

## Praise for *Finding Mother God*

“Readers of these beautiful, unsettling, and perceptive poems will encounter the missing Mother on every page—and learn how she was ‘disappeared’ and how contemporary women, such as Carol Lynn Pearson, are rediscovering Her, hidden in plain sight.”

—Mary Ann Beavis, PhD., Professor of Religion and Culture,  
St. Thomas More College, University of Saskatchewan, coeditor  
*Goddess in Myth, History and Culture*

“In *Finding Mother God*, Carol Lynn Pearson turns her sagacious poetic mind to the variegated stories of the Missing Mother captured in each poem, reflecting how deeply Her absence has been felt among Her children. This beautiful and inspiring book is surely a gift for our time.”

—Fiona Givens, coauthor of *The God Who Weeps*, *The Crucible of Doubt*,  
and *The Christ Who Heals*

“After reading this manuscript of poems, I feel like Martin Luther’s friends must have felt when he said, ‘Can you look at these ninety-five theses?’ Carol Lynn Pearson has written a revolutionary document that is destined to fuel another phase of enlightenment. As a plus, the poems are moving and joyful.”

—Mark E. Olson, PhD, Professor of Evolutionary Biology and  
Botany, National University of Mexico, and National Geographic  
Explorer

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PEARSON  
*Finding Mother God*

# Finding Mother God

POEMS TO HEAL THE WORLD

Carol Lynn Pearson



POEMS



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## *AUTHOR'S NOTE*

Call Her Goddess—call her Heavenly Mother—call her the Feminine Principle—we need Her. Our world suffers the pain of Her absence. This book of poems is more than poetry. It is an urgent invitation for all—women and men, people of all religions, and of no religion—to welcome our Mother God back into the family, to set a place for Her at the table.

One need not be a believer to understand how our ideas of the gender of God impact the status of women. Even an atheist calls God “Him.” As Catholic theologian Mary Daly famously said, “If God is male, the male is god.”

Bringing back our Mother is not just cosmetic—it is cosmic. With the full participation and full honoring of the female—on earth and in heaven—we have a stronger opportunity to create justice and peace, bringing the human family closer and closer to the promised land of Partnership.

“The more than usually miserable state of the world demands that the supreme Godhead be redefined, that the repressed desire of the Western races for some practical form of goddess worship be satisfied.”

—Robert Graves, mythologist

## A Motherless House

(written decades ago)

I live in a Motherless house  
a broken home.

How it happened I cannot learn.

When I had words enough to ask  
“Where is my Mother?”  
no one seemed to know

and no one thought it strange  
that no one else knew either.

I live in a Motherless house.

They are good to me here  
but I find that no kindly  
patriarchal care eases the pain.

I yearn for the day  
someone will look at me and say  
“You certainly do look like your Mother.”

I walk the rooms, search the closets  
look for something that might have  
belonged to Her:  
a letter, a dress, a chair.

Would She not have left a note?

I close my eyes and work to  
bring back Her touch, Her face.

Surely there must have been  
a Motherly embrace  
I can call back for comfort.

I live in a Motherless house  
Motherless and without a trace.

Who could have done this?

Who would tear an unweaned infant  
from its Mother’s arms and clear the place  
of every souvenir?

I live in a Motherless house.

I lie awake and listen always for the word  
that never comes, but might.

I bury my face  
in something soft as a breast.

I am a child  
crying for my Mother in the night.

## Seeing Mary

My next-door neighbor Joan  
after I shared my Motherless poems with her  
said to me:

“How I wish you were a Catholic.  
You could have Mary!”

*Mary, Mother of Jesus, Mother of God.  
Mary, hold the broken me  
a thin pietà in your holy arms.*

Her people see her, the divine and female  
face they yearn for, they actually *see* her  
and I am amazed.

She comes to them, the mystic, the peasant  
in vision, in brilliant apparition.

I get to see Mary once a year.  
Reverently I loosen the shroud of newspaper  
that has covered her blue-and-white

plaster of Paris self in the box in the garage  
along with the baby and the shepherds  
the entire cast of Christmas

scratched and chipped every one  
and two with heads glued back on  
from ninety years of family adoration.

*Adoration!*

That’s the key, I think.

Billions have paved a path to Mary’s heart  
praying the rosary daily or more  
beckoning her with loving fingers.

And She comes—Our Lady of Guadalupe  
leaving Castilian roses and a miracle image

Our Lady of Fatima leaving warnings  
and signs in the sky

Our Lady of Lourdes leaving healings.

Hundreds more  
and how does it happen?

Maybe the power of the prayers  
the adoration of billions is irresistible  
and creates the path.

Do they simply love her  
into sight?

## Saving Mother Earth

What if our planet's illness  
is partly a problem of gender?

What if its birth announcement  
when creation settled  
had not been "It's a girl!"

which in earliest times was the highest  
compliment, for earth and woman  
were twin bringers of life

and it wasn't until the undoing that  
the phrase became "Only a girl!"  
and the boys decided that

bigger was better and strongest was best  
and raised *him* above *her* on the  
pronoun totem pole and soon

the word *conquer* comes to mind followed by  
the words *chattel* and *rape*, after which  
the female and the female earth were never safe.

I have to wonder—

What if in the beginning the males had seen  
the earth as just one of the boys or better yet  
as the Boss whom they had to please?—

the Chief, the Master who paid their wages in deer  
and water and minerals and mushrooms  
and demanded excellent care.

But that ship has sailed and so my best hope  
is this:

What if today, because the gender climate  
has changed and women put men in prison  
for what used to be mere male privilege

what if the rising respect for the female  
in all her offices from birthing a baby  
to leading a nation

what if that powerful respect continues to rise  
rise higher and higher like healing waters  
until it trickles down

trickles down

to cover the injured body of

our Mother the Earth.

## Love Poem

I was trying to fall asleep last night  
but I fell into poetry

and who was I to ignore  
all those friendly words  
waving at me?

Hours passed with me immersed  
in delicious new thought  
and now and then

without opening an eye

reaching to the other pillow where my  
notebook sleeps and is always at the ready  
to receive my scribbles.

I woke up really tired but still smiling  
and willing to pay the price this morning  
for a night of love.

## Imagine

And if it turns out  
dear Mother Father God  
that you were just my

Imaginary Friend

(though I would never know  
would I?—for then death is a dark room  
getting smaller).

Still I will thank your make-believe  
Self for delivering actual warmth  
and actual light.

And then the question must arise:  
what is the source of that  
manifestly friendly and divine

Imagination of Mine?