Hiraeth (n): a homesickness for a home you can't return to, or that never was

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Recommended Citation
Kilbride, Jessie (2018) "Hiraeth (n): a homesickness for a home you can't return to, or that never was," TYGR: Student Art and Literary Magazine 2018-present: Vol. 2018 : Iss. 1 , Article 5.
Available at: https://digitalcommons.olivet.edu/tygr/vol2018/iss1/5

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The mountains are so bright, you know? 
Right here, inside my mind.
They are studded with emerald trees and
crowded with jasper earth
And crowned with crystal snows.
They are beautiful though far
and I want to build my home up there
then I'll become a soft pink jewel
to decorate the topaz trail.
I dream about their precious points
and about their pristine air.
A log cabin will do just fine
and a sweater to keep me from the chill.
I shall climb their thickly wooded slopes and scale
their rocky faces. I will live in peace and quiet then,
far from
the clutter of people, hidden in those lonely places.
But I have a quest, a journey now. I'll never see
those slopes again.
I must travel all around the world and get to know
new places.
New faces.
But when I die
and I am buried, I'll live within those mountains
Forever
   Peaceful
   Dreaming
   Floating
   Flying
Alas, I will be happy within the jasper earth
covered with emerald trees
and crowned with crystal snows.
At last.
The Queen of the Mountains.