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Hill of Kings

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Mythcon 51: The Mythic, the Fantastic, and the Alien
Albuquerque, New Mexico • Postponed to: July 30 – August 2, 2021



Hill of Kings

by

Sørina Higgins

I wish that mountain were mine by naming it.
That hill, that rock-burdened fairy hill
That rises so sudden up into the sun:
What sound shall you set in my mouth?
Noises heavy and damp as mist on hard stone:
Knocknarea.

I wish that mountain were mine by painting it.
That mound, that time-burdened burial mound
That holds up its myths without breath under clouds:
What light is too rare and too swift?
Daylight fleeting and cold as dawn on a tomb:
Queen Medb's cairn.

I wish that mountain were mine by climbing it.
That path, that hoof-burdened farmer's trail
That twists among whin bushes brambled with wool:
What feet and what time are enough?
Come through moments as dear as sun through the rain:
Eire calls.

I wish that mountain were mine by writing it.
That tale, that truth-burdened warrior's song
That echoes its anger in dry empty years:
What words have the ages to tell?
Stories live beyond speech in the Land of the Young:
Tir na n-Og.