



Whispers of Ancestry- A Free Verse Poem on Chinese Heritage and Mourning

In the realm of ancient whispers, I stand,
A soul entwined in threads of my Chinese blood,
A heritage woven with stories of old,
Whispered tales of emperors and warriors bold.

From the fertile plains of the Middle Kingdom,
To the distant shores where my ancestors roamed,
I carry the weight of their hopes and dreams,
Their legacy flowing within my very seams.

But in the depths of my heart, a sorrow weaves,
Grief's somber shroud, where pain eternally cleaves,
For in the stillness of night, I keenly mourn,
The loss of a beloved, my mother, now gone.

Her spirit, once radiant, now drifts beyond the stars,
Leaving behind memories, both bitter and sweet,
Like the fragrant incense that curls and ascends,
Her essence lingers, never truly ends.

She taught me the art of folding paper cranes,
Symbols of hope and transformation's reign,
With nimble hands, she guided my every fold,
Inscribed in each crease, stories left untold.

Oh, how her laughter danced like falling leaves,
A symphony of joy, a balm for all my griefs,
Her voice, a gentle breeze that soothed my soul,
Now echoes in memories, forever taking their toll.

In the depths of grief, I find solace and release,
Within the embrace of my heritage's peace,
For it is in the rituals, the ancestral rites,
That I commune with spirits, their ethereal lights.

I burn incense, offerings to the divine,
Seeking solace in the celestial shrine,
Bowing before the altars of yesteryears,
Whispering prayers, mingling joy with tears.

And though grief may entangle my spirit's flight,
I know my mother's love still burns bright,
In the flickering lanterns of our shared past,
In the melodies of tradition that eternally last.

So I'll honor my Chinese heritage's call,
Embrace the stories, the wisdom of all,
And amidst the tapestry of sorrow and pain,
I'll find strength to endure, to rise again.

