

# Ireland

*by* Kraven Wickramathilake

The hills reached for the sun, trying to grab the light by it's neck, to hold on to it before it disappears into the horizon. Waves upon waves of green, frozen before the crash. Grass blades sway, the tips pointing, in unison, to a single location. Light bounces off their shiny green surfaces.

The pristine blue waters above me are dotted with snow white islands, floating away with the ever moving ocean.

Sharing tender kisses all around me, the blue ocean and the green waves give birth to a dazzling yellow fireball. It rises to its rightful throne, with grace and elegance. And as it does, it spreads colour and warmth, like a raging forest fire, across this ethereal heaven. In whispers, it sings to the wind and the grass and the blue skies, bringing them alive.

The white cloth threatens to tear away from my torso, the wind making me lean to the right. A single sunny-yellow daffodil presses against my leg, seeking warmth from my skin. My outstretched arms - my wings - propel me upward. The distance between my feet and the damp earth grows quickly.

The pounding of my heart reverberates within my body. It echoes around, reaching the distant green yonder. This erratic rhythm and the songs of the wild carried by the wind, swirl around - an invisible hurricane of music, carrying me upward.

In an instant, I'm weightless. The green waves below my feet crash into the blue ocean above me. I'm drowning painlessly in a sea of beauty, choking willingly.

And the light blinds me, as I reach into the Sun itself. And in that moment, I hear the cry of the Celts.

I'm consumed.

