

Theotokia

(Hymn to the Mother of God)

text by Dan O'Brien
after *The Three Christs of Ypsilanti* by Milton Rokeach

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1. There Is A Cave

There is a cave
in the snowy heights
of the high
Himalayas.

Di lo la lo lo. Di lo la lo Di lo la la li lo loo.

I wait for you there
in the dark cave,
in this dark warm cave
in the heights
of the snowy Himalayas.

I vas ka re, I vas ka rene voo.

With my comfort,
with my love,
I will guide you
home.

2. Why Are You So Angry With Me?

Why
is he so angry with me?

He did everything I told him to.

Praying, all the time praying . . .

A good boy! A quiet boy! Nothing's wrong!

I came into his room
in the middle of the night
and would pray
right over his sleeping
body.

I was trying
to enshroud
a child
in love.

When he came home
from the war
he had this photograph of a girl
I'd never met.

Then one day
when I was at church
he packed his suitcase and left,

and when he came home
he was no son of mine.

On Good Friday

when I was at church again
he broke my statues of the saints.

He smashed all of my statues
and threw my crucifixes
in the trash.

And he said,

“There will be no gods before me.”

And he said,

“I am the only begotten son of God,
and my name is
Jesus Christ.”

How could he say this to me?

3. Dung

Dung! Dung!

Dung has self-contained energy!

Dung aids plants to grow!

Dung has a healthy smell that swells the air—*ah!*

what would the farmers do
without it?

The commode says,

Deposit in me.

And the Chinaman says, Honor mine today, indirect food
for tomorrow, most honored guest . . .

Plowing-seeding-dunging-reaping—

dung!

4. Yeti Mother

Have you never heard the one
about the people who have yet
to be discovered?

Lu di a lu po.

Whose bodies are much stronger
than a human person's
body?

Vo ne har ko no mei ko no hu.

Who are above the ape?

Who are the missing link?

Who live
in the snowy heights
of the Himalayas?

Ya kio, kio lu.

Who can lift a living yak
high above his head
and toss it like a sack of dung?

Who does all these things and more?

Vin du sa ka la. Sa ka na la vin da!

You can not run
from me . . .

I va ka re I va ka ra lu!

I have been waiting

here for you

in this dark warm cave

in the snowy heights of

the Himalayas . . .

Whose blinding snow white skin and hair have not been stained
by sin,

only by the blood of the rodent rat
of sin?

Who love to eat
the raw red meat
and shoot and stomp and squeeze and grip and bite
the living head of this rodent rat

of sin?

Come life,

Yeti life,

come life eternal.

Shake, shake out of me

all that is carnal!

5. Coda: There Is No Cave

There
is no cave . . .

There are no
Himalayas . . .

It is gone.

But where
am I
now?

I grope in the dark
and the people step on me
by mistake . . .

I think, I hope . . .

But outside—
who will I be
now?