

Three Poems

ROBERT MORGAN

Men In Black

The men in black with pit faces
Of skin tight over tough bones
Stand under a grey loaded sky
In the bleak shade of a black mountain.
Words of David fall on their ears
And bend them with fear and mystery.
The reader in white unmoved and neutral
Breaks the last link between them
And the young man in the earth of Wales.
When the black cars sneak away
The Yard settles to its cold silence
With a new sleeper from the Cynon Pit.

Old Woman In A Welsh Mining Valley

Her russet hands stained
And buckled by work and time
Rest in a telltale clutch
Over the Black Book of Poems.
Crazy dreams sparkle
In the broken landscape of her eyes
And voices of her children cry
Down a string of years in the prison
Of her mind tangling the present
With the past. Her fear in the heart's
Cell is calmed by autumn
Blood and the words on her quiet
Lips sing of the old
Road to the long night waiting.
Her span of years is packed
With darkness but lined with fortitude.

Special Room, Workmen's Hall

Pit survivors brittle and stiff
 Like naked trees with roots in slag.
 They play—twisted over long tables
 With buckled arms moving in slow arcs
 And notched fingers like crotchets over dominoes.
 In their leather faces webbed with blue seams and time
 Stare eyes over-ripe from long staring in pits.
 They return each day to this bleak musty room
 Bewildered and forgotten to play out time.

Heard and Seen

THE DUNN INTERNATIONAL

Who are the hundred leading artists in the world today?' The question is as pointless, and the answers as problematic as those of any competition, which offers a Mini-Austin or a fortnight in Majorca for two, if only you can guess the right combination of qualities in a detergent. 'Leave it to the computer', is ultimately the answer. But, in the meantime, if you are Lord Beaverbrook you can ask Sir Kenneth Clark, Sir Anthony Blunt, Mr Gordon Washburn, Mr Gabriel White and Mr David Carritt (with the help of Mr Alfred Barr of the New York Museum of Modern Art), and their choice will at least be that of the Best People: a list of which any fashionable gallery would be proud.

The Dunn International Exhibition, originally shown at the Beaverbrook Gallery in New Brunswick, had the merit of giving the Tate Gallery five weeks of moderate excitement. You were confronted at the very outset with some examples of 'pop' art, notably Robert Rauschenberg's *Trophy II*, complete with a real glass of real water on a chain (part of the picture? or a precaution against theft?), and Robert Indiana's *The Demuth American Dream No. 5*, a series of circular posters, which seemed to say very firmly that nothing was being left out. And, oddly enough, very little *was* omitted if the exhibition was intended to reflect the current scene. Even the high proportion of abstract expressionist paintings, regretted by 'M. Beaverbrook' in his (her?) foreword to the Catalogue, is a faithful enough representation of taste and achievement alike. Nevertheless, the sheerly repetitive accent of this principally American