



I Stand on Solid Ground

Broken for generations from ancestral lands,
Where mythical beings (now strangers to me)
Enchant and bring meaning to lives
And breathe the fresh air of here and now:
A world as full of sciences as stars above;
I roam the earth: a child turned nomad.

Robbed of the wisdom of my ancestors,
Which was hidden in melodies of native songs,
I have learnt, forgotten, learnt, and forgotten
From written signs that smell of authority
So often that I lose myself in their worlds and
I know not where I am nor what I observe.

Here, then, I am: unknown to me or my forebears.
Lost in symbols from outside my world,
I scramble to collect scraps that I make sense of
And build my castle, hoping that I dazzle
You into believing that I stand on solid ground.