

Earthen Woman

She is born of the mountain,
Of the cavern and the stone.
She is strength and stillness.

Protector of the valley;
Defender of the wood.

She is the flash of teeth and the glint of claws.
She is ancient beings and whispers in long-dead tongues;
The forest mysteries no one wants to uncover.

Some things are better left unknown.

She is the crash of waves against the undaunted shoreline,
The stream carving through the mountain rock.
Still standing;
Growing taller every year.

She's making avalanches out of arguments,
Making volcanic eruptions out of disrespect,
Holding everything in until the earth rumbles.

*But there will be no warning.
You can't predict an earthquake.*

Her rage will molten-magma bubble out of her,
Make new ground for her to walk on,
And conquer.

She is made of moss and wet dirt and the bones of dead things.
She does not forget.
The eternal holder of the fallen;
The Mother of All.

*Maybe that's why she can't let things go?
Why she holds onto grudges like a lifeline?
Why she wears her past like her favorite perfume?*

She will have her vengeance.

She is moving mountains and rerouting streams for you.
She is the stone wall against the onslaught of life for you.
Her rockslide hands are breaking teeth for you.

She is dying for you.
Her birth was a promise of suffering for others.
She is breaking like the dawn;
Coming apart at the fault lines.

*Can't you hear her roaring?
Hear her hiss of fury on the wind?
Feel her displeasure in the thunderstorm?
See her promises in the lightning strike?*

No longer silent.

A spine of steel;
Titanium will;
Rockslide hands.
She is crashing.
She is taking the force of meteorites;
Carrying the world on her back;
Born from the collision of celestial bodies.

You won't know
Until it is too late.

Because there is nothing so strong,
Or trembling,
As the Earthen Woman.