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The Morning Pachamama was Born

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This is the coincidence of consciousness,

_The man running toward me is fate._

The fawn drinks the wet air for the first time.

A mother feels what she knows

bleed into the dirt.

We were almost in love.

IV.

Sometimes I need my knowing to condense on my body and harden,

   crust on my skin like dirt,
   crust on my skin like something to scrub
   roll down my body in heavy drops,

swirl to the drain

it bubbles, it’s mud, it clogs.

Sometime, eventually

because everybody is very busy

It gets pulled up again, by a plumber this time

in clumps of hair, flecks of rust.

Pull my stomach up my throat, what do you see in there?

What if you keep pulling, hook something else,

   is there anything new in there?   is anything left?

Is anything ever, until we find something new?

A person’s body slides out,

   wads of yellow paper, moss, spools of unfinished sentences
   unraveling to the ground.

He keeps pulling.

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Megan Murphy

_The Morning Pachamama was Born_

As my mother gives

Birth, solar flares

Crack the sky.

Dirt rises to her ankles.

Each callus

Flavors the earth. She is a

Goddess!

Her womb is what

Incan’s call la cantuta.

Jade spills into fuchsia. She

Keeps the land bountiful by spinning

Lamellas of orchids, until

Magic sprouts from every seed.

Nestled against

Ombre tissue, I know it is time to let her

Placenta go. She wraps me into a

Quilt made of yellow

Rose petals,

Sage, honey, and

Turmeric. Sweet herbs will heal her

Uterus. My mother’s

Voice stirs my heart. She

Whispers our names.

Xiomara declares

Yesterday’s pain over and offers

Zumo de pomelo from her breast.