

An Appeal to the Hunchback in the Park

from a poem by Dylan Thomas drawing on Do not Go Gentle into that Good Night.

Do not sit quietly in that public park
And let the children taunt you from morn till dark.
Rail, rail against their casual cruelty.

They laugh at your deformity; you are a curiosity.
Fight back at their childish tomfoolery
Rail, rail at the shameful indignity.

Don't cower in the corner inviting their mockery
While they put sand in your drink; then run off shrieking
Round the lake and rockery.

Spit out the gravel from the cup
And suck the water up in to the fountain of your spirit.
Let your spirit roar above your disability.
Rail, rail against the senseless iniquity.

Take what food you can muster Mister
From the crumpled Sunday paper,
Scrunch it up and hurl it in the lock
For the swans and park keeper to pick up.

Boys young and free as tigers in the night
Don't know what fate awaits them.
Take pride in the track you've trod before them.

Dream up in to the sky through the willows where you lie:
There you will find sympathy
To dry your eyes, not criticise.

Of blue bell-bottomed sailor and perfect girl straight elm,
Their offspring yet unknown:
Dead rock and stone.

No kennel for your home:
In the groves wild strawberries roam, and Sister;
No need to be a solitary soul.

Rage, rage against the ignorance of their narrow vista.
Don't wait till dark. Bark!
Take no truck, give no quarter;
Shake them by the scruff sweet Mister.

Do not sit quietly in that public park from dawn till dark
Nursing your victims' hunchback.

Sian Williams North Wales