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## The Morning Pachamama was Born

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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.