Mother’s Loving Arms

Long ago

We entered into this world

Remembering very little

Of other lives lived

Innocent, survivors,

Trance like sucking mother’s nipples

Her warmth comforts us

Mother’s milk, drips,

From tiny lips….

“the essence of mother”

A period of vulnerability follows

As life begins playing out

The barriers of conformity

Confine creativity and

Prevent authentic selves

From blossoming safely….

Eventually the real world we see

No longer in the safety of mother’s arms

We begin to move on

Feeling patriarchy harms…

Fear of violence prevents one

To be true self, but

Deep inside, longing to be free,

Authentic, loving, accepting,

Becoming members of the underground

Resisting “big brother” at every turn

Covert players of the resistance movement

Sabotaging the nazi’s in our lives

Working for better days of equality, for all!

Attending to the walking wounded, of

Patriarchy/colonialism/racism/capitalism

By patching up “soul-wounds”

Believing one-day we will overcome!

Brothers and sisters are beaten and murdered

That is why we march/resist/protest

Demanding a better-day for all

A planet of peace and not pain

The world we came into as babes,

Safe in our mother’s arms…

That place, that planet, the one she believed in,

Before the real world we saw, and

The brain-washing began, and

Evil lessons of hate divided us,

Take me back, Mother…

To that other place, Dear Lord!

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