

PIQUANT COSMOLOGY

NATALIE BEAUSOLEIL

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 glistening 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.