

THE ANCESTORS

They come in four directions,
And they know we are their own;
Through intertribal tensions,
And ever growing cone.

So many connections,
No one stands alone;
They come as we call them,
To lots of us at once;

For they've got all time in no time,
With no physical circumstance.

The ancestors...

Call upon their wisdom,
Their truth and resilience;
They're on a mission,
To help and descendants.
They're who we came from,
Their physical resemblance;
They can hardly change our path here,
But they move through time and space.
Oh we create the future,
They follow at our pace.

The ancestors...

Create yourself a sacred space,
Refine your intentions;
Call them with love and grace,
Through all the dimensions;
Call upon the elements,
To hold all four directions;
The angels and totems,
To welcome their very essence;
So they will give you confidence,
To journey through your lessons.

The ancestors...

Dave Heggulun