Lusitanian

My Lusitanian ancestors
Could not have imagined
Descendants in the antipodes
With fair skin, blue eyes
And blonde hair, speaking
English, not knowing a word
Of their tongue. They lacked
The power to look across
Hemispheres and centuries,
To foresee that one of their own
Would embark alone over oceans
On a journey to a continent
They did not know existed
Where she would acquire
A new language, anglicize
Her name, abandon her former
Identity and marry a Welshman.

Nathanael O'Reilly