

G5370

PSYCHE  
TO  
MOTHER EARTH.

BY  
FRANCES ROSE MACKINLEY.

---



ARTH, MY BELOVED MOTHER!  
Prone upon you I prostrate myself;  
I imprint you with earnest kisses;  
With awful wonder, I love, revere,  
adore you.

How beholden am I to your spirit,  
That you enable me to apprehend your entity;  
You, so near, so familiar to me;  
That with my psychic vision clarified,  
Looking lucidly through my physical eyes,  
You empower me to recognize you;  
Presential, breathing, palpitating, living!  
You, the concrete, primogenial source of life.

---

What delight to hear your mystic voice,  
To catch with clairaudient sense the latency  
Of your multisonous mobility,  
Your myriad and varied tones  
Reverberating musically in my ears !  
What boundless satisfaction  
To cognize the subjective analogies  
Of your elemental language !  
(I am one of your living ideographic words.)  
What spontaneous delight  
To be able to respond to you,  
In all your diversified forms of expression,  
To your repercussive intonations,  
Or your mellifluous whisperings—  
Mother, I understand !

How beautiful you are, O mother !  
Every day I gaze fascinated and enraptured  
On your athletic, brunonian body,  
Outstretched, nude and lethargic ;  
Your legs, massive, plump, symmetrical ;  
Your bosoms luxurious, redundant ;  
Your wistful, luscious face,  
With pensive, languishing, hazel eyne.  
Ever serenely, quiescently you repose,  
Basking bewitchingly your bared charms  
In the searching and amative regards

---

Of your transcendent lover, the Sun.  
How resplendently your flesh glistens,  
Bathed in the dazzling scintillations  
Of his sensuous, magnetic presence!  
The beauty of your sons and daughters  
Is but a faint similitude  
Of your immaculate loveliness.

How loving you are, O mother!  
My present existence and daily continuance  
Manifest your provident love;  
That you will take this wondrous body  
You have lent my spirit, to your warm  
embrace,  
To more intimately assimilate its particles,  
What evincement of love!  
That you have oft incarnated my spirit,  
And with love sent me forth from you,  
And, with as great love, recalled  
My material personality to your bosom,  
To be fondled and afterward resent,  
What supereminent proofs of love!

I have noted you, endeared mother!  
In daily coition with your lover, the Sun.  
I have watched his gorgeous masculinity,  
In lustful intermutation with you;

Embalming you in the luminous beams  
Of his effulgent thermodic halo.  
How much you seemed to glory,  
To exult and revel in his caress!  
I glory with you in your delectation,  
And in the good he imparts to you.  
Without his embrace, you would perish,  
Even as I, your daughter, would expire  
Without the contactual suscitation of my lovers.  
I have seen you also, O wanton mother!  
Surfeited of your lover's dalliance,  
Antagonistic, repellant of his desire.  
O I too have been satiated  
With the aphrodisaic carnality  
Of my Priapian paramours!  
From gentle encounters with you,  
And tempered orgasms in your embrace,  
I have seen his passion rousing  
Into glowing and rampant salacity;  
Till he impended over you exacerbated  
To the very ultimity of heat.  
I have seen you shrinkingly recoil,  
When his vehement afflation,  
Simoon-like, effumed upon you,  
And his rapacious arms,  
Ignifluous annulars,  
Compressed you impactly



---

To his lascivient and candescent body ;  
Whilst into your womb he extruded  
His ebullient, geyser-jet semen.  
You were feverous, chafed, wincing, aglow ;  
Torrified by his scortatory passion.  
I deemed that you must expire ; \*  
And should your vitality cease, O mother !  
How could your children survive !

One day, in the sultry month of July,  
As I reclined on your hot breast,  
Murmuring words of condolence  
To you, poor suffering mother !  
We were startled by thundering rumblings  
in the West.

Looking thitherward, I descried  
Huge cumuli overtopping the horizon.  
Instantaneously you exclaimed :  
" O rejoice with me, my children !  
" He comes, He, my redemptive lover,  
" He, for whom I have been sighing,  
" He, whom I now need for rescue,  
" He, who only can relieve me !"  
Then, revealed to my wonderment,  
I beheld your lover, awe-compelling,  
Black, colossal, cyclopean, vast,

Stalking majestically in the heavens,  
His terrific shadow overdarkening the skies,  
And tenebrously enveloping you;  
His frowning brows portentously lowering;  
His gigantic bulk equipendent in the mid  
welkin.

Inflated with generant vigor,  
Dissilient with desire for you,  
He fulmines thunderous lustful threats.  
With foretaste of delight, O mother!  
You trembled at his lecherous menaces,  
And with upthrown arms,  
Enrounding your retroverted head,  
Anxious, impatient, eager,  
You slightly disparted your thighs,  
And gently upraised your abdomen,  
In longing preparedness to receive him.  
With thought exceeding instantaneity  
His phallic lightning strokes  
Reiteratedly penetrate your genitalia.  
Negative, receptive mother!  
As his invigorating love lymph  
Emulged upon you in lavish profluence;  
Your eyes closed as in serene eclasy.  
Your countenance exuberated with renewed  
life,  
Your quickened orbs looked up lovingly,

---

Every freshened pore responsively dilated,  
Your lips tremulously articulated, thanks.

Love-sick, languishing, despairing,  
I, your daughter, with trepid sighs,  
Long for a reciprocal love mate,  
Whose electric influence and embrace  
Will be to me, as was your savior to you,  
Solace, reviviscence, ecstasy !

With wearied body, o'erspent and drooping,  
Sore, wounded feet, swollen with travel,  
From bootless chase of unattainableness,  
I seek refuge in your maternity.  
I clasp my arms around your neck.  
Let me nestle my weighted head  
Cosily 'twixt your lenitive mammœ !  
In this delicious harborage,  
Let me uninterruptedly repose !  
Let me find there, long enduring rest ;  
Till, through your kindly assuagement,  
The perturbation within me is allayed !  
Let me subside into sedative slumbers,  
Calming to my insatiate heart ;  
To waken, comforted, composed, ductile,

Prompt to obey your dehortations,  
Assured that to question your teachings,  
Or ignore your prescient admonitions,  
Must be to constantly return to you afflicted,  
To abide in embroilment and inquietude !

Make me

Placid, compliant, resigned, passive,  
As you are, O Infinite Parent !  
Animate me with your own essentiality !

Are you thus,

Placid, compliant, resigned, passive,  
Thus beatifically accordant with events ;  
Since to you belongs the cognition  
Of the mysterious purpose of all that is ?  
O let me, thro' your inspiration,  
Attain some definite discernment  
Of the subtle intent of existence ;  
Some positive hint of certitude,  
More than the discontinuous clairvoyance,  
Whereby I glimpse scintillas of truth,  
With ever intervenient periods  
Of dubiety, and its consequent despondence !

Your sensuous, voluptuous breath  
Respiring balmily over me,  
Convulses me with titillative tremors.  
The semblance of lascivious abandon,



---

Ascendant in your mien and bearing,  
Spells and ecstasizes my spirit.  
The aroma of your wantonness  
Materializes into living forms of beauty ;  
Vital, substantive, efflorescent virtues ;  
Whence in turn exhales a quality  
Gossamery, subtile, insinulative ;  
An impalpable emication,  
Invisible, but sensate to your children,  
In irresistibly seductive allurements  
To languor, desire, love, worship, coition.  
O in this luscious magnetism—  
The life incitement of your children—  
Is there not revealed the aim of Being ?  
O from this mystic adumbration,  
Have I not apprehended the purport of ex-  
istence ?

Expand my soul, O mother !  
To a lasciviousness akin to yours ;  
That I also may give exoteric form  
To the fullness of like voluptuousness,  
And by a consummate shapeliness  
Incite, as you do, love, worship, adoration !  
Make me, as you are, bold, free, cosmopolite,  
Accessible, nonchalant, unbosoming !  
You, ever love environing your children,

Could they but clairvoyantly see you !  
Make me, as you are, communicant,  
Outspoken, fluent, colloquial, eloquent !  
Your voice, ever speaking to your children,  
Could they but clairaudiently hear you !  
Make me just, intrusive, assertive as you !  
We, your children, feel this fictile, plastic  
force ;  
This charactery, whereby you express yourself,  
Acting within ourselves and about us,  
To fashion the physical and metaphysical ;  
But how few divine in it, your immanent  
presence !  
Make me negative, receptive as you !  
Because of these feminine attributes,  
You are transcendently a divine mother.

Promiscuous, all-embracing, all-loving,  
All-inclusive, universal mother !  
Impress me with your catholicness,  
That I may reimpress all humanity,  
With such assimilative consciousness  
Of the opulence and divinity of those attributes,  
That your sons and daughters will all emulate  
The similitude of you in me,  
And with one ecumenic purpose, exclaim :  
, ' Let us strive to resemble our mother ! ' "