

Call You Home

by Carolyn Pogue

Hail, Mary,
I have come to call you home.
We need you here, home with us –
Home for the harvest of centuries of women's work.

I want to call you home from the plastic factories that churn
out your image.
I want to lift you up out of the little niches where you gather
dust –
and free you from the Christmas boxes in the attic.

I long to release you from shops where you are set beside Santas
and reindeer and tinsel and grotesque fuschia pine trees.
I want to liberate you from old grottoes, falling to ruin
and rewrite insipid songs that sing you into meekness, a
caricature of who you are.

Hail, Mary,
I have come to call you home.
We need the real you:
the strong woman, and fierce
the tender woman, and powerful.

We need your sisters, too.
White Buffalo Calf Woman,
Tara, Sedna and Lakshmi,
Shekinah, Oya, Gaia, Bridget,
Kuan Yin, Macha, Pelee,
Ixchel, Isis, Diana, Frigg...yes, all the Great Mothers.

Hail Mary,
We will welcome all of you, home,
with smooth sheets for your beds,
music, and whole foods on the communal table
a fire dancing in the hearth, clear water and sweet wine.

We will invite children, women, men and others to your
homecoming.
The party will last long into the night

With wild stories of how it will be now.
We will imagine a future
where your teachings and love
are celebrated and lived, everywhere.

The next day,
we will begin birthing our new world.

Hail Mary, full of
grace and power,
rage and love.
We have come to call you home.

Calgary
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*The title was inspired by Diana Ferrus's poem for Sarah Baartman, "I have come to take you home." Please visit youtube to hear this remarkable South African poet's call to Sarah.