

Mabinogion Appended¹

(the tour-guide's tale, with tea)

Now that you've seen Mt. Snowdon's *eryriface*²,
viewed snow melt coursing down its rugged cheek
into Llyn Llydaw at its base, take heed!
For dimpled, dark-haired *morgens*³ yet may rise
to part the lake's mist-veiled veneer, beneath
which they, a timeless watchfulness still keep.

On *maban*⁴ *feet*, Huw strolled this stony beach.
When pleasantly fatigued, he there reclined,
on yon grass-covered knoll across the way.
Awakened by soft throaty notes hummed by
a nude form preening near the water's edge,
beguiled, he watched until she sensed his breach
o' manners, turned to where he was concealed,
called out his Christian name, "*Huw!*", then said,

*"Did you not know that I can feel your gaze?
There is rude you are! Think shame to yourself!
Come you out now. Come from your hiding place!
Were you so raised, your Dädä and Mämä
to so disgrace? Come you boy! Here! Straightway!"*

There was crimson went his cheeks, hot with him,

¹ Ancient Welsh tales (pronounced mäb in ÄG yon)

² Highland

³ water nymphs

⁴ youthful

by what she'd said. Yet, he arose and went
to stand before her; face her scowl; and take
the lashing from her scornful tongue. Then just,
soft grew her voice (so like his Mämä's own)

"Fy ychydig,⁵ ö un, show me a contrite face."

He oughtn't have complied; for he'd been taught:
Beware! If you a spirit-nymph should meet
and she then look you in the eye and speak
your secret name, she may then claim your soul,
and take it down into the deep, below
the ageless waves to her domain, where it
is there retained, until The Risen Christ

and those with tongues aflame one day appear,
to summon captive souls from transient graves.

Though he yet flounders in unfathomed sleep,
his fault was naïveté, not lust. Pray you,
their call may also raise him with the just.

⁵ [vee EECH-ee-deegh ah-un] "my little one" (a term of endearment)