

Titan

Jaxon Kolhoff

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With a belly full of their own children
The titan worked tirelessly.
Punching bare fist into stone.
Carving a walking path for themself.
Making a new valley in the mountain.
When flesh turned to bone
And blood dripped from their knuckles.
The droplets fell into the newly formed glen.
Creating murky red puddles.
Seeping into the earth.
Fertilizing an ancient seed.
The ground trembled and shook.
As the dirt began to birth.
The Great tree Yggdrasil.
Cocoons hanging on its branches.
Inside could be seen living beings.
Floating in a sappy liquid, eyes wide shut.
The sun rose, the cocoons shook.
Shaking off the tree rolling
Cracking open.
Revealing living things
With eyes wide open.
The sun rose, the cocoons shook

runner