

I STAND WHERE HE STOOD

By

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My ancestor stood  
Where I stand.  
In the same place  
In the same corridor.

I know he smiled and laughed there  
In that same place  
I feel comfortable knowing  
We are alike.

My ancestor stood  
In the same place in the same hall  
I talk and giggle in that corner  
He probably did that to.

We learned in the same rooms  
We walked in the same corridors  
We learned the same way  
But lived different lives.

My ancestor stood  
In the same place I stand  
In the same place  
In the same corner in the same hall.