

## FATHER EARTH

There's a two million year old man  
no one knows.  
They cut into his rivers,  
peeled wide pieces of hide  
from his legs,  
left scorch marks  
on his buttocks.  
He did not cry out.  
No matter what they did,  
he held firm.  
Now he raises his stabbed hands  
and whispers that we can heal him yet.  
We begin the bandages,  
the rolls of gauze,  
the unguents, the gut,  
the needle, the grafts.  
We slowly  
carefully, turn  
his body  
face up,  
and under him,  
his lifelong lover, the old woman,  
is perfect and unmarked.  
He has lain upon  
his two-million year  
old woman  
all this time, protecting her  
with his old back, his old scarred back.  
And the soil beneath her  
is black with her tears.

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