
2022-23 PostcardsPostcards from Abroad

11-7-2022

Dublin, Dear

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Recommended Citation

Herbst, Sofia, "Dublin, Dear" (2022). *2022-23 Postcards*. Article. Submission 1.
https://digitalcommons.linfield.edu/intl_postcards_2223/1

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Sofia Herbst

Fall 2022

Ireland

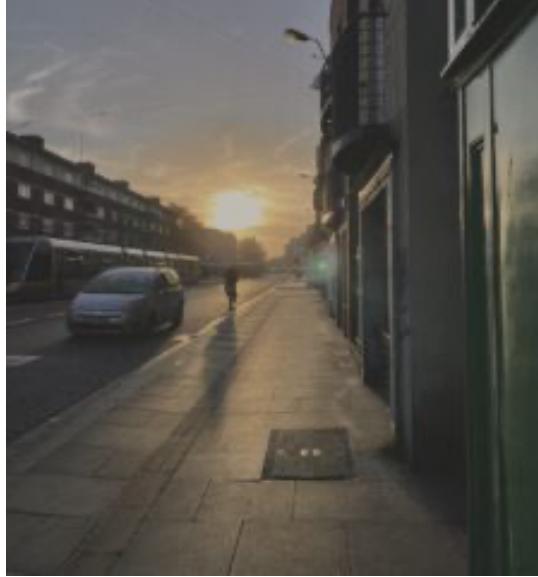
November 7, 2022

Dublin, Dear

October was erratic, to say the least. The first portion was spent romancing Dublin, the second preparing, and then traveling to Lisbon, a decision made (as all the best are) by the youthful spirit of spontaneity. (To humble myself, perhaps spontaneity is merely a pretty word used to gloss over the actual sense that overtook me: recklessness or mid-term stressors or that special kind of indifference that is not necessarily a detriment, but rather a shrug-of-the-shoulders symptom in which one trusts in themselves enough to know that they'll thrive anywhere, and so anywhere it is, anywhere being Lisbon). Allow me to walk you through my month of rapid heartbeats that led up to such an adventure.

I took the train to Dublin so many times, I can't recall the number. Played games of this-way-that-way until, on more than one occasion, I was looking at deteriorated, Victorian graves in a churchyard near a swanky cafe. (Shoutout to Social Fabric for the best pancakes in town).

One of my strolls included the continuous listening to Blue Oyster Cult, walking down some random street until my legs couldn't propel me further. The sunset surprised me -reminded me I had only an hour before my train back to Galway. Here's the POV, but no face-shot of the initial panic.



Dublin, as the sun sets

I met up with some dear friends on another of the Dublin outings. The already mentioned Megan, and our fellow compatriot, Cara, visiting from D.C. The Guinness factory was “eh,” as I have no affiliation for beer. But the literature shared in Saint Stephen’s Green on that unforgivingly cold autumn day... How lucky I am to have such like-minded people in my life. Bookish and fashionable, obsessed with the art of conversation and unafraid of passion – utterly Oscar-Wilde-esque. The best of our qualities were exposed in the convivial park, home to the comings-and-goings of Dublin’s families and college friend groups.



Musings in St Stephen's Green



A prolonged jaunt

Admittedly, I prefer Dublin to Galway. That is not to say I don't find pleasure in my current surroundings. But there is communion taken in step-by-step introductions to a new, lonely street. To a statue, to a park, to people-watching from behind the window of a new cafe. I've explored Galway to death, but Dubin! Like any significant metropolis, one could live there

for half a century and not know there's a cute deli on x street, a hermetic bookstore on y. It's an ever-expanding monopoly board. Doesn't matter how many times the loop has been made.

Sofia