

## Y Gogarth

Prone, on high cliffs, arms full-stretched. The Serpent's grassy sheath, silk as wet against my cheek. Belly to belly, story to story, intestines intertwined, snagging, pulling, caught. The heady chloro scent of heroes' blood hazes mind, closes eyes. Eyes stinging with the grit of losses centuries old. Meanwhile, the Serpent's ozone claws tear at my t-shirt and flick the reins of my salty hair. And its wild white horses far below fleck my face with foam.