

# Verse of the Keeper of the Wilderness Lake

“Within this land a story sleeps  
The world you see is a dream  
This story the ancient Keepers keep  
And always has it been

I am this Wilderness, Its story I have kept  
For I am the Keeper but long have I slept

Look around you now as I wake.  
Here, ringed by houses and the roads of Porthcawl,  
a green and silver island waits to be found.  
Here in quiet seclusion, ancient rhythms still play out  
In the lives of bat and bird and fish  
As they rise and fall on the seasons’ tides...

I am the Wilderness

I am this island of water and willow  
Where wild coots call and raindrops echo  
I am the ripples that circle the depths...  
A lake’s changing mood; a wind’s whispered breaths

I am the nests, the wood-wombs of spring  
Where mallard and moorhen and white swan begin  
And I am the stone, which ancient man raised  
To honour this landscape in far distant days

I am the scales of the roach, tench and bream  
Like Stars in the dark of a watery dream  
I am maples and hawthorns with fingers of leaves  
That stroke at the sunbeams, snatch at the breeze

Here wild nature lives by its own will  
Here deeper currents are circling still  
I am a beacon, a green flame, a sound...  
I am wilderness calling  
From the heart of a town.”