

Clutched pearls now off
The woman raised her stamped foot from the shaken ground.
Soft wheat and Lillies bowed before her-
Trees snapped,
Birds fell from their perch.

She sank into the mist,
Hoping to find a place to hide her head.
Still a giant before them-

She buried her face into the embankment.
Drilled her tongue to the center of the earth
And set a cosmic shock in motion that disastered the small planet
She once called home.

And when it was done she lapped up the ocean in fatigue.
Choking on the salt and relishing the burn
She turned her head to the sky
Where she barked up the sun
The moon
And the stars
With a violent yelp that catastrophized the landscape above her.

Shards of blue turned glassy in her wake
Her reflection refracted in thousands of shiny ropes of light.
She couldn't bear to look at the fire starter-
Herself.
The catalyst of eruptions and dismay.

What was left was torched and blank and dark.
Her dreary eyes married the blackness around her.
"Peace" she said.
"Peace finally"
And peace it was-
For she had made it so.
Still a giant among them-