

# ancients

*by* Kitty Boots

it would do you well to honor your ancestors,  
their blood flows through your veins  
courage, pride, some shame

and a violent life, survival,  
told around smoky, peaty fires  
rheumy eyes wink, gnarled hands pantomime

starving cattle gather in the room  
maybe a calf or two will survive to replenish the herd,  
maybe not

lives conceived in later winter months have a better chance  
warmth, budding trees, the greening of the plains,  
it will come

