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## *Hill of Kings*

Sørina Higgins

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### *Hill of Kings*

# 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.