

## ROOTS: A Song of Being

What is ancestry asks the sage,  
Just an illusion upon the page,  
A past obscured by human time,  
Extolled by poets addicted to rhyme?

What alchemy can discover  
Our truth and being to recover,  
Original blood, flesh, and bone  
That is truly, eternally, our own.

Ancients thought to preserve their race  
By committing to a state of grace,  
Flesh into canopic vases  
Hoping for union in mystic places.

But all tribes wish to know the truth  
Of relationships from babe to youth,  
Sapient elders, king or slave,  
Making our family line proud and brave.

Whatever form your ancient lands,  
Inhabited farms or roving bands,  
Pastoral or desolate moor,  
Common spirit utters a cri de Coeur.

The names may change by continent,  
But aren't we all of the same descent?  
Chebe to Chang to Singh to Dhall,  
The world belongs to life ancestral.

We should know and revere them still  
Very rich or poor for good or ill,  
They are deep in us hawk or dove,  
Linked purely by the genesis of love.

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