

Ancestor

Fine brown skin and eyes that see.
Thoughts hidden carefully (from
me).

Did you know me once?

When elders, now; ran younger
And much was said without saying
...when fine brown skin was all?

Recall how we were happy then.
Maybe two hundred years afore.
Do these memories elude
you as though

You don't share my timeless face?
And when passing your eyes do
fall;

forgiving my piercing gaze.

My heart aches to touch you.

My soul cries out.

Invisible tears drop slowly.

...but I know you will move

Through my world again and I will
be

Waiting with my

Light brown skin and eyes that see.

Jeanie Greene

Inupiat