

## **Water Break-Its-Neck**

by Emma van Woerkom ©2019

We speak your name like myth  
wrung out through roots of bracken  
a terror spawned of mountain rain  
running crazed seams down the dark nape of rock  
racing to sharpen your rabid tongue and  
over-spilling blanched lips as mad laughter.

In the down-draft we feel Welsh-wind draw breath  
like a throat caught, just as the razor bites;  
released through the gorge your haemorrhage of water  
in threshing skinned air we shiver to the thrum  
of mass-speed-of-light-squared crashing each horizontal  
and clattering like shaking bones in a cup.

Cleaved creature, all explosions and white-water tantrums;  
sky-cauldron cascading with restless momentum.  
But we stop, look back, carve names onto shale.  
Push old copper coins into sodden black bark.  
Pray in secret to gods for another man's luck,  
while your Future slips into the belly of a brook.

N.B. Water Break-its-Neck is a spectacular waterfall located within the Radnor Forest.  
At its base people continue in the ancient tradition of writing names on stones and  
pushing coin offerings into the bark of wishing trees.