

Ekaterina Shelehova, Savage Daughter

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 colors of stones
In the faces of cats, in the falling of feathers
In the dancing of fire
In the curve of old bones

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 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

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

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