

MOUNTAIN GIRL

I want answers, God.

I want them now, when I peak
This time, God, on top of this mountain

You better speak, this time, God.

I'm sick with waiting.

And you, too, Mother Nature,
up there in the austere sky;

I want a sign from you,

when I call out why, *again*, wanton woman

I want more than the usual, you know what I mean...

That unsympathetic silence

I want a response when I scream!

You better blow some blatant instruction across the grass.

And shoot an explanation through the ice as I pass.

And inject verification through the wind of my pleas.

I want this curiosity informed!

Or, be warned,

I'll stop climbing.
And I'll never go back down on my knees.

AND GOD SAID

The wanderer is crossing our mountain,
She's making egregious demands, my dear.
Enough now, it's cruel to keep her waiting,

Draw back your grey clouds
spread your blue and clear

The air between her and us

heal the scars

From her knees,

from her falling,

from dancing

The night you froze snow to ice under stars.

She whirled for us, Mother, she'll keep on glancing

Up toward me

I will not ignore.

I promised I'd answer,

I told them I'd give

Truth for devotion,

so - Woman - implore
Your creatures down there to demonstrate love.
As long as they call out, we're bound to return
For My sake, for Love's sake,
give something to her.

MOTHER NATURE'S DESCENT

Oh fittera* Father, why interrupt me?
How dare she attempt human words to my mouth!
Me? Condescend to man-made poetry?
My masterpiece manifests - perfect - without.
She needs to accept there's no reason, no rhyme.
I - Mother Nature - am a limitless line.
So let them bleed, God,
so long as they breed, God.
Taint them with hunger and force them to feed.
She'll not want explanations
once the belly starts to ache.
Now; I must continue making monsters in this lake.
Please don't look at me like that,

You're making me yawn.

Oh, fittera* Father!

Send a wild stag and fawn?

As a token of my attention til I darken the dawn?

Come creatures, come to Mother...

come father, come son.

Now suffer the scent of humankind.

Bound over the mountain;

strike that human ego blind

with disbelief and awe and joy,

humility, terror and pleas.

Faster, faster, pass her, cross her,

Now then... stag and fawn;

Vanish - into the trees.

Look Father,

the human's back down on her knees.

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