

9/26/23

## REBIRTH

162 Days Down

This ghazal was my attempt at conveying everything I spiritually felt during my first prison Sweat Lodge with my adopted tribe.

Crawling into the womb, I search for the new me.  
Pitch black, but the coals send crimson glow right to me.

An ethereal voice, a vessel for our souls,  
oh, may the smoke of our sacred sage imbue me.

As I ponder the offerings of mornings past,  
meditation settles its power straight through me.

"All my relations", have my words reached *their* souls?  
I grasp for the ones who once said that they knew me.

Sweetgrass and Cedar; my connections to Nature.  
know how to uncover this part of the true me.

My head lowers down to converse with this great Earth;  
I can hear the voice of this Mother who grew me.

Soon the steam clears away, I return to this world  
to meet this small new part that's been built into me.