

In the harsh light
of the wide african plains
stirred this wild spirit
from fettered sleep.
In the old music
felt by firelight
I dimly knew
an elemental self
throbbing with the dance.
Tracing
the time-worn lines
of a hunting
ochre-painted on grey rock,
my neglected ancestors
called and ran.
Standing
in the sacred place
of the ancient stones
the magic seeped
into my bones
in the mossy silence.
Living
in the rhythm of the days,
amongst the wandering gods,
close to the earth
and growing things,
knowing the sky
in storm and drought,
I found my rhythms.
A dark people's
surging joys and sorrows
called
to the Dark One
within me.

L. Morrison