

## **A Goddess at Gethsemane**

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She emerged from the farmhouse eager for escape  
Past the blue porch painted with dead june bugs.  
She cupped her chafed hands in a stone well by the road,  
Her palms held nothing but their own wrinkles,  
The well held nothing but its own weight.

Trotting down the iron-red hill to the ash trees,  
She sang incantations, hear me, hear me.  
Those wise birches strained their boughs  
to listen, but they said nothing back.

The crickets sang the blues with her.  
Do they feel so cut off from home?

She ran farther down to the fields of yellow grass,  
blowing a kiss goodbye to that saint on high  
Searching for a goddess in the moon.

Towards ticks and the truth,  
suede boots caked with mud,  
That girl held nothing but her own weight