

Song of Solomon's Mother

Christopher Bissett

Beloved, you live unofficially
in decommissioned scripture
condescended to metaphor
a footnote to pages
of thousands of years of thoughtless sons
that squeezed through your valleys
climbed over your mountains
in every new generation.

Our fathers looked down from their rooftops
and frontlined your husband to heaven.
They crowned themselves wise
made a claim on your baby
divided your kingdom in two.
Your children are captive at Babylon
scattered like pieces of bread, ransacked
in hands of your priestly sons.

But you are indeed the true Mother
that insists upon wholing the loaf.
Every broken soul you will gather together
in your endlessly weaving fingers.
Every crumb that falls under pews at church
is perceived by your all-seeing eye.
Your bisected Son is rejoined together.
We'll make you our Mother again.

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