

Picketing at Penrhiwceiber

No slack in my hairline,
no crease of grease
across the nape of my neck –
just blue jeans, sunshine

and that scent,
not PHB soap but valley grass,
my daughter's chubby legs
across my thigh

the knee of the hill splayed
beside cogs and cables
iron and steel -
dour and rooted, and still.