

Songs of My Ancestors

By Sheila Johnson

Ancestral beats of the Yoruba, Asante, Navajo, Cherokee and a potpourri of other nations
Found me in my mother's womb and entered my Spirit filling it with comfort and joy.

They taught my heart how to pump with healing rhythms and soulful tempos.

The wisdom of my peoples speaks through me with sharps and flats when my lips refuse to
move.

They give instruction on temperance, self- control and long-suffering in places of chaos.

Sometimes these beats move through my veins like rushing water with a mission to complete
Or threatening winds with deadlines to meet.

Other times find these kindred tones moving at a snail's pace

Beckoning me to slow down and listen for the calm that has already arrived waiting to meet me
yet again.

I'm able to sing new songs of life and unfounded love because Diaspora tells me I'm able.

I can dance at the crossing over of souls knowing their home has been prepared with elegance.

I smile at the thought of old mates becoming as blades of grass returning to the soil

Preparing it to bring forth new life budding with glorious shades of the Master's artwork.

I shout with joy in an octave that reaches heaven and the Great Cloud of Witnesses hear also.

I sing because I'm happy, I sing because I'm free. I sing because I know God is watching over
me.

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