

ALL HAIL

Clawing the Laventille
to restore torn tissues of faith,
the weary mass, collapse
at the feet of the marble shrine
to hail the Mother and not the Son.
All cry hail the Mother!

Heads covered in Italian lace
draping, ritual of crystal beads like
a frozen waterfall, cast rainbows
where the clasped hands tremble
clutching the light cross,
distorted symbols of the burden
a thorn-crowned head, bowing to
Calvary's wreath of whips and spears.
The chalk white flesh gleamed through
the scourged pink skin of the 'Evening'
All hail the Mother and not the Son.

Can we understand the sacrifice,
knees kneading into the asphalt court
or tears collecting in the corners of eyes
raised to the imperceptible sky
or the coughing incantation covering the land
like a vast dome
or the eyes of death that see life
eternal, beyond
the rising on the Third Day?

No one sees the Father in the Son.

All cry hail the Mother.

For this evening,

a drug spills like monotonous rain
from a bald eagle-eyed vicar, whose
shroud stands off like a shining rock
high in the east.

The many coated sheep curl low to the hill
offering up to the chill of piety
and know the melting cross sweat nervous fingers,
and unconscious struggle to find truth,
to touch the garments flow at the wayside
and invent a miracle,
to take substance, and feel it full
where the late glimmer of evening struggles.
All hail the Mother and not the Son.

Not long after the cloud hides th rock,
even as the Body laid entombed in the mind
shut off from the light silhouetting the crossed hill
the blistered kneecaps remain undusted.
Burdens now casted at her feet
whose sculpture, smiling to the tickle of dew,
feels no anguish for the city,
based to the hill, awaiting the last to enter in,
where once again, fresh oil lights her lamps.
She does not know, she will not care
who hails the Mother and not the Son.

LeRoy Clarke

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