

I Am Not Born...

I am not born of Africa,
yet do I bleed for the horned
and tusked creatures of my never
homeland... raped and pillaged
for the myth of old men's virility.

I am not born of the polared vasts
that coat our northern lands,
yet do I hunger with the denizens
of that deep wasteland, watching, waiting,
as the ice recedes and their lives fade.

I am not born of the treed heights
that cradle the old men of the forests,
faces rimmed with flame as their homelands burn,
bodies of their mothers and young etched
in the fire of man's greed.

I am not born of the ocean's depths,
sonared cries echoing grief beyond gauge
with each butchered breath, heart strings tortured
past telling to deafened ears... tears upon tears
disappearing in salted waters.

I am not born of this world of gouging gain
that pits peopled plains against every grace that gifts
this precious planet... I am not born of this, cannot bear
the burden of pain or pacific plenty... my soul
rebels... rebukes... reborn, reaches... for more.

I am not born of Gaia's get. My stuff is not the stuff
of this earth, but finds its home, its heart, its heritage
in the sweet beyond, One with the Morning Stars,
singing its soul's song with the Sons and Daughters of God,
in mourning for this sad, sweet Earth.

And yet... and yet... here am I.
Striving, still, to heal this hurt and harried heart,
here among the fallen... angels all... my brothers,
my sisters, my sentient soul, suffering...
still harried, still harnessed, still... here.

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