

### **Castle Cinema, Merthyr Tydfil**

Here on the corner by the gimcrack faces,  
This is where it was, the furniture store  
And that little stifled sweetshop which the old Jew  
Keeps, where the soldiers fired on the crowd  
A hundred years ago; here their feet slipped,  
Stained these streaming stones where writhing shoplights  
Drown and muzzled buses endlessly sluice by; dark turbulence of heads

Tossing, turning at the muzzles, red mouths roaring,  
Spitting at the stone lips gun-grey by the windows,  
Fanged head of a crowd, giant black serrated  
Python, coiling crashing through the town, back, miles  
Black, thick and swollen in the twisted streets, curling out  
Past Crawshay's castle where the school is now; cataract  
Through the narrow streets, blind with new vision,  
And a froth of drunks, foaming off the frightened walls,  
Spilling out across this Tarmac, red against the inn,  
Stained with sweat and the shrieks of women  
Scuttling, crazy, round the corpses humped  
Like sodden coalsacks on the streaming stones, here  
It was, here, where the tram heels clip  
Fastidious past puddles, past that sly nosing alley  
At the cinema's blind flank, where on scarlet steps,  
Diffident a dark boy waits, in his shining shoes,  
And the frequent buses swirl, out to Dowlais,  
Ten minutes and a jolting generation far away,  
Where, close and clannish in their cramping hill,  
Some remember the bodies still.