

The Good Mother

A poem by Anna Freeman



Pacha...

Who is the good mother?

Are you the good mother? Am I the good mother?

Where are they? I can't find them. Why can't I see them?

You must not be looking hard enough! For I am right in front of you.

I am both here and all around you. How is it that you do not see me? I am before you.

When it rains, steam arises from my being. When the earth quakes, it is I who sent the shockwaves.

I am here and all around you. You depend on me to watch over your harvest. I am all around you.

Look beyond the image before you! Look past those who plunder and pollute my gifts! Look at me.

Anonymous, Alto Peru, THE VIRGIN MARY OF THE MOUNTAIN OF POTASUAMA, 18th century, oil on canvas, 53 x 41 ½ in., Casa Nacional de Moneda, Potosi, Bolivia