

Nandi Cummings

Rebirth

This time is different
my eyes are dry
from happiness I cry
Within myself for me

Solitude once loathed
mistaken for rejection
now a willful connection
Greeted happily

Learning to live for self
not contingent upon others
leaving self to smother
Is to be free

Play now ancient drum
rhythms I orchestrate
determine my fate
Not god not they not he