

TREIGLADS (Mutations)

By Les Barker

I've been trying for a while to learn Welsh
The most difficult language I've met
My friends say the source of my stumblings
Is obvious, that strange alphabet.

Pronunciation they say, is the problem
CHs, double Ls, they're unfair
Not to mention the Us or the Ws or Ys
But no, the problem's elsewhere.

Words mutate; those that ought to start with an M
Will start with an F instead
B can be F or M
It's a mit of a mugger, as has often meen said.

Ps become MH or PH or Bs
Don't know why, but they do.
C can be CH, NGH or just G
I chan't gomprehend it; gan you?

RH is sometimes just R
T can be TH, NH or D
G can be NG, or just disappear
Futation's a fystery to fe

Double L becomes one L somehow
D turns to double D or N
I have thried and I've thried; I've thried dime after dime
In phursuit of pherfection. I'm drying again.

I have dravelled on goach drips to Gardiff
Gaught Fuses to Mangor and Ryl
I'm gomphletely gonfused in the glassroom
Futation's a fystery still.

It's just a burposeless bastime
Fore than fere fortal can fear
I spend nay after nay nelving neep in the nictionary
The words that I want are all in it, but where?

Wild chonsonants nrift through the narkness
On churrents unknown to this phoet
And where they fay ddrift, there's no delling
It's spelling, Jim, fut not as we know it.