

## Hirddydd

Dere'n nes, mae'n stori ni  
tu allan  
lle mae'r gân yn geni'r  
hirddydd; mae dy welydd di'n  
rhy gyfyng ac mae'r gofid  
anniben yn dy ben fel diwedd byd.

Dere, gwêl, y ffin drwy gil y ffenest,  
ffin ddi-dor, ffin fforest,  
ffin cul, ffin y cwest  
unig,  
gwêl, mae'n ffin anonest.

Dawn byw yw gweld nad yw'n bod.

Dy ateb? Ehedeg a'i datod  
o'r newydd, yr hirddydd hwn,  
ac yn ei lle cael llinyn hen berthyn y byd  
i'th dynnu'n rhydd,  
o'r newydd,  
a'n hail-uno ni  
ym mhatrwm ers talwm – yn deulu –  
y patrwm glân sydd â lle i gân ein lliwiau i gyd.

Rhith yw'r ffin.  
Gwthia'r ffenest.  
Cei batrwm cwlwm calon.

Gwêl  
yr edefyn golau'n galw:  
'nofia!',  
mor siŵr â llif y dŵr.

Dere.

**Mererid Hopwood**

### **Hirddydd (The longest day)**

Come closer, our story lies  
outside  
where the song is giving birth  
to the longest day; your walls  
are too confining, and the messy worry  
inside your head is like the end of the world.

Come, see the boundary  
through the just-open window,  
that never-ending boundary,  
boundary of forest,  
narrow boundary,  
the boundary of the lonely  
searching.  
See its dishonesty.

The gift of life is to know it doesn't exist.

Your answer? Fly. Unpick it  
anew, this longest day,  
and instead of it,  
find the thread of all belonging  
to pull you free  
anew,  
to reunite us  
in the world-old pattern  
that makes a space for the song  
of all our colours.

That spectral boundary!  
Push the window.  
Find the pattern that binds hearts.

See,  
the thread of light is calling:  
'swim!',  
as sure as the flow of water.

Come.

**Mererid Hopwood**

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