

# Hail Mamgu Lloegr

by Heledd Bianchi

Mamgu Lloegr, I think about you often as I bustle about my daily life.  
There are so many captured moments which bring me closer to your insight.  
I long to hold on to your memory, you are my guiding light,  
You are a bubble of humour, you are a delight.  
I miss your dry wit mixed with a drop of sweet sherry overtones.  
Not ever have I known a Grandmother to tickle the bones like you do, Mamgu.  
You're saucy and bolshy, you're clever, you're racy,  
You're time keeping, impeccable, if not a little OCD!

I long for your studious, perplexed eyes,  
transfixed on The Times cryptic crosswords, your highs.  
What a clever distraction you've mastered  
in taking yourself away from  
that sombre, awkward place; your home  
Away from the sound of that repetative drone  
of Tadcu's stick through the ceiling; your prompt, your bell  
To move you on to the next chore, "Ich Heil!"  
I miss your cosy afternoon tea which began at four thirty  
Layed out on your neat formica table, always punctually.

It was always a treat to eat in front of the telly,  
peanut butter sandwiches with carrot and celery.  
For afters everybody enjoyed a piece of fruit cake,  
while you sipped your sherry.  
But I preferred Madeira, no bits, no flies,  
while you sipped your sherry with that twinkle in your eyes.

Oh, my taste buds long for your thick, warm stotty cake pizza,  
cut into two halves from the softest and fluffiest white batch  
smothered with an indulgent portion of cheddar and ragu, made lovingly by you.  
Never have I found bread sold in Cardiff so scrumptiously divine,  
that makes a mouth swealting pizza quite so fine.  
My saliva often pines for your stotty on the Tyne.  
You will always remain close in my heart, soul and mind,  
Hail Mamgu Lloegr, you're unique, you're sublime,  
You're my icon, my pillar, my courage, my wine.