The Search for the Feminine in My Bones

I collected them all, found every bone
except I couldn't find my hand, my hand
my mother had it
her calloused hard hitting hands have held me
gripping my spirit
she seized my hand at six
stripped it of innocence and grace
she severed my hand at seven
I found it again in a dry riverbed pointing North
this hand that has the most number of bones
fragments of bones, joints and articulation
I can't open it
I have my hand now
I can pray
I can pray again
I turn to the Goddess, pray for forgiveness
She says "there is no forgiveness because there are no sins"
She places God on the tips of my fingers
on the tips of my toes
and tells me that everyone has to learn how to pray
in their own way
in their own way with everything, everywhere
I collected them all, found every splintered bone
every piece of myself
now I dance flinging my bones to the floor
like the I Ching
like the I Ching each time I hit the floor
I'm different.

Jewel Mathieson