

The Great Mother

The Great Mother does not care about us.
Our personal lives do not move her.

Her concerns are
the raising up of mountains,
the wheeling of stars in the heavens,
the nightly rising of the moon,
the turning of the seasons.

We are so small, so ephemeral, our plight is less than a bother.
Not even a pesky mosquito to swat aside.

She is not kind,
but neither is She cruel.
She is busy.