

Hail Global Voices!

We hear them from deep within the African plain, across Asia, the Pacific islands, the Americas and the Caribbean.

The winds blowing us towards this adopted land, Mother England

We hear them chanting, drumming, as they dance and sway, writing history of yesterday, translating, becoming, these global voices, drowned for centuries by the enslavers of our traditions and human civilization.

Yet we return to where it hurts most, to the European soil where all but our souls were taken,

We hear the beatings of the heart of our ancestors calling out to us to become

To be still, to be heard, for this time the true essence of us will be revealed.

Global voices echoed yesterday, dancing on the soil of disarray

Drumming deep into the consciousness of ALL, that we are here, we are here...

Listen; there is something to be taught.

We are teachers of our cultures, yet our cultures so many have denied,

Listen; there is something to be heard,

The mystical voices of our ancestors live on and their legacy to celebrate

Our voices will be heard, and a breathing space to express, explore, educate.

Our adopted land has become home, as we carry our ancestral expressions wherever we go.

Deep within our souls, our culture arises, not simply to entertain but to penetrate the hearts and minds of humanity.

So let us continue this creative dialogue from amongst each nation humbly gathering in this land we now call home.

Where the winds blow cold and the sun we seldom see.

Yet watch us rise and let our voices lead you to the spirit of togetherness,

Creating a tapestry of beauty and out of many, there will be ONE voice...

These global voices no longer cower, but emerge, and embrace the true Essence of who we are, on this journey of love.

Patricia Leon Lashley-Charles