

ASIAN PACIFIC AMERICAN HERITAGE CREATIVE WRITING CONTEST

Title: "The Golem"  
Author: Ronak Shah  
Category: Prose

## The Golem

The golem was sculpted out of clay, out of loess and loam, out of sand and silt and snow.

Its bones were carved from the magnolia wolf moon that bays and bellows against the winds ripping over the Black Hills. Its blood was sapped from the amber orb that peeks its head shyly over the Serengeti each morning and crawls across the azure canvas, only to disappear finally beneath the trees and hills. Its veins were weaved from the carnelian threads of a Oaxacan rebozo, with a few kinky fibers left knotted by weathered fingers. Its muscles were crafted from the bark and flesh of an Amazonian rubber tree. Its nerves were the flashes of crashing thunder which typhoons carry every year to Hyogo. Its heart was a Persian pomegranate.

The golem's breathe smelled of frankincense and myrrh. Its eyes were modeled after the eyes of the peregrine, and its nose was fashioned from an Iroquois arrowhead. Its ears were conch shells found on the shores of Chennai; its lips were dates from a palm in Cairo. The golem's cheeks were horseshoe crabs that had washed up on the Azores. Its hair was a matted arrangement of Mongolian grasses, haphazardly growing from its onyx scalp.

We know this because we can see. We can trace every part of this golem—how it looks, how it is dressed, how it sits and stands—to some sculptor in this world or the next. Take a piece from its face, and I can show you its source. Take a limb from its body, and I can show you its mother. Take a seed from its heart, and I can show you its home.

But can the golem tell us from where it hails? Who is this creature that is made of clay? If you show me the golem, the whole, it would not be enough to read to you the paragraphs that began this page. For the golem is greater than the sum of its parts. And yet not even the golem can put a name to this whole, no name but its own. What word could truly capture this majesty?

It is the blessing of this multicolored doll to be so beautiful, so complex, and so variegated as to be utterly indescribable. It is its curse that no one ceases to try.