What If We Remembered

Danielle Kemp
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There was another assault this week.
a major one.
a girl, just walking home from work.
she called a friend.
walked in safe neighborhoods.
looked him in the eye.
all of the things they told us to do to stay safe.
(she was not safe).

there are a billion words I could write,
searing holes in this paper with my pen,
throwing stones at the patriarchy,
screaming about the infuriating unfairness of it all—
I could.
(some days, I might)
today I choose to reflect instead,
on how different things might have been,
if the children of God did not forget
Their Mother.
if we remembered God as both He and She,
how could we dare look at the feminine, and see a lack of
divinity?
we have effectively erased Her,
and in so doing,
justified the rape, murder, extortion, and abuse of Her
daughters.
All of them.
because when one woman weeps, a flood of tears comes in
response,
her sisters tied together by the blood
of our shared suffering.

and so I wonder: how might things be different,
If only we remembered Mother?