



pointed circle,

The Fire Mother

Val Ataraxia

Man sits upon the ashes
of the fire mother.
I spit on the worms
that digest the soaked bark
of a fallen tree,
as to have it not go to waste and
the fire mother takes this
sacrifice
and warms my hands—
so that we may sleep
through the
black of night
when the void sets upon us
begging to be held.
We are children who will make
children who will
make children who
will make children
until the fire mother's hand
pulls away and we will be on
our own.

The Pointed Circle is PCC Cascade Campus's student run literary organization; we publish an annual literary magazine featuring new works of poetry, short fiction, and non-fiction. Feel free to send us your thoughts, ask a question, or submit a poem at our email address **pointedcircle2k17@gmail.com** or visit us at our website **thepointedcircle.com**.