

Love Child

Think of this mountain range
as a love child, born
from the passion unleashed
by two tectonic plates as one
dives, uncontrollably,
 into the other.

Think of the earthquake
as a female orgasm,
rising up from deep within:
a momentary release
after so many years of stress,
of longing, striving,
on each such occasion,
to achieve a peak
higher than any that has
 been reached before.

Think of the volcano
as a male orgasm,
exploding, spewing its flow
across the waiting flesh
 of the earth.

No one planned
for these mountains to be born here.
It was a random happenstance
of a planet's uncontrolled lust—
the drive, simply, to do what
a rocky planet
 with a molten core
 needs to do,

And then think again of love:
of God's love
 if you believe in any god;
of my love whether
 you believe in god
 or do not.

Steve Bloom
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