

## 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!

CAF/'21/01/01

