

Ancestor

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Ancestor

His teeth like tombstones are bared –
tongued and grooved

The sky passes from one side
to the other with ease.
Through eyeholes.
The ravens caw.
They too pass through.

The view from his side is empty.

He stands apart – rooted in forget-me-not
His seed scattered over the hill –
His son, his daughter,
Their sons, their daughters
Their sons and daughters.

He is the first and it is hard.
He sets an example and no-one follows.
His tongue is heavy as a clapper.
He cannot even knell his rage.

If he could, he would beat it on a drum.

BANG - You are unique!
BANG – You are remote!
BANG – You do not resemble me!

He stands apart but he does not care.
He is history, he is ash, he is bone.

He is the adze with which we are hewn.

His grin is for Eternity.
His laugh rings hollow.