

## 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.