

# When My Heart Beats...

*by German Estrada*

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The smell of the copal and burning essence of sage fills within my body today.

My body feels the energy that is surrounded by other beings in a ceremony.

My arms and feet start to shiver for an ancestral revolution that is about to originate.

My soul is the only one who knows where I'm going.

Inside the circle of ceremony, the four paths and the four directions are the only ones who echo my existence and my principle.

As my body emanates energy from the circle, I realize that this is my only perseverance of my ancestral mystery.

When I make my way into the center of the circle, I am surrounded by group members who circulate, sharing the

energy that connects us to the cosmos. The beat of the huehuetl suspends my conscious somewhere far, far away from here.

Energy flows irreversibly as every step flows with veneration

I realize that all spiritual energy that is generated amongst each other is the only way to detach the human suffering into sacrifice.

This is the only way I know I belong here on earth because the rage of energy that flows in my blood, kisses the earth and enlightens my way.

