The Holy Land

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THE HOLY LAND

Once, the whole of this land was so sacred that the people walked with naked sole, every footstep a prayer. Their bones were made holy by the earth instead of the other way around.

Once, every kernel of corn was so sacred that even the children knew the prayers to say when it was planted and the songs to sing to encourage it to grow.

Once, every child was so sacred that the whole village taught and listened to and loved each one. It was a holy thing to speak with a child.

Now, we become holy by sitting in rows wearing our Sunday shoes and praying to a god that lives not in our holy land but some other war-torn Holy Land.

Now, the corn grows in long rows, more than we need but we still make it grow—not with songs but with drugs. Not because it is sacred, but because it brings us money.
Now, our children sit in rows
in classrooms
taught not to speak
not to sing
while we sit in rows at our computers
and wait
for
Sunday
to make us sacred
once again.

Mary Holmes