

## **In Need of Repair**

Along the M4, alternating grey steel works,  
green farmlands and glimpses of the sea.

Our Morris poots though towns and suburbs.  
We pass houses and shops and railway lines.

Dylan found water for tea and words for rent  
in the muddle and conurbation of South Wales.

Up the steep drive we pass his childhood home.  
“No more funds for blue plaques,” we heard.

On foot we climb the steep hill of Cwndonkin Park.  
By the old green iron drinking fountain, the chained cup.

Propped between tree and water  
a busker and his dog, inert.

His guitar case open with scrawled note:  
*Shrapnel Accepted.*

I empty my pocket.

*Neal Whitman California*