

Nowhere But Iceland

Thorsteinn Gunter

When far now I peer 'cross the
Wide open bay,
The sunlight still dancing on
Waters that shine,
The bays that still sparkle
Like night's twinkling stars—
And nowhere one sees this,
Nowhere one feels this.
 Nowhere but Iceland,
 Nowhere but Home.

Where can you sit on the rocks
By a shore?
And stare 'midst the bays
And the valleys afar?
Lost in your time,
Not a care in the world?
Kissed by the cool gentle wind
Of the sea?
 Nowhere but Iceland,
 Nowhere but Home.

Where can you mingle downtown
Without danger?
Or fear of being watched
Or being narrowly judged,
By weary-eyed locals
That wander nearby?
Where is it safe to leave houses
Unlocked?
 Nowhere but Iceland,
 Nowhere but Home.

Where can you smell the clean air
Of the seas?
Or drink from the waters
That moisten the earth?
Where can you bathe in the hot,
Healing waters
That rumble in all the volcanoes'
Bright cores?
 Nowhere but Iceland,
 Nowhere but Home.

Where can you travel
As far as you please?
With daylight all night,
And be gone out of sight?
Where can you go
Where no one can find you?
Or sail out to sea
As far as you wish?
Nowhere but Iceland,
Nowhere but Home.

Where can you walk through the
Middle of town?
At three in the morning,
And still remain safe?
This is true freedom,
To go where you please—
And no other place have I found
Such a feeling—
Nowhere but Iceland,
Nowhere but Home.

Where can you climb up a mountain
Of snow?
Where no one has been,
'Midst the nature untouched?
With no guided tours,
And no footprints in sight?
No one to watch you,
Or tell you your way?
Nowhere but Iceland,
Nowhere but Home.

Where is a rich, spoken language
Like music?
Flowing from all people's lips
As they speak?
Like notes from an elegant
Symphony's sounds?
Nowhere such pure
Of a language exists—
None but Icelandic,
The Home of my Tongue.

Where can you watch giant geysers
That burst,

Proudly from under this
Fire-bred earth?
Or visit the light
From a glacier's white glare?
Or gaze in your silence
At five-hour sunsets?
Nowhere but Iceland,
Nowhere but Home.

Where can you sail
Where birds soar beside you?
Drawn by the mountains
That protect you at night?
Where are there bright purple clouds
Turning pink?
Glowing above a small village
In peace?
Nowhere but Iceland,
Nowhere but Home.

Where are there mountain ranges
Always surreal?
And always majestic,
Wherever you go?
Where is my Heaven?
My Arctic Paradise?
Nowhere, yes nowhere—
Nowhere but here.
Nowhere but Iceland,
Nowhere but Home.