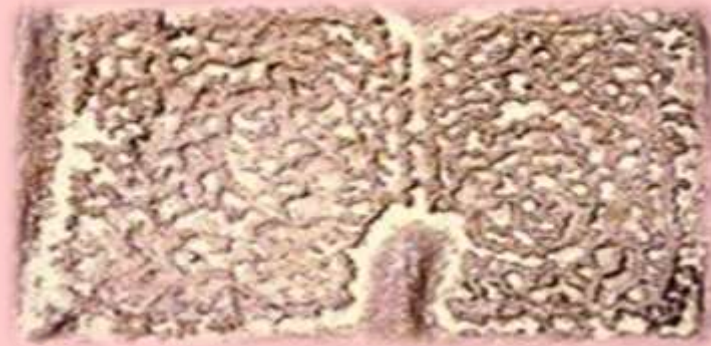


*Book I : HYMNS*

**\* MOTHERSONGS \***



*old lace*

**(12) Grandmothersong**

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*Know me, my daughters, in your sadness :  
my ancient lunar being.*

*Know our Woman's History in Earth's heaving Stone :  
our microcrystalline rock, our lucent resin-amber,  
our peat, leaf-mould deposits under earth,  
our rooted living plants, our child-creatures  
our layered, immemorial rock-body.*



*Know my home, my Moon-place in your sky,  
my rock-face mirror shining on your Earth :  
in light-communion constant with our blazing brother Sun,  
as Earth rolls into night ;  
I who know that Rock and Light and Life are one :  
~ that we are all of Earth and Star-Stuff Made.*



(net)

*Know this celestial Deep, my lonely daughters :  
~ that with the swallowed, resorbed death of Stars,  
their transformed matter traverses the sacred realm of Ethic,  
becomes the Learned Void, inspires with Spirit,  
transports with Love, a bliss without dimension :  
to be Re-born as Knowing Dusts, the stuff of newborn Stars.*



(net)

*Know, recall his passionate coming, our Sun,  
Remember his charged Birth, in Light, in Love :  
his radiant outpouring, incandescent,  
the source of Man, of Heat, of Fire :  
his Godly fire-stick of Life.  
Re-born from his floating transit in the Hand of Godde.*



(net)

*Know, recall our own outpouring into Being :  
Remember our charged Birth, in Light, in Love :  
our cooling condensation into mellow Truthful Earth,  
the birth of Woman, of Womb, of Water :  
our Goddess Fountainhead of Life.  
Remember our floating transit in the Hand of Godde.*



(net)

*Know my ancient Age, my daughters :  
Know my remembrance of All Ages,  
our girl-child birth, our flowering growth,  
our full-grown Love of Man and God,  
our mated motherhood,  
our Opening to age and grace and Wisdom.*



*Know His Love, my abandoned daughters, in this darkened place:*

*The Love of God for Goddess, Know His Passion .*

*~ While child-Men cast themselves from God,  
have cast themselves as Him :  
are Fallen to their knees in lightless loneliness,  
have sacrificed His Goddess in their Fear :*

*have clamped in chains the Truth :*

*their terrified  
Desire For Her.*



*My shrouded, buried, lovely daughters of this gracious Earth :  
Know such Time will come : when Men and Women at long last  
Recall their floating transit in the Hand of Godde.*

*For She will Sing the music of the Deep.*

*And Men will hear the long-lost Song of Goddess  
rising from deep Earth into  
their acheing, hollow hearts ;*

*and Lift Her to  
their reaching, longing arms.*



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