

The Mole's Creation Myth

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In the beginning was darkness—and I loved it. I burrowed within it and made my own spaces. When the light came I hid from it. It was too bright for me. I refused its offer of eyes.

I like living underground. The roots and worms feed me. I hide and no one finds me. Only when the moon shines full do I come out. I like the moon. I feel her presence tugging on the earth. The gophers say they can see the burrows the moon-moles make as clear as day.

I don't stay long. I return and feel the Earth Mother wrap her arms about me. I know she loves me as much as I love to burrow into her.