

Roots

By Alexandra Lander

The Choctaw teacher smiled
It is good that you come
It is good that you seek
The natural ways
But know where *you* come from
Explore your own roots
In discovering the past
You learn how to move forward

Vineyards and golden light
Sunflower fields
Mountainscape views from mountaintop heights
Meadows of wildflowers
Voices like songs
Ancient stone houses
Balconies cascading with flowers

From out of this beauty
In search of something more
The glowing white dream of Lady Liberty
Lured across the ocean
With a hope and a prayer
To build a legacy for the next generation
Which was me

That is where I come from.

