

A Goddess, Fragmented:
Bits and Pieces Concerning the Divine

Maureen Giovanna Burroughs
Shimer College
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A Bard

The beginning of my tale
That is
The start of Her story
You shall hear
For my life
Was well begun
Before this story
Had my tongue
But can it matter
My life before?
If I knew not then
Of what now I'm sure?
And could that tale
My own, be
As interesting,
as important
As this,
her glorious story?
And so the rhyme is begun
Long and graceful
Full and flowing
As is fitting for lines
About a Goddess old-
Old when words
were first told and
old when worth
was found in gold
and old whenever
the Sun did send its
thinnest rays
to our dismal depths
But this cruel place,
our soil
Was loved
By that very Goddess
mentioned before
And as a final Grace to us
She left a monument
mysterious
And at this spot

I became a devout lover of Her
The Goddess
Who loved us primarily
It was, in fact, near her
Last trace on earth
That I was gifted
The knowledge of her birth
And of the birth of the world
And the birth of time
The story was given backwards
From the when where I stood
To a when out of mind
But I shall tell it you
Beginning to end

So thoroughly has She infused me
 With Her story
That it seeps through
all parts of me
Like a river overflowing its banks
Only to be met by the runnels of rain
That creep up from the too-much-rained upon ground
So dewy am I with Her,
 So wet
That anyone could touch me and
Take away and
Understand part of Her story.
Touch me!
I would have you know all you can stand.
And do not be afraid
That I'll be depleted-
This is a flood never-ending.
Or, if you will not touch me,
Listen well
For Salvation was in that swollen river
And you will gain by what I tell:
The sun glinted off of a stone
Or so I took it for at first
As I went near I thought it stone
This guess no nearer than the first
Closer I saw a living sheen

Like the coat of a horse
just rolled in dry grass
Though in places it looked like teeth
In others sand
While I knew not what I'd seen
I knew I was on sacred land
Though I knew the spot was blessed
And that I should behave reverently
My thoughts began to wander
And my hand began to stray
And without a second thought
Or with any thought at all
I reached right out and touched the stuff
amazed at my own gall.
In a rush
into my mind
the Story was spun
of the Goddess Divine.

The Goddess Fallen

Hurtled down and down
between glowing, spirited stars
brilliant, and
sad, to see Her passing
a fiery, falling mass
a tiny mass
compact and as inward-drawn
as a black hole
an anomaly
emitting light
with the force
a black hole should
greedily suck it in
and falling,
parting black heavens
dividing the ancient light it crosses