

Mother's Blessing

Mette Ivie Harrison

She puts her hands on my head
By the power of the divine womanhood we both share,
And blesses me to love myself, to love others,
To feel power in moving forward,
To see clearly, and kindly.

She blesses me to see Her
Within myself, and within others,
To see Her face when I look in the mirror,
And when I am angry and afraid
Around my sisters and brothers.

She blesses me to let go of past hurts,
And past fears, to dance and sing freely,
To create art that is true and good,
To be the mother I never had,
And always wished for.

Then when she is done with the blessing,
She passes me the oil and tells me it is my turn.
She kneels in front of me,
And waits as I am astonished that she believes
I can do this for her.