



# Blodyn

Un swrth yw Sharon. Un bigog, un grin  
 sydd wedi plygu mewn am hi' hun  
 yn blisgyn di-ildio, brown  
 fel rhisgl  
 castanwydden ola'r hydref.

Mae rhai yn dweud bod ei gwên yn hardd  
 er yn brin - ac yn harddach falle  
 o fod fel nant mewn sychder -  
 ond y gwir amdani yw  
 na welodd neb ei phetalau gwiw  
 ers blynyddoedd.

Ond rhowch ddiferyn iddi  
 ar y diwrnod iawyn, ym mis tywydd mawr -  
 deigryn, neu jin, neu law taranau -  
 ac mi ffrwydrith  
 yn gwpan o rosyn gwllithog  
 sy'n troi ei hwyneb llyfn tua'r llif  
 ac yn sugno'n ddewr o lygad y storm.

*Elin ap Hywel*

# Flower

Sharon's a sad bag. Spiky, screwed up,  
 folded in on herself  
 in a tough brown shell  
 like the bark  
 on autumn's last conker.

Some say she has a pretty smile  
 though it's rare—tell you the truth, it's prettier  
 for being a stream in the desert -  
 but for quite a while  
 nobody's seen  
 her petals unfold.

But give her a drop to drink  
 when the weather's right, in monsoon season -  
 tears, or gin, or tempest water  
 she explodes  
 a cupful of dew and roses,  
 turns her plump, smooth face to the rain  
 and drinks, brave, from the eye of the storm.

*translated from the Welsh  
 by the author*

*The poet David Hart commissioned this poem as part of a collection of fifty by different UK poets, each about waiting. The poems are for display in waiting rooms.*

Poems for...waiting

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