

Y ras i gynganeddu/ The race to cynganeddu

Canu Caeth/Confined Singing Cerdd Dafod/Spoken Poetry
 Fframwaith barddoni mewn pedwar mesur ar hugain
 A twenty four poetry metre rubric *

Cyseinnedd ac odl *
 Alliteration and rhyme *

yr acer *
 The stress (in each word)

Y Goben
 The Penult
 Odl Feinol
 Internal rhyme

"Os nad yw cynganedd yn gweithio i'r glust, dydy hi ddim yn gweithio o gwbl - felly, os bydd unrhyw amheuaeth yn codi, y glust piaw'r gair olaf." (Dafydd, 2003, tud. 11)
 "If the harmony doesn't work for the ear, then it doesn't work at all - so, if there is any doubt raised, the ear has the last word!" (Dafydd, 2003, page 11)

Pedwar prif fesur/
 Four main metres:

- ~ Cynganedd groes
- ~ Criss-cross harmony
- ~ Cynganedd draws
- ~ The bridging harmony
- ~ Cynganedd sain
- ~ The Sonorous harmony
- ~ Cynganedd lusg
- ~ The Echoing Harmony

Kanhanedd
 (Cynganedd / harmony)

"Mae hi'n rhysoeth i'w adrodd ai glused!" (Hopwood, 2016, tud. 23)
 "It is something to be Spoken and heard." (Hopwood, 2016, page. 23)

Dafydd, Myrddin ap (2003) Clywed Cynganedd: cwrs cerdd dafod. Llanrwst. Gwasg Carreg Gwalch.

Hammond, Michael (2012) The Phonology of Welsh cynganedd. Lingua. 122: 386-403.

Hopwood, Mererid (2016) Singing in Chains: Listening to Welsh verse. Llandysul. Gomer Press. Mewn Cerdai / in poems
 Cyfieithiad gan Sara Louise Wheeler (lle fod hynny'n berthnasol). Enghlyn / Epigrammatic stanza
 Translation by Sara Louise Wheeler (where relevant). Cywydd / Strict Metre rhyming couplets

Gan/ By

Sara Louise Wheeler

Y Ras i gynganeddu/
The race to cynganeddu

Argraffiad 1/ Edition 1

Gwasg y Gororau 2020

Penrhyn Cilgwri

@GwasgYGororau

Copyright: Sara Louise Wheeler

Pamfflêd dwyieithog/ Bilingual pamphlet

Cerdd(i)/ Poem(s):

Y ras i gynganeddu/

The race to cynganeddu

Gan/ By:

Sara Louise Wheeler



Gwasg Y Gororau

Pŵnrhyn Cilgwri

2020

Y ras i gynganeddu

“Mae’r glust yn bwysig”, meddai’r tiwtor – sawl gwaith.

“Rydych chi’n chlywed yr acen” – y clyw, wastad y clyw.

Ac felly, er i ni hefyd blygu pennau gliniau, i deimlo’r acen
ac adnabod y goben, daeth yr epiffani i mi, fel glaw oer annisgwyl
ar ddiwrnod braf - i ddinistrio fy mreuddwydion barddonol.

Roeddwn wedi dygymod, rhywfaint, efo’r syniad
y byddwn yn debygol o golli rhan helaeth o fy nghlyw.

“Wna’i sgwennu” medde fi - yn fy swigen o ddistawrwydd.

Ond mae’r glust yn bwysig, er mwyn chlywed yr acen
a’i chlywed nid ei ddyghmygu – y clyw, wastad y clyw.

Oni fedraf glywed y geiriau yn fy mhen? Cwestiwn teg.

Ond mae siâp a theimlad geiriau yn llifo trwy’r cof
fel wynebau pobl sydd bellach wedi ein gadael -
ac nid oes gennym ffotograff ohonynt i’n hatgoffa.

Pob yn dipyn, maent yn fwy tryloyw ac annelwig.

‘Taswn yn barod wrthi’n cynganeddu, ac yn gyfarwydd
â llunio geirfa gyfoethog o fewn fframwaith y farddoniaeth,
mae’n debyg y gallwn greu system fy hun - strategaeth ymdopi.
Ond newydd ddechrau yr ydw i, gyda geirfa garpiog
ansafonol, isel-ael, tafodieithol, an-eisteddfodol.

Mae dysgu geiriau newydd yn anoddach i mi
bob yn dipyn. Ni fedraf cweit a deall, sut y dylid
eu hynganu. Sut maen nhw i fod i swnio, ac felly
pa eiriau eraill y medraf eu cyplysu hefo nhw.
Ac mae hyn, wrth gwrs, yn anfantais enfawr.

Ond mae yna wastad gyfle, ym mhob sefyllfa anobeithiol -
rhaid credu hyn, neu golli awydd a nerth yn llwyr.
Âi ati i ddysgu geirfa newydd, tafodiaith ysgolhaig,
a dysgu ymgorffori’r geiriau, mewn modd fydd yn fy ngalluogi
i’w gosod o fewn fframwaith gymhleth, y farddoniaeth arbennig.

Eisteddfod Genedlaethol Cymru, Llanrwst, 2019.

The race to ‘cynganeddu’

“The ear is important”, said the tutor – several times.
“You *hear* the stressed vowel”; the hearing, always the hearing.
And so, although we bent our knees, to *feel* the stress
and recognise the penult, the epiphany came to me,
like unexpected rain on a sunny day – to thwart my poetic ambitions.

I’d reconciled, somewhat, with the idea that
I will probably lose most of my hearing.
“I’ll write” I said – in my silent bubble.
But the ear is important, in order to *hear* the stress,
and *hear* it, not *imagine* it; the hearing, always the hearing.

But can’t I hear the words in my head? Fair question, but
the shape and feel of the words flow through the memory
like the faces of those who have since departed –
when we don’t have photographs to remind us;
little by little, they fade into nothingness.

If I was already set at cynganeddu, and familiar with forming
a rich vocabulary within this framework of poetry, I could
possibly create my own system – a coping strategy.
But I am just beginning, with my patchy glossary of
dialectal, non-standard, and un-eisteddfod-like terms.

Learning new words is increasingly difficult for me,
as my understanding of pronunciation fades;
how the words should sound, and so which words
I can couple and echo them with. This is of course,
a great shame and disadvantageous.

But there is always an opportunity, in every hopeless situation –
it’s essential to believe that, or else lose
strength and motivation entirely. I’ll commit to learning
a new vocabulary, a scholarly dialect,
and learn to embody the words, in a way which will enable me
to set them within the complex framework of special poetry.

National Eisteddfod Wales, Llanrwst, 2019.

“The genetic mutations that produce Waardenburg Syndrome result from changes in a group of genes called ‘homeobox genes...[]”

Homeobox genes [] affect the formation and distribution of pigment-producing cells called melanocytes.

Melanocytes produce pigment (melanin) that provides skin, eye, and hair colour.

Melanin is also found in the stria vascularis of the cochlea.

Absence of melanin can produce depigmented areas of skin, hair or eyes, and sensorineural hearing loss.”¹

¹ Khan, Alice, *Waardenburg Syndrome: a volume in the genetic syndromes and communication disorders series* (Oxford, Ohio, 2007), 9.

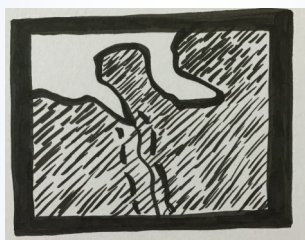
'Clust-Waardenburg' 'Waardenburg-ear'



...fel dwi'n ei ddychmygu!

...as I imagine it!

Sara Louise Wheeler



Gwasg Y Gororau

Pŵrhyn Cilgwri

2020