

First interlude

This same pot, this clay,
this Earth that binds and winds, that shines
and lies in sunny greenness, Is SAPPed and
raped for ages untold as she spreads lively
green thighs in the cove of her chamber.

Still she fights for off-springs far
and near, in ways we know and do not know,
with chalk and great spirits rising from
her womb. Even the crier wails the rape
of the goddess.

Still she sings, still she fights
a winning fight: