



TITLE : *NO ROAD FOR SHIPS.* REVIEWER: IDRIS CAFFREY
AUTHOR: *Desmond Heath*
Poetry Monthly Press, 36 pages, £5.50.

A nicely produced booklet of thirty-eight poems about Pembrokeshire. An ambitious project this, to write a whole collection on one area of Britain and manage to sustain the interest of the reader, but Mr. Heath largely pulls it off. This is a very readable volume and goes much further than a mere description of places. I liked the opening poem *St. David's Cathedral* where –

*Tombs are cheerfuller than oblivion
and ghosts are daylight.
They came and go as the whites of the sea,
which is just beyond those crags,
flickering briefly like ourselves.*

Half believable.

Another poem, which for me was worth the asking price of the book alone, is *SHADOWS FROM NOTHING*. I have read this poem over and over again and with each reading found something else in it – often the mark of a good poem. Here then the first five lines of the poem –

*They do exist,
and what I saw once
upon a time in February
in a pool on a Pembrokeshire beach
I am going to claim as mine*

If there is one slight criticism I have of this collection it is that the poet sometimes uses unnecessary difficult words that had me rushing hastily for a dictionary. Mr. Heath has no need to do this, he is too good a poet for that. I am not familiar with many of the places in the book but his vivid poems brought North Pembrokeshire to life for me and the depth of his poetry gave me much food for thought. I thoroughly recommend this book.