The Pilgrim

I am from "perk up" and "pipe down,"
From keep it to yourself; we don’t want
To hear it, see it, smell it, or touch it.

I am from those lost lambs led to the slaughter
Sacrificed to the god of "Shut-up," "Be quiet,"
"Sit still, and "Don’t be who you are."

I am from the beautiful lost tribe of time,
Tarnish, and tenderness, from people small
In stature but big of heart.

I am from people long since forgotten, whose
Fragile flesh has been eaten by marauding maggots
And sacred stories have been scripted in my cells
Still striving to be told.

I am from island people living on rocky shoals,
Surrounded by oceans and heavy mists,
Open to the world beyond where fairies, elves, gnomes,
Frolic freely, singing songs of saints and sadness,
Prancing playfully on front porches
Passed watch dogs and guarded gates,

I am from the dirt of sacred ground once
Walked on by ancient drifters, daring to seek
Their long, twisted, tangled but regal roots,
Reaching out to the righteous, heading
Haphazardly toward the hallowed harbor of home.