

The Awakening: A Journey to Reclaim Heritage

In the heart of a bustling city, Taharka stood at a crossroads amidst the chaos of modern life. Weighed down by the shackles of expectation and convention, he often felt like a wanderer lost in the fog of a forgotten past. Raised in a world where the teachings of Constantine's Christianity cast a long shadow over his understanding of spirituality, Taharka began to feel a tug deep within—a yearning to rediscover the roots of his heritage, to challenge the orthodoxy by which he had been bound.

While sifting through old family records in the attic one evening, he stumbled upon a tattered, dust-covered book. Intrigued, he opened it to find ancient texts and poems of his Kemetic ancestry, rich with tales of Ta Neteret, Ta SETI, the Iteru River Basin, tenacity, faith, and connection to Sia Eshe, the divine—a stark contrast to the rigid dogmas he had known. Each page ignited a light within him, awakening a sense of something profound and beautiful from which he had been 'disconnected for far too long.

Taharka remembered the tales of exclusion as he penned
'Echoes of Nicaea: A Divided Call.'

In the year of our Lord, three twenty-five,
A council convened, where faith would strive,
From Rome's glistening halls, the emperor's claim,
To shape the Divine, to kindle the flame.
With scribes and bishops, the voices arose,
Yet shadows of power masked truths that they chose.
In a tapestry woven, some threads were cast aside,
While dogmas were minted, the marginalized cried.
"Come, gather, my brethren!" the call rang anew,
But who stands in power, and who is but few?
With Nicene decree, the creed they would bind,
Yet left in the silence were souls they maligned.
Separate slants of belief, of spirit, and grace,
Though all sought the Light, there was no ordinary place.
With doctrines dictated, the faithful divided,
In the name of salvation, their hearts have confided.
Undoubtedly, the heart of a world once so pure,
It was branded with dogmas, a mantle impure.
Heretics labeled, deemed worthy of scorn,
From the seeds of this Council, hatred was born.
For in the assembly, the chorus was clear,
But only for some, the salvation was near.

The marginalized whispers, the histories erased,
In the shadows of power, true freedom is misplaced.
So rise, dear kin, through the echoes of time,
And reclaim the lost voices in rhythm and rhyme.
For the roots of segregation ran deep in that ground,
Yet hope doth awaken, in truth, we are found.
Let us gather, break chains, rewrite our fate,
We ardently cultivate the spirit of unity.
In the spirit of love, let compassion take reign,
To rise from division and heal every pain."

With a heart full of curiosity and determination,
Taharka embarked on a journey of reclamation.
He began to write daily, pouring his soul on the page,
Weaving words like threads in a tapestry of rage.
Emotions spilled over, ink mingled with pain,
In the echoes of history, he found freedom's refrain.
He scribbled of shackles, both silent and loud,
The cries of the broken beneath power's shroud.
With each stroke of the pen, the truth danced in sight,
A legacy haunted by shadows of night.
How could faith—divine—justify such despair?
The enslavement of others, the burdens they bear.
Marginalized voices, shadows of grace,
Once silenced by doctrines, now seeking a place.
He pondered the women, their stories untold,
The whispers of matriarchs were muted and cold.
In a world that deemed them less worthy to stand,
Their spirits, undaunted, stretched forth with demand.
He broke down the chains tethered deep in his mind,
With words as his weapon, a purpose aligned.
He wove into verses the plight and the fight,
Of those who were yearning to claim their birthright.
Each poem is a candle against darkness it fought,
Illuminating truths that history forgot.
Through the ink-stained pages, his heart found its voice,
For liberation flourished when hearts made the choice.
From the bondage of dogma, he sought to be free,
Championing justice, embracing the plea.
With every word crafted, he danced with the past,
A bridge to the present, where shadows amassed.

As Taharka poured forth the sorrow and strife,
He penned the connections that fueled a new life.
For each line he conjured, a spark lit within,
An awakening—boldness to challenge the sin.
And in his reflections, he found not just blame,
But a call for compassion that ignited the flame.
With his verses unbound, he reached for the light,
Breaking free from the chains that once held him tight,
For the strength of his voice, now a chorus imbued,
In the name of the voiceless, his spirit renewed.

He wrote of the chains—the invisible ties of guilt, fear, and shame—that had once held his spirit captive. Each line he penned declared his intent to seek the truth beyond the well-trodden path, a commitment to rediscover his roots.

Each evening, he would gather his family in the warmth of their living room, sharing the verses he created. As he recited poems that explored their shared heritage, he witnessed their collective awakening. Stories from their ancestry unfolded like blossoms in spring, their roots intertwining into a tapestry of identity and love. It sparked laughter, tears, and discussions that dissolved barriers, fostering a deep, absent bond.

One night, as they sat together, Taharka began a poem that echoed through the room like an ancient chant:

“From the shadows of chains that confine,
We rise to reclaim what is truly divine.
Through love's gentle hands, we redefine,
The strength of our spirits is a heritage so fine.
Through mtDNA, Sia Eshe's light,
Our lineage whispers, igniting the night.
In the echoes of mothers wisdom, we find,
In each sacred thread, our souls are intertwined.
Together, we stand, with history's grace,
A celebration of life, reclaiming our space. ”

His family's faces transformed as he read, illuminated by the understanding of their shared journey. They reminisced about traditions rediscovered—a grandmother's teachings, the scents of ancestral dishes wafting through the air, and the songs sung by the fireside, resonating with the essence of their Kemetic and Coptic roots.

Emboldened, they crafted a collective poem, each family member contributing lines that wove their voices together.

Roots of Alkebulan: A Family Poem
(Taharka)

In the womb of Alkebulan, our journey began,
Long before Rome's shadows cast over our land.
From the heart of our ancestors, wisdom flowed like a stream,
In the essence of faith, we rediscover our dream.

(Aunt Maya)

With each whisper of the wind, I hear Grandmother's voice,
Sharing tales of our lineage, where our spirits rejoice.
Woven in the fabric of our shared history,
The rich scents of her cooking breathe life into me.

(Sister Emani)

The spices that dance in the sunlight and air,
Each dish tells a story—a love and a care.
From millet to moringa, the flavors collide,
Uniting our family and our roots as our guide.

(Cousin Amir)

By the fireside, we gather in the glow of the night,
Singing songs of our forebears, hearts soaring in flight.
With harmonies entwined, echoing truths profound,
The spirit of our Coptic roots in every sound.

(Uncle Jahi)

No longer lost in the margins, erased in the dark,
We reclaim our traditions, igniting the spark.
From the whispers of the past, we honor our fate,
In the glow of our unity, we rise and create.

(Mom)

In the tapestry woven, our voices interlace,
Celebrating the strength of the legacy we face.
For every tear shed, a lesson bestowed,
Through the trials of our history, endurance has flowed.

(Taharka)

Together, we gather, hand in hand, through the years,
Embracing our origins, releasing our fears.
In the heart of Alkebulan, we reclaim what is ours,
In sisterhood and brotherhood, we rise like the stars.

(All)

So let the songs carry forth, from our hearts to the skies,
A symphony of freedom, where our true spirit lies.
We stand proud of our roots, of the love that we share,
Connecting with the essence of Coptic history is rare.

(All)

Together, we flourish as we honor the call,
In the garden of our lineage, we are one and all.
Emboldened by our voices, in unity, we stand,
Reclaiming our faith, our heritage, our land.

The creation of their family poem became an embodiment of unity, a reflection of their joint pursuit of identity. Taharka felt liberated, not just for himself but for everyone in the room. They were bound not by chains but by love, culture, and the legacy of their ancestors.

As seasons passed and the days turned into months, Taharka felt his transformation deepen. He ventured further—exploring nature, attending Coptic events, and reading spiritual texts that connected him to his heritage. He marveled at how the ancient teachings resonated with contemporary struggles, illuminating paths toward healing and understanding.

In celebrating his newfound freedom, Taharka organized a family gathering under the sprawling branches of an old oak tree, symbolizing strength and endurance. Surrounded by loved ones, he invited them to share reflections, poems, and stories. The air was filled with laughter, the warmth of connection, and the beauty of reclaiming their identity as a family rooted in love, resilience, and a shared journey.

As the sun dipped below the horizon, casting a warm glow over the gathering, Taharka closed the evening with a final poem, his heart bursting with gratitude:

_"Together we rise, united we stand,
Reclaiming our heritage, hand in hand.
In the Coptic winds, our wisdom flows,
In the song of our ancestors, our spirit grows."_

In that moment, the chains of the past shattered, replaced by a profound connection to the origins that nourished their souls. Taharka realized that this journey was not just his but a collective one—an ongoing transformation to honor their history while paving the way for future generations. The echoes of their ancestors filled the air, whispering of love and liberation, guiding them toward a life rich in authenticity and purpose.

And so, with hearts intertwined and spirits unbound, Taharka and his family began the new chapter of their lives, illuminated by the truth of their Coptic heritage and empowered by their journey of reclamation.