

Giantomachy

A young woman, in love with a sea god and invested with some ingenuity, walked seventeen miles to the ocean and sat on the sand. She sat on the edge of the waves while the stars glided up into the sky – and scooped water into her lap until she got pregnant by the sea god. It wasn't exactly romantic. But then again, it was her first time and he was gentle. The night was so peaceful. She found the experience perfectly delightful.

Soon she bore two sons. Her sons, somewhat freakishly, grew one cubit wider and one fathom taller every year. So, by the time they were nine years old they were as big as a stack of elephants.

They, strong as elephants – as brash as well – climbed Mt. Olympus to attack the gods. They climbed, issuing challenges all along, and then waited – brash – for the gods to come to the battlefield. So young, so hopeful, waiting, waiting. So doomed. So decimated, smashed, razed, maimed, cooked, aborted. So patient. Waiting, elephant-like.

The young mother stood at the base of the mountain, looking away out to the ocean. So sad. So sad to be a mother of ambitious, tall boys.