

FIRE GODDESS, NEEDLING

Leland Jamieson

For G.K.J.

Imagine that first agile mom
whose thin flat stones could seize from sky
the needling sun's feared clap—and balm—
in gray-red coals that blazed knee-high!
How comforting her dry warm cave,
how tender game-kills licked by flame!
Though empty-handed men might crave
red meat, still, hot yams eased their shame.

But how fetch needling sun to earth
without storm's wretched booms and gloom?
She strikes this stone on that, gives birth
to tiny needles—which can plume
scorched tinder, just provided she
has kept it dry as it can be....

“Fire Goddess, Needling” © 2006 by Leland Jamieson