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FRANCINE CUNNINGHAM

ON IDENTITY

/ Ancestral Power
it’s hard to feel power from my ancestors when i don’t know
who they are,
where they come from,
what their stories are
we share blood
blood shares memory
but i want us to share so much more
my breath over the phone line
but who did they come from?
what are their stories?
i don’t know, my girl
nighttime thought: what if my ancestors, or at least a few of them, were dicks?
worth derived from knowing where and who you come from
but would it really matter if i did know
because at this point all my knowing would be contained to names
lying dead on pieces of paper
does anyone truly know their ancestors anymore?
did they ever?
do these thoughts make me a bad ndn?