

## Abergwesyn Chapel

A Writing Prompt

By Lorraine Voss

*The first task is a piece of nature writing. So we will sit outside for 20 minutes and write, not just about what we see, but what we feel hear and smell.*



Peeking like a March Hare, dark eyes underlined in stone, face half veiled by privet, toupè squiff and cable curls resting on a pallid magnolia brow she squats, awaiting unavoidable tumbledown. Her poorly uniformed, wire-strung fence posts and rusted wrought iron gate stage a lazy defence while ray and raindrop peer and pour through the threadbare edges of her Betws slate bonnet. The lack of deciduous leaves sets the date as early April and in a quilt of surrounding fields the gambolling lambs seem happy to corroborate.

An audience of meadow grass, bowed in quiet reverence as evidenced by this still shot, was seen to dance and sway on the morning of day of my description. More Gospel than

Methodist in its madness. More Screaming Lord than Terfel in its chorus. The natural symphony defied simple description. An audio hyperbole; its component parts too complex and divine to disassemble. For fear of an injustice I shall only say the whistle of the wagtail, the wind and the blackbird; the skiffle of raindrops on those dark and glassy eyes; the percussive river beaten pebble verse; a list of sounds unmentioned and a few with anonymity, made me smile.

The cheer however, was brief. The scene for some simpering, soul felt reason, left me maudling. I placed all blame on the shoulders of aging decay and turned to go. Luckily, as I left, a baker's batch of head bobbing daffodils, egg yolk sunny and cymreig as cawl caught my saddened sight.

My final parting thought was, delightful!

*Same task, but in verse:*

## Poem Version

Peeking like a meerkat, dark eyes underlined in stone,  
face half veiled by privet,  
toupè squiff  
and cable curls resting on a pallid magnolia brow she squats,  
awaiting unavoidable tumbledown.

Her poorly uniformed, wire-strung fence posts and  
rusted wrought iron gate stage a lazy defence  
while ray and raindrop peer  
and pour through the threadbare edges  
of her Betws slate bonnet.

The lack of deciduous leaves sets the date as early April  
and in a quilt of surrounding fields  
the gambolling lambs seem happy to corroborate.

An audience of meadow grass, bowed in quiet reverence  
as evidenced by this Fugi still shot,  
was seen to dance and sway

# Writing Raw

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on the morning of day of my description.

More Gospel than Methodist in its madness.  
More Screaming Lord than Terfel in its chorus.  
The natural symphony defied simple description.  
An audio hyperbole;  
its component parts too complex  
and divine to disassemble.

For fear of an injustice I shall only say  
the whistle of the wagtail,  
the wind and the blackbird;  
the skiffle of raindrops on those dark and glassy eyes;  
the percussive river beaten pebble verse;  
a list of sounds unmentioned and  
a few with anonymity,  
made me smile.

The cheer however, was brief.  
The scene for some simpering, soul felt reason,  
left me maudling.

I placed a weight blame  
on the shoulders of aging decay  
and turned to go.

Luckily, as I left,  
a baker's batch of head bobbing daffodils,  
egg yolk sunny and cymraeg as caul  
caught my saddened sight.

My final parting thought was,  
'Quite delightful!'

The End

# Writing Raw

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**Lorraine Voss bio:** Lorraine Voss bio: I live in rural Mid Wales in the UK. I recently completed a Bachelor of Arts degree with the Open University studying a combination of English Literature and Primary Education and I now earn my living teaching pre-school aged children I have been writing poetry for as long as I can remember and painting with words is my passion! Painting with acrylics comes a fairly close second. Examples of my written work can be found at: [www.venpoet.com](http://www.venpoet.com) ; Art and more at <https://www.facebook.com/pages/Lorraine-Voss-AKA-Ven/259975200741157>