

From "HYMN TO THE MOTHERS"

VI. Mother Sacrificed to Machines

Metal brought an end to many of my lives. The flesh  
tenderly gives way before it, accommodating its intrusion  
like a helpless host. The mind that wields the metal, well,  
that's metal too. It carves earth in search of more.

Who knew mechanistic efficiency was such a potent god?  
—his worship theism of the scientific dark age,  
either black or white, one or zero. Unacknowledged  
& wholly unknown, the vast mountain valley between zero & one.  
There, the honeybees haven't started to die off, &  
still amorously copulate with the columbine.

The mind that ground up millions of bison,  
its economical slaughterhouse machinery, its thousands of kilometers of electrified  
razor wire & antiseptic correctional units,  
its global surveillance, landmine infested soils,  
drone-delivered ordinance, its raging cancers  
& pharmaceutical palliatives—it is the Great Preta  
with a mouth of burning metals & digital measures,  
& an all-encompassing belly  
where filthy children starve & wither.

The mother in the heart of the Earth  
weeps, abused & abandoned,  
& beings who can, cross over,  
vibrating into a higher sphere  
ahead of the coming shitstorm,  
while others convulse alone in detox.

No one sees Ruby  
—not even watchful Nebraskan robocops—  
hide her sacred pipe a treasure in the rocks,  
or come into the Utah valley  
where a thousand spirits convoke  
to discuss water.  
Dralas of animal, plant, mineral,  
mountain gods,

elementals & the great chiefs  
on their horses...  
& with her drum  
she sings to them,  
a song of the old ways,  
her voice a voice of the Earth  
& the Seven Stars,  
of the feminine & human  
& its still living truth,  
auspicious & pure.

*That's the melody  
played by the flute of space,  
the one song  
everyone needs to know.*

IX. Hymn to White Tara

O Mother Tara  
Of the immaculate full moon,  
Your pure light flows  
To every quadrant of space  
Cleansing, healing, making whole.

Your seven beauteous, crystalline eyes  
See the seven worlds,  
Regarding every being  
With limpidity, love, & delight!  
Smiling the smile of ultimate sweetness.

Grandmother, mother,  
Sister & lover,  
Gentle daughter,  
Playful & tender,  
You're the effortless joy in life.

Your lucid radiance  
Enters the corrupt,  
Afflicted places in beings,  
Lifting the sickness of body & spirit,  
Turning our hearts to the sun.

You shine in auras  
Of brilliant white & gold,  
Scarlet, sky blue,  
Vibrant green & royal purple,  
Accomplishing all actions,  
Dwelling in a pavilion of light.

Take me into your loving arms,  
The only place I've ever desired to go.  
Press me until my heart becomes yours,  
& I gaze in fathomless wonder  
Through the truth of your myriad eyes.