

The Land That Raised Me
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I dance with the moonlight on the water
And flow with the wind, winding above the mountains.
I am cursed with empathy, I absorb all pain.
That as I stand, the winds call to me for understanding
And the memories hidden in each speck of dirt burn vivid in my mind.

Maybe our ancestors watch us through each seed of the earth and
Every raindrop that waters them.
Maybe the land that raised me is smiling up at me,
Cradling my soul, even as the ancestors of someone else...

Maybe, somewhere,
The lands of my heritage
Are fostering a stranger with endless love,
But wait for me patiently...

And I dream of them...

Maybe I can hear them sing to me,
With the tune of an Irish fiddle.

Maybe I speak with them when the trees whisper to me
From the cedars of Lebanon and olive trees of Palestine

Maybe each vine in my garden is braided
into the roots of Sicily

Maybe I dance in the same rain that
Thunders over the scottish highlands

Maybe I live with them under the stars
That they lit for me as a prayer

So, I give thanks

Thanks to the ancestors of the Indigenous,
Who so humbly raised me
Knowing that someday,
I would understand.

Thanks to land that so graciously fosters me and accepts who I am
Thanks to the creatures, who have sacrificed their lives for me
Thanks to the life that runs wild, the trees, grasses and wildflowers,
Who breath my breath and willingly give me theirs

Thanks to the waters that weave this earth, nourishing all life
Thanks to the waters that flow in the blood of every living thing
Thanks to the water where my soul runs too,
Catching my tears of joy, and tears of pain

Thanks to the spirit that lives in
The creatures, the stones
The hills and mountains, the soil of every land
The sand of beaches and sand of deserts

The spirit that lives

In the waters, deep in this earth,
The waters - white, blue and green-
Golden with sun and silver by night

The spirit that wraps a canvas over our earth
And paints it with endless possibilities -
Prisms, constellations, embers and clouds

Why is it that pain falls in form,
Soaking our cheeks in the same liquid as the ocean?

Why is it that when cut,
we bleed the same crimson blood
that pumps through a great white shark
And soars across the sky in an eagle?

Because all life is connected.

I am one with the earth, but not this land,
who is borrowed and broken.

I dream of restoration

Someday the bison will return in herds
To bask in the sunset,
The same sunset that lowers over the coral reefs
on the east and west coasts

Someday those reefs will replenish
And the millions of lives,
Native to the ocean,
Will flourish again

Someday, the soot on burnt trees
Will become soil for sprouting branches

And someday,
each branch of my heritage
Will be woven into my scattered family tree,
And I will be home.

For now, I must give back.

Just as the land raised me, I must also raise her
And dedicate myself
To the revolution and restoration of life.