



THE WELSH PRINCESS

By
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The Welsh Princess

At first light, through the mists high
above Caernarvon,
with Snowdonia as his brooding
backdrop,
Dai Thomas, alias Thomas the Post,
of the Royal Mail,
descends on his official red bicycle,
with consummate care,
from Carmel.

As Dai Evans, alias Evans the Milk,
eases his grumbling green van up from
Groeslen, in first gear,
grinding slowly through the hairpin
bends.

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They stop at their accustomed plateau,
with its tilted telephone box
and four matted sheep.

And, as often happens, even at that
early hour,
and even in mid-October,
the drifting rain pauses.

A hesitant precipitation of sparkling
droplets floats,
suspended on the bright grey air.

Their granite throne is wondrously dry.
Tacitly, they find space for
 competing buttocks,
 wriggling into the rock,
until God is in His Heaven
and all is Right with the World.

The elusive mist parts soundlessly
 and a damp, muted sunbeam
 illuminates the fine Royal Castle
that guards the Menai Straits, below.

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Far from the English law-makers,
they light illicit cigarettes.
and exchange daily gifts.
Today's news for a
bottle of today's milk.

And side by side, gazing
out over the far sea,
they share the morning's headlines
and address the problems of the world.

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Do you imagine Dai?
says Thomas the Post,
absorbing the newsprint,
that conspirators,
Royal or others as you like,
did away with Diana the Princess,
our very own
Princess of Wales, Dai, Lady Di,
in that terrible, terrible accident; Dai
in the Tunnel in Paris at night - Dai?

I would never claim to be an authority

Dai, says Dai;

Oh, No, No, No, breathes Dai,
and he nods his lowered head,
to honour his friend's intellectual
integrity.

...But fair is fair Dai, and,
reading the lines and reading between
the lines, Dai;

if you take my deeper meaning, Dai...
I would say that it's only Dodi's Dad,
Dai,

Mister Mohammed Al Fayed, Dai...
he of the foreign cast and silken suits,
Dai...

Is he English Dai; or otherwise foreign?
interposes Dai.

...Oh, he is otherwise foreign Dai,
replies Dai,
not English at all Dai ...But Egyptian as
I understand it, Dai...

...Then a Royal Egyptian, do you think
Dai?

descended from the Royal Pharos of
Egypt, Dai?

An ancient and Royal Lineage, is it Dai?

Evans the Milk draws breath quietly
and leaves a pregnant pause.
Cigarette smoke curls blue in the pale
grey air above their heads.

...I have never heard it said, and I have
never seen it printed...

says Dai with more than his usual
fastidious care ...that Royal Blood,
Le Sang Du Roi, as it were, as the
French might have it, Dai,
pharonic or otherwise, Dai, flows in the
veins of Mister Al Fayed.

...and if that is so, Dai, it is most
unlikely, Dai, that his son Dodi, Dai,
Is, or was, himself of Royal extraction.

A commoner, then, Dai? Posits Dai.

I think so Dai. A mere commoner.
Yet as rich as Croesus,
who in fact was a Greek.

Dodi may descend from the builders of
pyramids;
not qualified by birth to be a gilded,
long-term resident.

If you take my meaning, Dai.

A common Consort for our Welsh
Princess, then Dai?

Indubitably Dai, says Dai with
thoughtful authority.

...A commoner indeed, Dai; which I
believe gives the lie, Dai,
(As there surely can be
no inter-species progeny)
To Dodi's Dad's assertion,
here in this newspaper, Dai,
That Dodi and Di had conceived, Dai.

And thus carried, Dai,
in that fateful tunnel,
a living heir, - however, distant
and by whatever circuitous routes, Dai,
to the British Throne.

...The **English** Throne, Dai,
corrects Dai absently,
preoccupied, at this moment, more with
ancient lineage,
than with Plaid Cymru exactitudes.

But the erratum does stir in him a new
conundrum.

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...I wonder why, Dai...

...I wonder why Dai, she, that is Di, Dai,
our very own and
only Welsh Princess, Dai,

went to Egypt to seek her solace, Dai,
when bereft and mourning of her lost
love,

our most floriated and floreat, Prince of
Wales...?

Ah! I fondly remember his mother,
 placing a cunningly wrought,
Lord-Snowdon-Celtic-Designer-Crown
on his idealistic and handsome young
 head, Dai,
when she gave him Wales, our Country,
 and the, equally Gallic, County of
 Cornwall, as a stocking filler.
 Here at Caernarvon Castle.

Uncharacteristically interpolates
 Thomas the Milk.

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...But I uncharacteristically interrupted
your discourse, Dai.

Do go on.

They both shift slightly on their granite
seats.

Acknowledging the courtesy.

Dai resumes.

...Well, Dai, why not pick another
Welsh Prince,
from one of our noble Gaelic families?

Dai.

Why an Egyptian personage?

Is what I ask Dai.

There are indeed some fine men in
Wales, Dai.

...Consider the Welsh rugby team, Dai.

“Gareth Llewellyn - Fly-Half”

they echo with reverence.

...The royal pair could have settled in
Bangor; and been well loved.

There are many fine men in Wales, Dai.

...But, blinded by grief, I imagine, Dai,
Di fled abroad.

And as is the way of these things,
I would hazard a guess, Dai,
that she met her Dodi, Dai,
and Di rebounded,
as jilted lovers are wont,

into his welcoming, exotic, desert-sheik
embrace.

...The Ex-Queen to be, Dai.

The mother of the heir to the Throne,
Dai.

Or even of the heirs to the Throne, Dai.

A serious matter, Dai.

Indeed Dai.

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...So, as I set out to say,
before our several and stimulating
digressions, Dai...
Yes, Dai, ...I am all ears.

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...Dodi's Dad, Dai, is alleging, Dai,
that Princess Di's and Dodi's demise,
Dai...

in that terrible collision, in the German
car, in the dreadful French tunnel.

...Precisely, Dai,
...Resulted from imperatives, Dai,
issuing from the Royal Family, Dai,
to the British Secret Services, Dai...

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Who discovered our store of rusting
rifles, Dai?

No, No, No, No ... That was British
Intelligence,
alerted by the English Ramblers
Association, Dai,

I opine there is a difference between
British Intelligence
and The British Secret Service, Dai.

So you opine! ...I see, Dai.

...And specifically, he claims,
emanating from Prince Phillip,
The Duke of Edinburgh, the Queen's
Consort...

who, as a Greek and a Scotsman, might
be thought

To have a particular understanding,
Dai,

(says Thomas the Post)

...of an Egyptian Consort to our
Princess of Wales...

He leaves his treasonable reasoning
hanging in the bright air,
under the blue smoke.

...Again, Precisely, Dai.

And this new inquest in the English
Courts, Dai,
will definitively decide after a decade,
Dai,
for just a few tens of millions of legal
pounds, Dai,
just how and why and when
did Di and Dodi, die, Dai.

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They finish their cigarettes
in a companionable silence.

Relishing many misty mornings,
yet to come.
Of delectable, debatable tales
of their tragic Welsh Princess.

Noel Hodson

15 October 2007