

Sailing of a wonderful dream

By Andrés Dávila García

I wish Ireland were my home,
To stay here and never be gone.

Everything it has shown me
Has warmed my heart.

Even away from sunshine,
I never felt cold:
The softness of the rain,
The flowing rivers,
The wind's whistle
Through cliffs, hills, and forests,
The quiet tales of forgotten castles.

Across steep ridges and grassy plains,
Its people bring a smile to my face—
The music, food, and laughter,
Faces I'll never forget.

So, I bid farewell as I cross the sea,
Hoping that the waters that brought me here
Will bring me back to this beautiful dream.