

The Snake's Creation Myth

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In the beginning I was beautiful.
My body was stretched amongst the stars.
I swam the great waters.
I flew in the light.
I had wings.
They glistened.
My sides shone with jewels of many hues.
My eyes sparkled like diamonds.
I knew my name and could speak it.
I spoke the tongue of the gods.

When the earth was made I disdained it,
I despised it.
It was beneath me.
I turned on the one who made it.
I betrayed him.



Now I crawl upon the earth;
I slither on my belly.
I speak one sound.
My tongue is divided; my mouth poison.

I long for my wings.
I miss them.
Only when I relent will I get my wings back.

I don't wish it.