

Creation

by [Philip C. Kolin](#) in the [July 25, 2012](#) issue

He peoples the darkness with stars:
Eyes in all that vastness.
He stores sunlight in his tabernacle
Meting out each day enough to gladden
The trees and moons with their changing
Colors. Vestments over land and sea.

Space is a trellis in his garden.
He scatters organelles, pods, bulbs,
Protozoa, spermatozoa, ovaries
All bursting into blossom. Every womb
Awaits the coronation of its birth.
Stone fruits and star apples.

The universe plays his tune-book.
He breathes sacred airs
Obbligatos, cantatas, Sephardic chants.
The seasons speak through him:
The timbrels of spring, the blare of high summer,
Fall's blue cello, winter's gusty pipe organ.
Angel rapture and our plainsong.