

# My Home

Home- The place we think little of, that which is all around us. We take it for granted- It's survival is for certain, it's love unending- like our parents... But every child loses it's parent.

I have lost my home- I thought I did.... Every person has a home, put it in front of them and they may not recognize it, even when it's obvious. I never more will see the town *I* loved so well, breathe it's sweet airs or know it's tranquillity. But even love dies.

I am surrounded now, not with the fields and grass, I do not see the oak groves of my forefathers, where they worshiped, instead- great monuments... Temples of stone.. The Old Gods un-worshiped, replaced by the God of a foreigner... Even Gods die...

From a world of nature, and peace- of fraternity and kindness I find myself in a world of ash and fire, violent unruly creatures surround me- There is no brotherhood here, nor kindness to be found- This is a world- "cleansed" by the fires of industry.

Dare I ask for compassion or friendship? For peace? Peace is made here but hatchet is not buried- It lies hidden, it takes only a single spark for fire to consume a thousand, thousand lives.

This land is rife with war where once prosperity reigned king, conquered a millennium ago, some still live in this war they have only heard stories of. This is not war. This lunacy, bitterness, hatred.

My home- unrecognizable. Where is Aileach? Where is my home? I wander, I find trees, forests. Surely I must be close, What was once a fortress of stone is now a ruin, Where is this town I loved so well?! Even civilizations die.

I look back now, my homes is gone, what was is lost, what this land has become has lost also, sons, daughters- Peace. But even hate dies. You may want to rebuild something as it was- but instead- you must seek its faults and fix them.

This is my home now.

Derry.