

Ancestor

We've glued you to
the wall of memory,
pull you out for
school projects,
summon you, along with
our gods, at the starting blocks,
the free throw line,
your legendary whatever
fueling our leaps of faith

You nibble at our
wasted time, tear bites
out of schedules when no-one
is paying attention,
feeding on a nautilus of
heredity from the inside-
out

Your legs, once cherished
by lovers, hang wasted, useless
beneath the memory of your head,
the only thing we really
would remember as
you stare out from a gilded frame,
a clay mask,

a paperdoll to dress in
the manner of our expectations,
fashioned by the scarlet tales
you have sent us, nestled in
newspaperboats that you placed
gently into your
bloodline river,
flowing, un-dammed,
towards us