

Bron-yr-Aur

by Mark Reep



In those days we kept wanderers' hours. The night we broke into Bron-yr-Aur it was too cold to make love. I said I wasn't horny anyway. You put your hand on my forehead: Are you *ill*? We warmed ourselves with chocolaty hashish and blackberry brandy and strained to hear echoes of Page and Plant working up *That's The Way*. A trainwhistle somewhere made me happy. You cut the fingers from your gloves so you could play a song you'd written for me but you broke a string. You were out of spares. You said we should have brought roadies like they did. I said what? You laughed. Sure, to carry water. I said that's a buzzkiller. Those were good gloves. You looked at me funny. I'd drunk too much brandy. When I stumbled outside to throw up it was snowing.

