

Note to my Daughter

My flat is dry again.

The sea has drained through the windows,

the seaweed floated away,
the sand brushed from my room,

the floorboards flattened against the concrete.
The glass is sharp again and united in the windows,

the pavement is tarmacked, not bed rock
the Senedd's roof not sleeping like a stingray,

horizons stones not silenced on the seabed.
I will have a daughter who walks with me hand

in hand and I'll point at the third floor and say
that was my home before you came into this world,

just as my parents used to drive around blocks pointing
to where they first realised they loved each other

or the first flat they owned,
the one that trembled with the railway,

or the flat with the foldaway kitchen counter.
And we'll walk through the wetlands

spotting kittiwake and cormorants. You'll ask me
why we did nothing as we walked by the sea

in the evenings feeling the sun's closeness
as it burnt through the seasons. But my flat

is sunken in the darkness,
fish gliding through open doors

and there's no place for a child without gills.