earth's back

when the earth's back broke
no human was there to see it
nor the Dioskouroi racing across
steppes on wild horses

only Kybele mother of the gods
lions beside her, tame as Egyptian
Bast, curl purr warming the snowy
ravages of her hair

ants were orienteering spurs
and ridges of earth's rib cage
recently heaved above the sink hole
the Siberian wind was sharp

all earth's heat was burning forests
cities long gone but for skeletons
of concrete and steel, an occasional
heart beat was heard odd footprints

on dusty pavements, along coasts
new cliffs rising out of smashing seas
rough as the west coast of Ireland
Kybele walked and hummed a tune

mountains followed behind like waves
clouds made new silhouettes
a comet passed by streaming hair
as Kybele sang quills of hope

Susan Hawthorne