

The Place From Which We Came

- Jahan Khalighi

They say there are four elements that compose all of life:
Fire, air, earth and water is what we are birthed from.
In the belly of our mother's fertile ocean filled womb
We were nourished for nine seasons.

At first only small tadpoles in a fish-tank of flesh, gradually we grew
fins into fingers that fluctuated
And tickled the inner tissue of our mother's pulsing belly.

We were water creatures with skin over our eyes
Which would slowly become glassy gazes
Hear beating heart made ripples like syncopated vibrations.

Mother's music traveling through our umbilical chords
Like a microphone.
This was our first experience of melody.

Twisting small fists in a womb full of dreams,
On the day of our coming, the angels were drumming.
Our mother was pushing new life through her legs and swollen veins
As we became the fruits of her labor pains.

Pulled from her ocean filled stomach to a room full of air
We gasped for our first breath arriving with nothing but what we were given.

You could call it the rising of a daughter or sun
For this is the place where we all come from
despite walls and wars,
ghettos and suburbs,
tenements and mansions,
no matter the color of your skin,
the weight of your religion,
the politics you have carved from belief, the disability or ability of
your limbs and legs, whether you grew up in a refugee camp in
Palestine, a Jewish settlement beneath an orange tree, a house with a
pool in Marin County, a family filled apartment in Harlem,

whether you fight for peace
or your guns are smoken,
no one can deny that we all once emerged from our mother's ocean
it's no wonder when we go to the beach we become quiet watching the
waves as if remembering

WATER

one of the essential elements that we need to survive our bodies
composed mostly of this substance we as the earth are blessed by the

rain and fill our glasses with this transparent blue elixir from whose
liquied we once came.

this substance which is ancient
some pray to it as sacred.
I think we should respect it
As if we didn't want to waste it.

For as we walk upon this earth
Attempting to live right
We carry the seeds of future generations in our dna
Waiting their turn for life.

So how shall we leave this place
And what shall we gift our children?
I have no answers, only questions,
A tongue full of spirit
and two hands for building.

So sing me a song of remembrance.
Dance me a dance of the dead.
Write me a page to move through.
Paint me a picture of the moon crying the stars like tears acoustic
For we have only time on our hands and hearts that were made for
making music.