

3 Poems by Jim Mello

Grand Theft, Feminine

(for The Feminine Musique)

In Hebrew, The Presence, *Shekinah*

is feminine

and the kabbalists say she is the manifestation

of the Divine feminine

so, how could it be

that all this creativity from women

pushing down the birth canal

throughout millennia

became still born

or was ripped from the womb with the forceps

of tyranny?

strangled by hu-men

intoxicated by hubris

so often in the Name of the deity believed
to have shared humanity with us?

the angel voices
that flourished for the first few glorious centuries

fathered by the wild fire that was
Pentecost

flaming to enlighten the entire human family
in the baptism designed to be the New Creation

women rising in their at-last restored divinity to illumine
the earth

in love, art, and song

to sing in redeemed harmony with the chorus of the morning stars

nearly extinguished by priesthood gone awry

reduced to barely breathing embers

forcing us to eat the crumbs from the table

instead of feeding us with all the delicacies

from the banquet feast of the messianic kingdom

unleashed

mocking, strangling

the holy untamable winds

that bless at will

the diminished sex

with sacred fire

who under heavier crosses

have embraced the sacred breathings

that ignite the coals that gasp for breath

beneath the rubble of the realm

of this world

faithful disciples of the perpetually wounded One

embracing callings

resisted by egos shrunken with pride

to rise full throated

with seraphic voices

dipped in blood, sweat, and the blues

to sing their songs of redemption

so that especially here

in this small conference room concert hall

made sanctuary

two unshackled cherubs flare up in the melding

of the Spirit triumphant

anoint those who have ears momentarily opened

with sweet Grace

the piano massaged

and coaxed by hands

strengthened by the Mystique

burnished in affliction's fires

conjures up the harmonic ghosts
of their suffocated sisters
from the graves of neglect and oppression

music resurrected

set free

to hold high the torch of holiness

rescued

from the dungeon of amnesia and the tyranny
of unspoken fears (gynophobia?)

to soar at long last

and to bathe us in the oils of beauty

we all

are so thirsty for.