

Elegy for Cliff Ruggles

Goodbye, gentle warrior,
betrayed from within.
Your word, like a spear
bequeathed by ancestors
pierced the pale hides,
brought down the Beast.

Goodbye, gentle warrior.
Rest now. Sleep. Dream.
Let others –the young–
move forward the dance-
-line, beat the Xangó drum.

The old ones will sing.
Generations will know:
« He planted a tree.
He fathered a son.
He published a book.
He was a good man. »

We follow your path.
We feed your tree.
We mouth your words.
We bid you
goodbye.