

## The Goddess

I am the goddess who listens but is never heard. The rim of my eye gathers the corners of heaven together. The canopy of the sky is a tucked-in bed sheet. Pulsing tides of satin float on the horizon. The edges of clouds droop in layered folds on the coarsely-hewn earth. I sit alone in my room, contemplating why everything I see is both a delight and a mystery to me.

A young prince, who has never known war, would happily clothe himself in garments spun from a rainbow. He would drink in fresh water rising from the sea. Without restraint, he would ride on waves of spring air, even as I do.

The bed on which he reclines each night will soon be outgrown. He will weep for the touch of feathered pillows on his brow. He will cry for a blanket to be wrapped warmly around his shoulders. He has left his home. There is no place he can run to, no one but me who can comfort him. He prays to me and I hear him. But he never hears my reply.