Savage Daughter

Wyndreth Berginsdottir

I am my mother's savage daughter
The one who runs barefoot
Cursing sharp stones
I am my mother's savage daughter
I will not cut my hair
I will not lower my voice

My mother's child is a savage
She looks for her omens in the colours of stones
In the faces of cats, in the fall of feathers
In the dancing of fire, in the curve of old bones

My mother's child dances in darkness
She sings heathen songs by the light of the moon
And watches the stars and renames the planets
And dreams she can reach them with a song and a broom

My mother's child curses too loud and too often
My mother's child laughs too hard and too long
And howls at the moon and sleeps in ditches
And clumsily raises her voice in this song

We are all brought forth out of darkness and water
Brought into this world, through blood and through pain
And deep in our bones, the old songs are waking
So sing them with voices of thunder and rain

We are our mother's savage daughters
The ones who run barefoot
Cursing sharp stones
We are our mother's savage daughters
We will not cut our hair
We will not lower our voice