

## CELL MEMORIES

Memories, like galaxies, race  
across time.

Vibrations of a life now spent.

What the mind can't remember,  
the cells pass on.

Bits of past realities woven  
into the tapestry of our lives.

Forgotten footsteps lead us  
down  
unknown paths and beckon us to recall.

Déjà vu moments  
sequencing themselves

into unrecognizable patterns  
of behavior.

Ghosts, still telling their stories  
though the sound and movement is  
our own.

Words, whose wisdom can only be heard in  
the depths of our silence.

## WE WERE MEANT TO DANCE

We were meant to dance  
our hearts meant to soar,  
our hips meant to sway  
to a song our souls have borne.

We were meant to move  
beneath the shining stars,  
our bodies retelling stories  
marked with our ancestral scars.

We were meant to rule  
a continent now torn apart,  
bleeding with empty promises,  
piercing generational hearts.

Yet, our movements have been hampered,  
our hands and feet bound in chains,  
sent to a multitude of destinations,  
where only tattered hopes and lost freedom remains.

## REMEMBRANCE

***Millions***

will enter the Kingdom of Olo'Kun.

Ancestral links

***Lost***

To the depths of his lair.

***Countless***

Souls erased from a continent

***Enslaved***

For the treasures beneath her soil.

***Restlessly***

In Oya's arms their spirits linger,

***Waiting***

For a salvation that will never come

***To***

Anyone who moved beyond that door.

***Reclaim***

Your silenced voice and dance among the

***Splintered***

Stars for fires burn within for your soul

***Lives***

## THE CALL

*Who will answer the call?*

Will it be the under-aged mother of four,  
her life weighted down by the lack of  
opportunity and the abundance of poverty?

*Who will answer the call?*

Will it be the young brother, imprisoned in  
a world whose bars are made up of low  
expectations and bullet-ridden doubt?

*Who will answer the call?*

Will it be the designer-suit exec, too  
pre-occupied by greed,  
who has embraced the politics of plenty?

*Who will answer the call?*

Will they hear it when it's soft and mellow,  
gently whispering in their ear. Saying they  
are forbidden, not caring about their tears.

Will you be the one to answer it, or will you  
run and hide? Will you accept its challenge?  
Will you take another's side?

## SONGS OF MY ANCESTORS

Songs of joy.  
Songs of fear.  
Written with your blood.  
Preserved in my tears.

Moving through time.  
Moving through space.  
Embodied in me,  
sent with God's grace.

Whisper your wisdom in my ears.  
Whisper your truths  
for the world to hear.

Sing sweetly to me as I lay here tonight.

*sing ancestors,  
sing your songs.  
Sing for me in my dreams,  
once more!*