

Ancestral Worship

David McKirdy

I've got the blood of China in my veins
not through father, mother or distant forebears
but passed on from another's ancient line.
Seven pints passed through the eye of a needle
the anonymous gift of life
for a bastard son, a white ghost!

I feel different
as I look at life
through my wider
less jaundiced eyes

We Chinese treasure our traditions
but whose ancestors should I worship now?
Mine, or his.
Maybe I'll just give thanks
pay homage to an eternal mother
and the universal father.