

# Poet's Corner

## Heritage

*By Anna Pickett*

*To sit and watch the elders walk  
To listen to their unforgettable  
stories*

*The wrinkles upon a face during  
a smile*

*A finger to brush away a tear.*

*"I watch my seedlings,  
They grow to enormous size.  
I watch them learn new ways  
They learn too fast.  
I watch them leave me  
To get higher teachings.  
I watch them get married and  
They leave and don't come  
back.  
I have yet to teach them;  
They don't know their own  
culture."*

*To watch the old grow older  
The young with ideas in mind  
The elders with many things yet  
to teach*

*The young with much to learn.*

*"I am glad to have a roof,  
It keeps my head dry.  
I am glad to be at home,*

*It's a place of warmth.  
I am glad to have seedlings, but  
I am sad not to be able to teach.  
Ways they do not know and  
I am too old to even begin."*

*To sit and watch the elders dance  
They dance to stories and events  
To admire the stones of many  
colors  
The years of learning to make.*

*"I have taught many things,  
So they say, but  
Their capacity of involvement  
is not there.  
I tell them stories that I have  
done,  
They will not know the real  
meaning  
Until they have experienced it  
themselves.  
I feel alone in my world,  
No one to teach and  
Not enough time to teach."*

*To sit and watch the elder walk  
To watch the old grow older  
To sit and watch the elders  
dance  
To watch culture go to waste.*