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The Goddess of a Million Arms

The Goddess labors day after day, dawn 'til dusk, her million slender cold and productive hands doing everything and everything in the known universe. She is awe-inspiring, deserving of nothing but utmost respect. Her flowing brown hair, streaked with silver, betrays both her youth and her wisdom. Her piercing eyes look directly into your soul, connecting with everyone on the very deepest level. She's done the impossible time and time and time again, making miracles every day with her immaculate coordination. Other people cannot see this deity; they cannot understand my worship, my reverence and piety. They merely see a friendly woman. She is my creator, my protector, my guide, and my second greatest teacher, only so because no teacher could ever outdo the experience of life itself. I find myself thankful for this divine deity every day, every hour, every second. No, not every second. There are some times where I curse the goddess in my mind, and for that I can only pray for forgiveness, for I know she deserves none of my scorn. I have a better relationship with my object of worship than most. For whom else but I can truthfully say they see their deity almost every day, eat at the same table as them, even read them books, give them breaks from their divine duties? None but I, so far as I can tell, have such a privilege. I am eternally thankful for the goddess of a million arms, in her constant vigilance, wisdom, and effort.