

## THIS GOD OF MY MAKING

By Jessica D. Thompson

I still had my milk teeth  
when I saw him drop

to his knees in the dark  
Appalachian dirt,

the serpent severed in half.  
Mother running, tearing

at the strings of her apron,  
tendrils of hair

escaping her bun, wild  
pink and white morning

glories  
reaching for light.

She saved him with words  
she gave to the wind.

She saved him when  
she took fire into her mouth.

Three times she went there,  
three times she spat.

Only then did I dare  
believe he was mortal,

    this god of my waking  
days

    falling to earth.