

# Anahorish

[Lisa Hannigan](#)

My "place of clear water"  
The first hill in the world  
Where springs washed into  
The shiny grass And darkened cobbles  
In the bend of the lane,  
Anahorish, soft gradient  
Of constant, lowel-meadow After-image of lamps  
Swing through the yards  
On winter evenings  
With pails and barrows  
Those mound-dwellers  
Go waist deep in mist  
To break the light ice  
At wells and dung hills

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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