

"Words' Worth" Poetry Readings

Poets at the Culture, Arts, and Parks Committee of the Seattle City Council.

Untitled Poem by Rebecca Mair

I was on the earth
on the earth
and I was you then, too, not just me.
You too.
I see your peace brow and your angel hair.
This is your home.
Where is my home?
I am away, very far away from nowhere home,
four years old, an orphan of the land
caught in between

Can we play tiger in the grass?
Your blonde hair is so soft,
so kind and pale here.
Snaking through the rustle and dance
of this waist-high meadow
Land left fallow, so humming it is

We pray to the earth,
snarling and rooting our noses
In sweet bitter song of land.
But why can't I speak?
Child is quiet
For the spirits to sing.
But later bitter mad
This beautiful land
I have to be so quiet on
because it is not mine.
But my heart knows you can't be owned,
Sweet Earth.

Until now I was screaming singin
in my quiet way
but now i gotta listen close
cause voices in you, earth,
echo gone footsteps that traveled kindly
Once on this land
Oh, I am crying later to find
I am mourning this interruption
of the destiny
Of feet that walked quietly on this land

Now I am shoutin singin
and silent birthing what i heard
in the snake grass,
still but a child
Cries for the motherland, a lonely voice
I listen for secret chants from you, earth

cause no one gave me my own home song.
Home is here, i sing
Home I hear, I sing
Home. I'm here, i sing.

I was on the earth,
on the earth as a child,
playing tiger in the grass
with you, Dharma,
Blonde darling love child
Four years old, I was
You were five
I knew myself to be you
and you to be me
And I was not alone when we played.
I was not only me,
Knowing myself as the earth
and listening close for a Song
From the Inside.

This page was last updated: January 8, 2000