

## **My Ancestress**

For centuries she has been setting fire to  
the mossy padlock of my body.  
Her heritage adorned with seashells  
is a premonition in my veins.  
Our lives interweave  
beneath the sacred ceiba tree.

Those who knew her,  
remember her rocking herself in her wicker rocking-chair  
Serene, as if not haunted by the dizziness of death  
facing the dawn.

They say that cats hunted the twilights  
in her hands.  
They say that rusty ships appeared  
at the pier of her eyes.  
They saw how the south wind  
carved her a mantra of Olokun.

They still see her running  
among the crevices of *the kingdom of this world*  
with a fragment of daybreak between her lips.

In the doorway of the old courtyard of my childhood,  
they have seen her become a strange creature  
pecking amongst the chickens.