

# PIQUANT COSMOLOGY

NATALIE BEAUSOLEIL

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Perhaps the Wiseman knew the recipe,  
Only referencing page seven,  
He sparked a steady, glowing flame.

He kneaded helium and hydrogen,  
Rolled the balls of glitter, To arrange the infant sky  
In precious galactic lumps.

Seasoned by rock and mineral  
Upon the bone white flames,  
The glistering roasting slowly to the core.

When they were finished and he had his fill  
He tossed the scraps to the dying embers,  
Winking diamonds returning to beds of coal.