

HOW THE WORLD WAS STOLEN

Mobius: The Journal For Social Change, www.mobiusmagazine.com Feb. 2003
Copyright 2003 by Richie Swanson

Sun as she set toward the sea made the song inside him strong, but Tune was hard black rock, basalt, and his song did not come out.

His member swelled for ten thousand years, stretching across the ocean, and then Sun ducked into the water, and he thrust himself after her, moving his hips for the first time. His member rubbed the top of her, and he nearly screamed, burned and hurt. He leapt backward, yanking his feet from the sand. He ran along the shore, so big his elbows bumped the Coast Range, and today you can see the fallen rocks scattered across the beach.

The ground shook, and the first waves rolled away from him. Tune waded in, and Sun hurled the surf against him, and he wobbled, his member smoking like a redwood lit by lightning, wagging above breakers, growing bigger.

Sun sank completely, but she glimmered on the water, winking, and Tune wrested his gaze around and glowered at the swells heaving out the River Madrone. He threw himself in, clutching the banks, and his member plunged through a crusty bed, feeling hotter, pumping down into tender liquid fire pulsing inside the earth. His hips moved faster, gaining power, and the banks clawed at his back, and a face rose from the current, black rock too, dripping.

"River," he thought, and she tossed her head back, and her whole body flooded up to him.

His seed came out, and River sighed, making the first sound, and Tune rolled away and gazed at the dying glow across the sea.

River laid her head beside a madrone tree, and she wept, staining the bark with heart color.

Sun rose above the Coast Range, jealous, and she scorched River against the ground, and today you can see the giant stone woman lying like a pregnant River Wife above the bank. A few redwoods grow on her breasts, and her belly rises like a giant pod covered with spruce, and then it slopes down to her womb, and her legs split at the river-mouth, and if you look when the tide is low, you will see her shins poking like reefs above the surf.

The first salmon leapt from that womb into the first tide, and seals, sea lions, whales, birds, bugs and other animals spilled out. They made no noise, and Tune looked only at the beautiful flush of pink as Sun dropped into the sea night after night, and his member grew again, and Gull flew onto it, settling the webs of his feet on a swollen ridge.

Gull fluffed his wings, shaking off ants, and he walked on the member as if he owned it, looking out to sea in case Tern or Pelican might drop a fish. He eyed the bristles of hair on Tune's crotch, bit one, tugged it for his nest, and Tune swatted him, and Gull yelped.

It was the second sound, and then the sea roared, and Tune dove into it, thundering.

Sun got up from her bed, her hair gold and slick, her skin copper, lustrous beneath the water. She pulled a robe of whelks around herself, clasping it at her throat, and then she pulled a tooth like a tusk from her neck and hurled it into the sky, and the tooth turned into a silver crescent.

"Moon is my husband, not you," she said. "He bites me each time, and I hang each tooth, so you and other animals will be stirred by more of him each night."

"I want you more than Moon," said Tune.

"Your wife lives at the mouth of the River Madrone. Pick the sea sacs there and slide them on yourself, so you do not make too many of your kind."

"You make me so big I will break the sacs."

"I am not your wife."

"You make me so hot I will melt the sacs."

"Dance is her name."

Sun let her robe fall, and her hand floated between her breasts, in and out of her chest, and then she cupped her heart softly inside her palm, and she reached down and rubbed him moistly with it, stroked him warmly up and down, and Tune howled and boiled and fell upon her, and then Moon splashed down, gripping Tune's neck as if it were a little piece of blubber, whipping him backward.

Great chunks fell from Tune as he flew through the sea, and Tune came out on the sand, looking as soft as Porpoise, small like you and me.

Tune smelled some afterbirth. Dance crouched lightly down, picking sea sacs from a tide pool in front of the Old Womb. Dance had come out fully grown, lithe as a willow, looking soft as Porpoise too. But her eyes were hard and black like all of Tune had been, and she narrowed them fiercely at him.

"You were toying down there."

"I was learning, Dance."

"You know me?"

"I was getting ready."

Tune reached into his chest, but he could not pull out a heart as Sun could. It ripped roughly from him, stinging, throbbing as it beat in his fingers. He wept as he handed it to Dance, and she coddled it in her palms, and as she eased it into her mouth, her eyes spread like dawn upon a lake, misting, gleaming, and oh, how they kissed and pawed! Leapt and chanted and hummed! She bit his neck, sucking his salt into the heart-taste, and he moaned and giggled, and he got ready again, putting on a sea sac, a seaweed like a pod, rubbery outside, gelatinous inside, wet.

A shadow swooped across him. Gull pecked him and flew up, shuffling a bit of sea sac down his throat, and Tune swatted and missed, and then he saw the beautiful flush of Dance as she laid herself upon the sand, and he forgot.

He is the largest gull, the loudest on the beach. He has a red dot near the tip of his bill, blood from pecking Tune, and when he blinks, the yellow film of his eyes may look cloudy, but do not be fooled.

Moon pours his light upon tide pools, and Gull slinks around at night, spying sea sacs, poking holes in all of them, making sure people breed.

The First People waded into the mouth of the Madrone and speared salmon and steelhead, and Gull laughed, "Yuck, yuck, yum!"

The Second People climbed onto River Wife's shins and shot arrows into the seals and sea lions sleeping on the basalt, and Gull laughed, "Yuck, yuck, yum!"

The Third People carried bullets onto River Wife's breasts and shot the elk and deer hiding in the Old Trees, and Gull laughed. And he laughed when the Fourth People cut the redwoods and spruce from River Wife and slaughtered the cattle on the new grass.

Gull slurped the viscera all the people threw out of all those creatures, and now in the streets that climb from the Old Womb and crisscross River Wife's belly, he relishes the french fries thrown out of cars and the intestines of pigeons and cats squashed by tires.

Go see Gull. Feed him. He takes any scrap—the bread crust from the prairie turned into grain—the steak gristle from the cactus desert turned into range—the bit of cheese from the tidal marsh turned into pasture—the chip of candy from the mangrove swamp turned into cane—the leftover noodle in the can in the wooded hollow turned into dump.

Gull bows his head down and then raises it high as he pretends it is he, not you and I, who begs insatiably. "Who?" he laughs. "Who do you think saw the steam rise when Sun and Tune made so much heat beneath the sea? Who do you think flew up and told Moon to dive down? Yuck, yuck, yuck, yuck! Yuck, yuck, yuck, yuck! Yuck, yuck, yuck, yum!"

Go see the madrones shedding their green skin by the banks, dripping heart color as Gull laughs across the beach. The trees mourn the beauty of their youth.