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Mother-Creature

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Mother-Creature

Organic dream Mother;
Scales and fire-tongue,
caresses lightly
in unconscious halls of memory.

Now waking, claws and serpentine tentacle
Lash out from ancient tree-lined cavern;
Tentacle like tree, like heat...
Like sphinx that crawls starving across burning sand.
Sea of sand, she is nurtured by omniscience,
With eyes that are a crystalline, reflected ocean.

Lost on the shore of such an ocean
The cry is swallowed by the bestial, prehistoric wail
Of river at delta, meeting point, feeding...
Helpless I watch such unmeasured power.
The tide, ebbing flow, washes over becoming me;
The multifarious quality of atmosphere reflects a world.

World a spider web maze as her eyes become like the Sun.
Then she is so weak. Lost in the ocean-gaze I am now
Scorched by a heat that is the fiery orb...
Hydrogen, oxygen, gaseous, sentient.
So weak but secure in her embrace, tangible at last;
So real in her warmth that soothes the blistered skin.

Now I am the Mother-Creature, with wings of steel
And dreams of fleeing this earth of amorphous forms.
for a thousand years I have been Mother-Creature,
Dreaming silently behind dark and lifeless eyes
Of a vision, of belief, and of a bottomless sea.

Michael Williams
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