

Ode to the Mother

At the shore of the Mother
we come in peace
to give thanks
and pray for blessings.
It is what she asks of us.
Though life be in turmoil,
the light bill waits to be paid
and dollars are gone,
we still take time to pause,
remember our roots,
family and community.
We greet with sincere embraces,
left shoulders touching,
then right shoulders,
looking deep into each others eyes.
We bring our simple offerings
of honeydew and lilies,
hoping our gifts are good enough
and that we are good enough
to make her proud of her children
and forgive our mischief.
Will she accept these gifts?

She sees our tears and says,
“Why are you crying?
You have nothing to be sad about.”
And we realize how this whining
has become a way of life, a choice born
of greed or some other unnecessary sin.

Instead, we sing to her
in our loud voice,
celebrate her presence in us
with each other,
dance around her in circles
mixing wind and water.

She is our Great Mother,
Mother of life,
Mother of the waters,
of ships at sea,
Caribbean islands,
the Moon in her fullness,
the explosion of tides
against steep cliffs.

We are born from her womb
that spills life into clay form
and teaches our hearts to drum,
to sing and dance together.

We come to her shore in peace
to give thanks.
It is what she asks of us.

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