

Godzilla Breaks the Earth into Scrumptious Pieces

By Sophie Goodin

Godzilla breaks the earth,
her feet festering like appetite,
curling debris
caught in her claws,
she sinks and explodes —
in, out —
breath that splits the sky.

Godzilla plucks trees,
shovels leaves down her throat,
tongue bristling,
ants dancing,
she smiles down at ten thousand cameras —
a gutter
of steaming teeth.

Godzilla takes up the sidewalk,
her weight creates shock waves,
air bursting from her footsteps,
vaporizing all that dare be called flesh,
buildings stripped to their glassless bones;
she is relieved, secretly,
to be walking alone.

Godzilla drinks,
the seawater will make her sick,
but she drains the harbour,
wading in a waiting desert;
shrivelled weeds,
rusty fish; for a moment, something hungrier than she is.

Godzilla thinks herself an architect,
sorry for the cities in her innards,
she returns them piece by piece,
warm and wet,
she sculpts,
hoping, this time,
for a kinder form.
But Godzilla finds new grounds to break,
new trees and leaves,
new skins and seas,
until she can recall only desert
and mulch
and knows no more than her nature.

Godzilla remembers when she was young,
when the cracks in the pavement were too small
to be hungry.