

Song of Creation

LINDA SILLITOE

Who made the world, my child?
 Father made the rain
 silver and forever.
 Mother's hand
drew riverbeds and hollowed seas,
drew riverbeds and hollowed seas
 to bring the rain home.

Father bridled winds, my child,
 to keep the world new.
 Mother clashed
 fire free from stones
and breathed it strong and dancing,
and breathed it strong and dancing
 the color of her hair.

He armed the thunderclouds
 rolled out of heaven;
 Her fingers flickered
 hummingbirds
weaving the delicate white snow,
weaving the delicate white snow
 a waterfall of flowers.

And if you live long, my child,
 you'll see snow burst
 from thunderclouds
 and lightning in the snow;
listen to Mother and Father laughing,
listen to Mother and Father laughing
 behind the locked door.