

My Ard na Sidhe Home

Take me to my childhood of Ard na Sidhe,
the Caragh Lake charm of serenity.

Take me to the ring of the fort,
where we played but never got too near, for fear.

Take me to my room, the four-poster bed
where the breadth of each morning will excite my blood.

And until the sun fades on the duck-egg blues that reside
in the peacefulness, I will let my eyes laze out my window;

finding a rhyme to incite a rainbow. Take me down to tip my toes
in the water's renewal. Let me lie on the grass, have a snooze

by the lake, where nothing will disturb my nocturne.

Take me there and never let me get away,
Ard na Sidhe, my haven, my home from home.

(c) Noel King