

The Good Ancestor

Every day I walk a hundred years
to the hill where my great great granddaughter sits.
I carry words of blessing
and reach to touch her back.

But feeling me near she turns
sad eyed and heavy with grief
"What was it like?" she asks
"when the great whales swam
when the birds sang you awake
when the rains came soft
and the soil smelt sweet underfoot?"
And the blessings
catch in my throat.

On darker days she turns,
her famished face charred and eyes,
sunk in their bony orbits,
burn with curses.
And the blessings
froth at my mouth
with the poisonous
spume of betrayal.

On the darkest of all days
I walk the hundred years
and find no one there.

Let today be the bright day.
Let today be the bright day
I lay my hand upon her back
And, feeling me near, she turns
and blesses me, saying
"Your love was fierce enough,
sweet ancestor,
your love was fierce enough."

Daverick Leggett,
For Those Who Rise Today

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