

## **Twm Morys: A *cywydd* for Canadians**

My first love was a plover;  
Beautiful things her wings were.  
Tiny eyes shining at night –  
Though mainly in the moonlight.  
We ate cakes by a lakeside,  
I caressed her crest, and cried  
All night. Then the kite called,  
Unshaven and dis-shevelled.  
He saw from the bristling sedge  
My playmate's handsome plumage.  
She made a tryst, kissed the kite  
So dearly in the starlight.  
I thought of only one thing:  
My plover lover leaving.