

God the What?

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How can we sing the praise of Him who is no longer He?
With bated breathe we wait to learn the sex of deity;
Our Father is our Mother now, our Cousin too, no doubt;
Must worship wait for hymnodists to sort the whole thing out?

O, rise not up, ye men of God, the church must learn to wait,
'Til brotherhood is sisterized and mankind out of date;
O may the You-Know-Who forgive our stunned ambivalence
And in our sexist anguishing preserve our common sense.

note: sings to Forest Green, or any other hymn tune with the same
meter. SH

SH

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