

# **What It Feels Like to Be Free**

With thanks to the Old Dy'vorians

How does it feel to be free?

It feels like running down golden dunes,  
Like sunshine warming your skin in May.

It feels like sand between your toes,  
And the sea pulling gently as you play.

It sounds like laughter loud and wide,  
Like crashing waves and a turning tide.  
Like friends at the fireside, whispering low,  
And seagulls above in the evening glow.

It looks like sunsets over Gower skies,  
Like jellyfish drifting as daylight dies.  
It looks like smoke from the fires we made,  
And footprints left that the tide will fade.

We felt freedom at Llanmadoc's shore,  
New sights, new adventures, space to explore.  
You made this happen — we want you to know:  
Your kindness gave us room to grow.

