

## Wilderness House Literary Review 11/3

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### **Molten**

she wanted to learn new words, find new places. michael said this would be good for them, it would help them to build a new life. he would talk to them about spiritual things and take them to places like this, out in the wilderness, like up on this mountain. stuff like that. they had been trafficked, the girls. *die to self*. this meant nothing left over she guessed. let it go. that would be fine with me, she said to herself. the body they had touched was dead anyway, the men, using her body to the fullness of their shame. breathing death into her soul. it was all hatred. *a new creation in God*. and why not. that would be good, she felt good about that. God can always create something new like when he did it the first time, *in the Beginning*, just do it again. make me new. *resurrection*. and I could hide my body from them, in God, *in Christ*. up on that cross, he took everybody. I could die with him and still not be dead. that's how great he was. he would bury it all and cover it over with new life, "*on earth as it is in Heaven*", she said softly, to the sky and to the mountain. a very good start. God wanted her, that was all she knew right now anyway, up here on this mountain, with her new body. *born from above*. and life always wants to give us something new, can't help itself. because its *alive*. it was an insight just like that deep pool of water they had passed on the way up the mountain, nothing could ever be so clear. they were reaching the top of the mountain now. it used to be a volcano. the lava was way cold now but she could imagine it like when it was *molten*.