

Fógra/Notice: *we invite you to read the following before proceeding with your visit*

This place will draw out memories
the way bulbs are woken in Spring,

nudged out of sleep they blink their way
through loosening clay, timid tips drawn

to the sharpening light. This place is full of the
pull and swell of the past, its ebb and flow, spells

woven under the waxing moon's emboldened
power, painless as a well-managed birth.

Nostalgia is a cul-de-sac, so take good care.
The people you will meet downstairs are ghosts,

no going back. Pay heed to their stories, the
lessons they can teach, how out of hardship

beauty may be born, where human hand and nature
meet: a hen's nest becomes a cave of braided gold;

a mountainy sheep's shaggy coat, passed
through weathered hands and gifted minds,

makes patterns, textures, colours never known before,
complex and unpredictable as an ornamented hornpipe.

Now stand a while and listen. Don't turn round.
Behind you, two men, until this very moment

strangers, are falling into conversation about spades,
their fathers' favourite, who made it, when and where.

It's as if they've known each other all their lives.
Conversation grows, swapped anecdotes rival

for attention: the cheek-warm ash in the morning grate,
its first hushed shuffle as buried embers stir to life;

or the way the blacksmith creaked his sleepy bones
in rhythm with the giant bellows as he cranked his

mythic furnace for another long day's smoky work.
But it's time, leave them to their reminiscing,

you have a whole museum to explore...

Geraldine Mitchell