

Ancestor

by Suzanne Osborne

Ancient rhythms rise within  
undulate across memory  
up from the belly they rise  
rolling through the chest  
radiating out, seeking release.

I will stand on the rock,  
naked on the mountain,  
alive to the sun and pulsing with rhythm.  
I will sing my song  
and the dance will rise within me.

In the quiet of the night  
the chill mountain night moon  
will shroud my song in mists of history,  
veiled ancient rhythms,  
I am listening.