

Indirect Line

I sit here and contemplate
On our ancestors of old
How we are part of them
A family tree reborn
There is always something
Left behind in us
That we may never realize
We can never erase this
It is handed down the line
Sifted through time
To play on our minds
Never realizing how we came about
To play our role
Which really isn't our own
The shots have already been called
It is the indirect line

Renata Dawidowicz

