thrwy Ddisgoed -
y lôn wen yn ymdroelli'n
dawel rhwng y prysgoed.

Gorwedda'i phen yng Nghefnllys
o dan yr Ywen wiw,
a'i dwfn anadlu yn ei chwsg
yw'r niwl wrth droed y rhiw.

Mae fflach ei llygaid llidiog
yn smicio'r haul ar ros
a phoen ei chri ddolurus
yn udo lleddf y nos.

Rhodiais y llwybrau dan yr haul
a theimlo gwres ei thân,
a chlywed rhuo'i thymer ddrwg
yn sŵn y gwynt a'r adar mân.

Wedyn gwêl ffermwyr golli da,
dim ond esgyrn sychion ar ôl,
y pwll yn sych, y cynhaea'n sâl
a chysgodion du ar fryn a dôl.

Y ddraig sydd yma'n deffro o'i chwsg.
Caewch y drysau'n glep!
Mae hi'n deffro, yn ymystwyrion
Yn barod i ddangos ei gwep.

THE RADNOR DRAGON

Five churches guard our dragon,
the ancient legend goes
but 'though most folk are sceptical
I have glimpsed his toes...

they mark the fissures in the land
where gullies cut right through
majestic hills and pastured banks,
I've seen his sharp spines too

picked out as trees of conifer
arched on his back.

It's true!

Soft shadows on Rhydithon
With rows of empty pews,
are folded dragon's wings -he's
crouched in midday snooze.

His tail sweeps round from Cascob
through Disgoed to Nant Melan
marking the road like a ribbon
mapped out in nature's plan.

At Cefnlllys he rests his head
tucked in rings of Yew,
while sleeping breath and moistened tongue
fashion the misty hue.

When sun glints through the forest
It's the sparkle of his eye
and the howl at night in winter
the pain of his lonely cry.

I've walked the paths in sun's full heat
his fire upon my skin,
when wind whips up as birds take flight
with the roar that awakes in him.

Then farmers find they've lost some stock
and only bones remain,
the dew pond dries, the hay crop fails
and folk look to the hills again.

Then our dragon rouses from his rest
as church doors slam shut tight
the beast stands up stretching his limbs
and creeps out of the forest at night.