

The Roots We Carry

Down deep
where rooted places twist and turn
tales are told
of the land from which we came.

Then, with an exquisitely slow tempo
shadow and light melt
into the salt water filling our cells,
melt into our pumping hearts
drip by drip by drip.
Images
memories and love
braid together in secret.

Ancient treasures linger unknown
in the bustle of to and fro.
trusting only touchable things
like our bones
or cracks in the sidewalk
to jump over.

Yet dreams summon us deep in the night
with a shiver of story outlined in blue.
Summon with a glimpse of the star
that is ours alone
ready to awaken us with a whisper,
a song, a question.

Who is the angel hovering above
my rhythmic breath
carrying life softly from limb to limb?

Down deep
I hear my grandmother
this is your guardian angel,
you got a very good one-
my Grandmother told me
Ukrayina “borderland”

The roots we carry
we breathe and cry
in unison.

Nance L Reynolds

2-24-2022