

Hiraeth
By
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Hiraeth, a home
A home that,
That I cannot
Return to,
That I wish
To see the sun
Grace my home again

Hiraeth, a word
Which describes
The aching in
My chest
As I long
As I dream
Of my home

As water's splash
As the boat shifts
As people are cramped
As children cry

This long voyage,
This journey
Tearing my heart
As we hope
To see a land
Where no war
No cruel
Unfitting fates
Plaguing the lands
Of broken homes

Tiredness stirs
As people switch
The paddles once
Again, repeat

Drifting to sleep
As the boat
Stops upon

Sands of another
I shot awake

Could this be safety?
Away from sirens
The constant deaths

We were taken
To a camp
With refugees
Like us
Tired of war

Hiraeth, a home,
A home I can't,
I can't return,
Where I belonged,
Where I lived,

I'm tired of,
Of it all,
Can't it stop,
I want home,

But I can't
War plagues
The land
Of my home

So I stay
Stuck here
Trying to breathe,
Trying to stand,
Memories plaguing,
As bombs fall
Upon my land

Can I even go home?
The war wages on
Home has become Hiraeth

A home that I,
That I cannot
Return to

Due to those,
Those with selfish
Greeds to continue
Their war on,
On my homeland

A banker's greed,
Benefits from,
Our strife
Our pockets

Those in charge
Their ignorance
Fuels that greed
As greed is
Blinded by anger

Why can't they talk?
Why not make peace?
Why can't I return?
Why can't I go home?

I am stuck,
We are stuck
In a land
That is not home

Hiraeth became
My home,
I want to,
Return to
My home
I'm tired

I long for home,
I long for peace,
But I'm tired,
I'm tired
Of this war
Which ruins home
It is hiraeth
It won't be
The same

As I left it

My home,

My hiraeth

Forever changed

As tiredness lulls

Taking me to sleep

- Heather Chandler