

Rebirth

- Jahan Khalighi

If poets are the midwives of reality
Then musicians must be magicians of time
Carving flutes from hollowed bamboo shoots
Blowing ballads into our bendable spines
Fishes that play scales of the rivers they once climbed
Like a church that's built of chimes
Against the distress of the mind
That shutters like lovers who are drunk on too much wine

If I had a penny for every time I failed
I would melt them down to copper
And build a citadel of brail
So we could understand each other
By touching fingers behind our veils

For every step that we take
There's a memory that comes
Only dance to this body in between the beating drums
Excavating amber stories that exist inside our lungs
Like the earth when she receives
The light gifted from the sun
I write with the wish that our bliss could be sung
And search for a thread when the yarns been unspun

In the name of Ginsberg, Gaudi and Gibran,
Saul of the Solstice and the mystery of dawn,
In the name of Malcolm, Mahatma, Mingus and Miles
Babatundi Olatunji and the rhythms he compiled

From a grandmother's spindle to a woodcarver's knife
To the darkness transformed when we lean towards the light

In the name of Mandela, Basquiat, Beethoven, Bambatta
From the peaks of Mt. Tam to the ghettos of Gaza
From the tips of our tongues to the dreams that we alter
Let our stories be sung, let our grief be unmasked
let our prayers be an offering,
surrendered and sworn
for every midwife knows that not until
a mother's womb has softened from the pain of labor
will a way open and an infant be born

I celebrate your birth as I'd commemorate my own
And water every seed like an ancient stalk of corn
To remember what's been dismembered
And mend what has been torn

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