

What are the ancestral voices calling?

What are the ancestral voices
now calling me, calling us—
those present, others absent,
visible alongside invisible hovering,
circling round our panting hearts
pulling, watching, waiting
to draw us into their encircling embrace.

What are the words
to the song once faint
arising, arousing, stirring
these fingers as they walk these pages
inscribing the notes
shaping the verses,
outlining phrases of melody
to write the tune so long tucked away
inside a bud yearning to burst forth
from lips, mouth, tongue
breathe again with a pulsating beat.



And how shall I release
such a resonant refrain
this anthem etched so long
on a soul held captive in dissonant despair
exiled by those like tyrants
their lies crying their schemes
to keep us in a story
our spirits have long stamped false
a letter to be marked
Return to sender. Address Unknown.

So here in this moment
let me, let us come out once more
to sit in shining sun, glow of moon
feet warmed, hearts sore but shackle free
arms flung ready wide
faces lit, voices raised in this new refrain
this tune again turning all of us
to rise and sing.