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## Prayer to Our Mother at the Temple

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## Prayer to Our Mother at the Temple

White columns of the temple on the hill,  
Erected by the sweat of brother's toil;  
We climbed, we built, then made our weary way  
Down dusty paths to supper as the sun  
Fell from the sky.

The women, with our babies in their arms,  
The women, our life, our strength, ascend the hill,  
Bring down the words of Mother in the Sky:

*Have daughters, ladies, many many daughters,  
and only beat your sons when they are naughty;  
your husbands, too, be always kind to them;  
They built your homes, you must remember that.*

White columns of the temple on the hill  
Inside the gate there sings a shrieking shrill  
All feminine and fear, men bow and hide  
From curses of the Goddess-Mother-Bride  
That, howling, crush and crumble Manly pride.

Oh Mother in the Sky,  
Why does your land resemble Your own body,  
The hills, Your curves, the ocean Your own mind?  
Did the First Man offend You with his pride  
When he was pregnant like his blessed wife?  
What could a Man say, Mother, to offend You,  
"My body," did he whine? "Is not as pale  
and soft as hers, so Mother, take it back!"  
And You, enraged, tore from his teeming belly  
The home of life, and tossed it to Your dog.

We men piece words together like a hut,

And puzzle over what is meant by "Round  
and bellyful the righteous Woman walks  
across her town and worships at the temple."  
Does this mean Men are dead and full of sin,  
That Death is Sin, and temples are the door  
To what is deathless, temples are the key  
To our survival, our eternity?

But they are built by Men, our tendoned strength  
And so I think,  
You are a wise and tender Mother, yes,  
You see a Son must come, if we will pray  
With Faith as women do, and so He will,  
The Son-Redeemer, He who loves Men's lives  
As more than hunter, spouse or carpenter.  
He, when not birthing, wears a beard and walks  
On dust of earth, and thirsts all day and shows  
Us what the face of GOD the Father is,  
And when we ban our women from the temple,  
And from the books, and from the alter there,  
And force them to haul water from the well,  
Oh Mother, they will sing and curse Your doom  
And know their Death lay sucking in Your belly,  
The Anti-Man, who slouches in Your womb.

--- *Emily Compton*