

'This is a story of saltmarsh'

A poem for the Taf and the Mawddach Estuaries

Simon Read

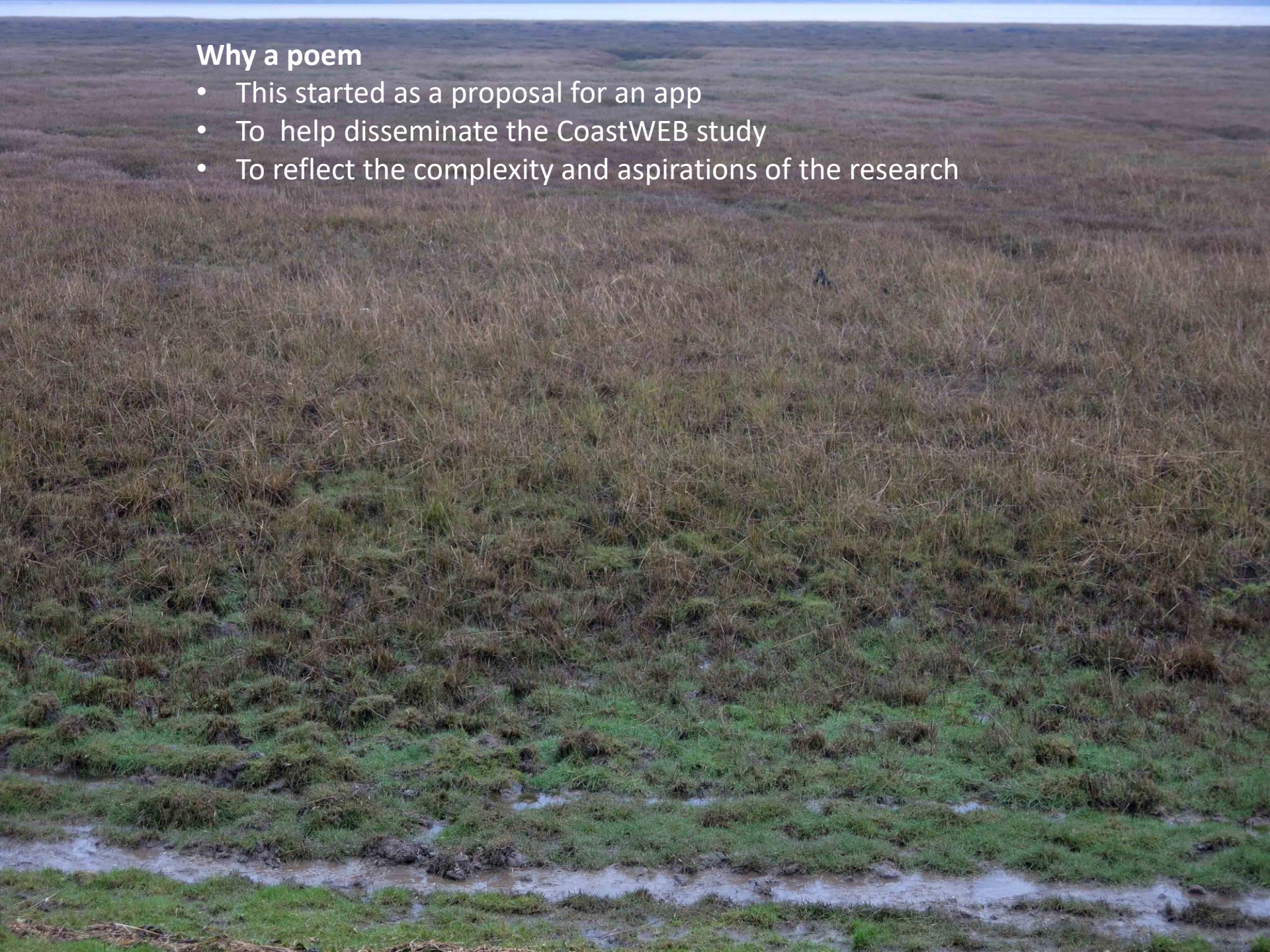






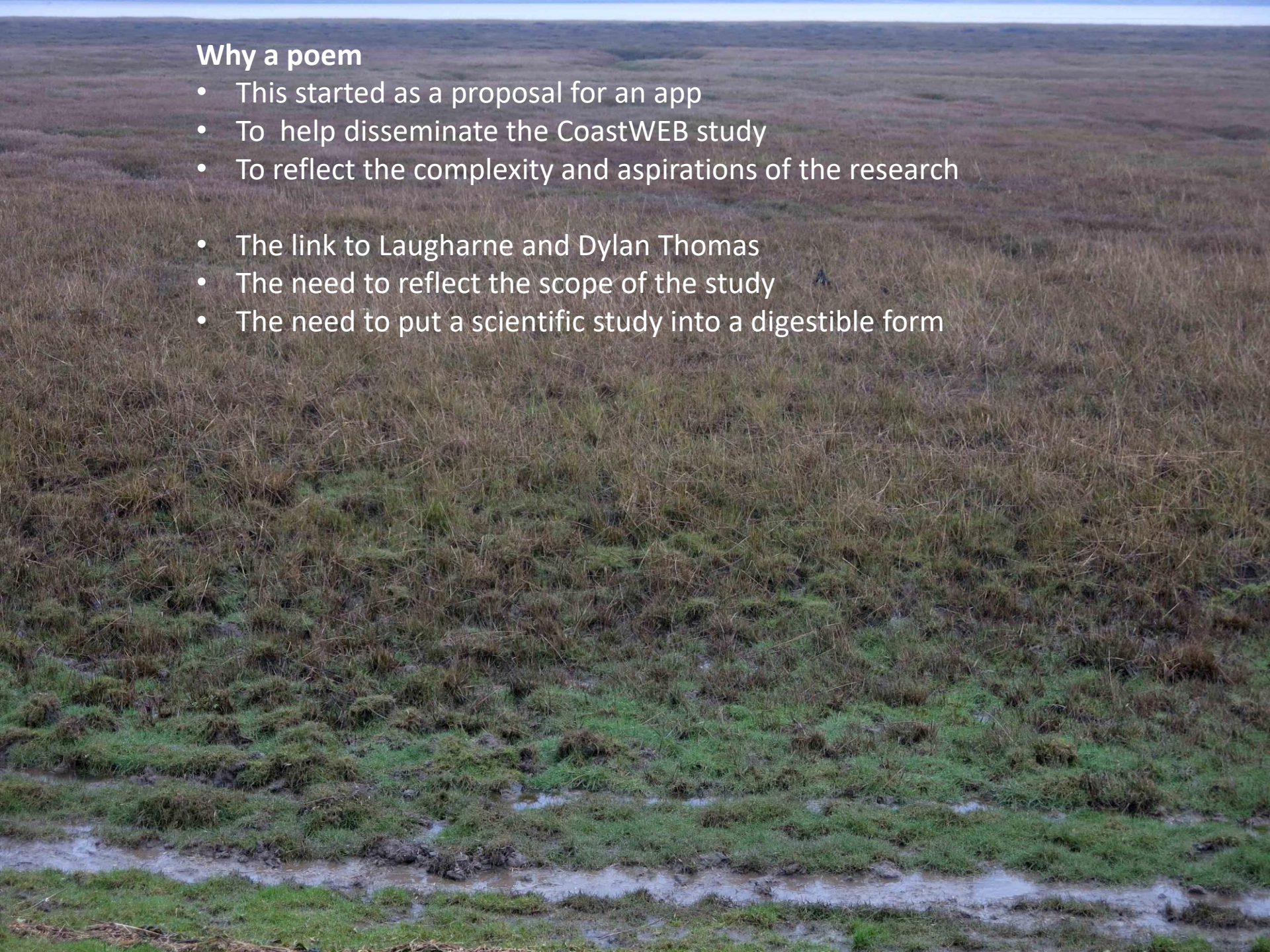
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Structure and application

- A narrative and specialist commentary as a dialogue
- A poem adjusted to fit each case study site
- A poem that need not be bound by order
- It could be an orthodox linear poem
- A series of stanzas applied to a locative app
- A performed work, or a podcast





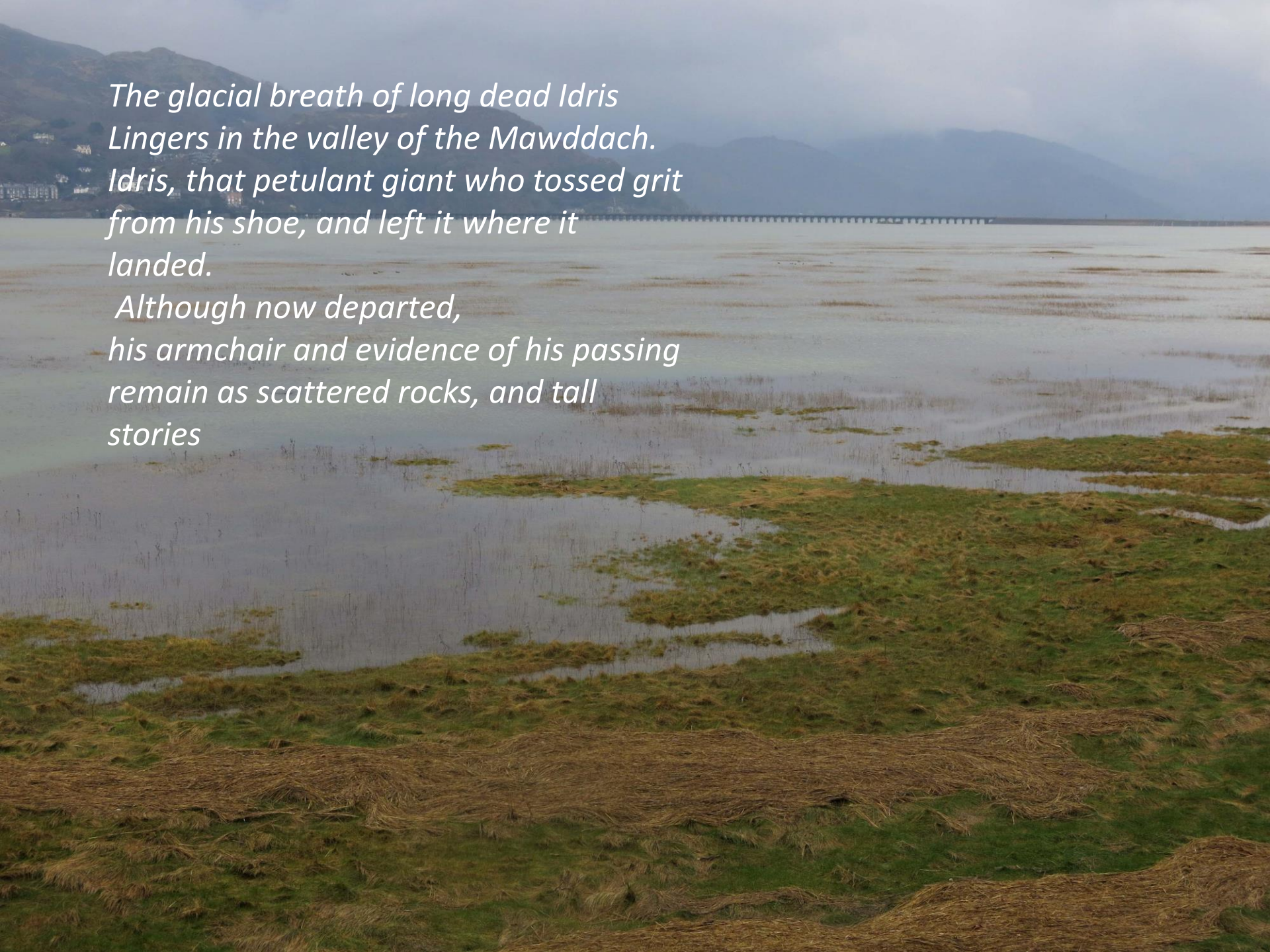










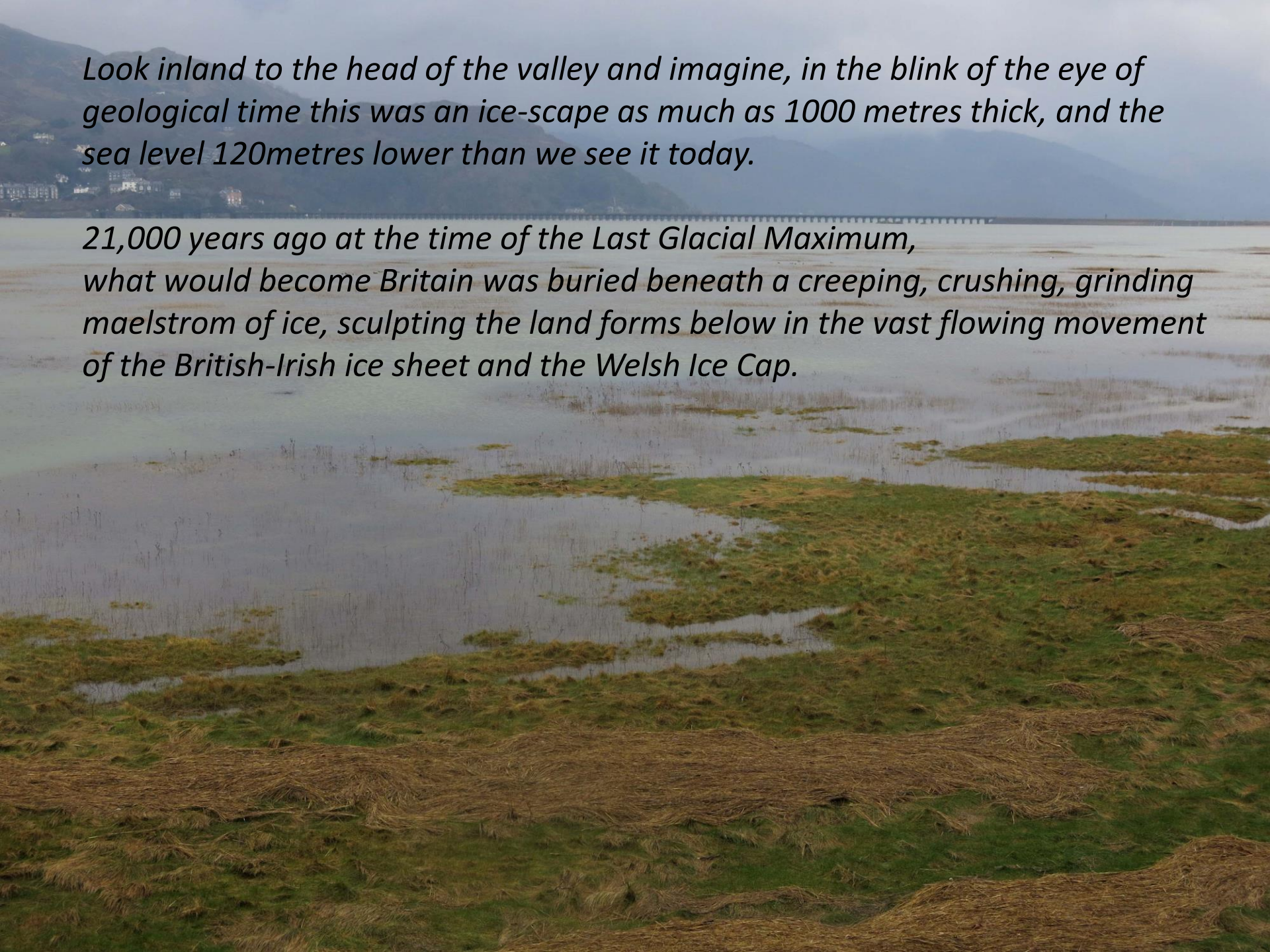


*The glacial breath of long dead Idris
Lingers in the valley of the Mawddach.
Idris, that petulant giant who tossed grit
from his shoe, and left it where it
landed.*

*Although now departed,
his armchair and evidence of his passing
remain as scattered rocks, and tall
stories*

Look inland to the head of the valley and imagine, in the blink of the eye of geological time this was an ice-scape as much as 1000 metres thick, and the sea level 120metres lower than we see it today.

21,000 years ago at the time of the Last Glacial Maximum, what would become Britain was buried beneath a creeping, crushing, grinding maelstrom of ice, sculpting the land forms below in the vast flowing movement of the British-Irish ice sheet and the Welsh Ice Cap.





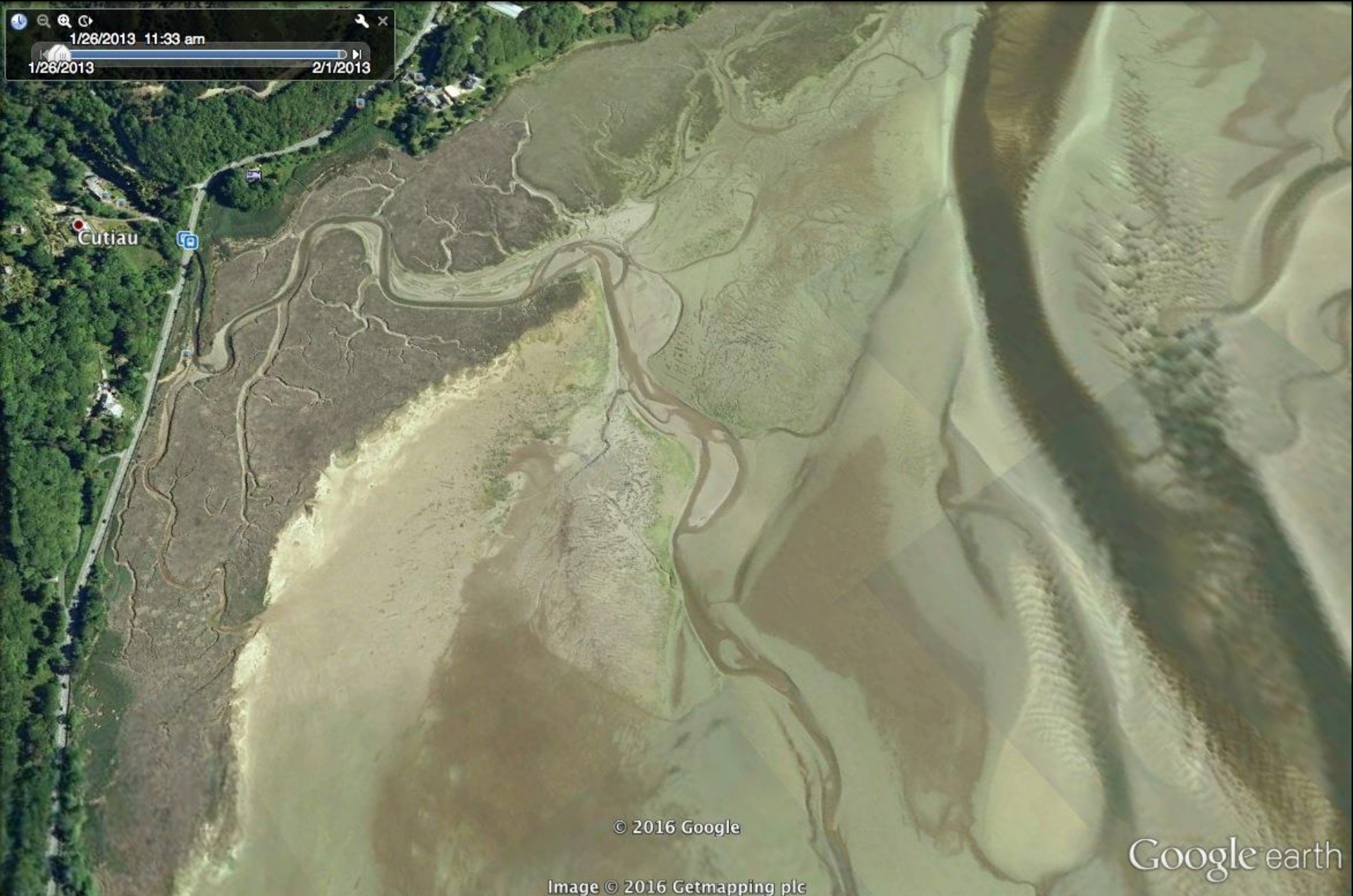
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Google earth



A wide-angle landscape photograph showing a lush green field in the foreground, a body of water in the middle ground, and forested hills in the background under a clear blue sky. The text "Thank you" is overlaid in the center of the image.

Thank you

Simon Read 2019