

REWRIT

When God made the sun
he lay back on his white
sand beach, and reaching
out, with both pale hands,
into his space, he shaped
there a sphere of hydrogen,
God did, set it alight
with his nuclear fire. He
felt, God felt, its warmth
on his soft hand. And
it was good, it was his sun.

When God set about next
to make the moon, he put
his feet on the ice cap
of Mars, and reached out
again, seizing a piece
of an old sun, and God
threw it, like a snowball,
at his earth. The earth
rocked, and so the moon,
God's moon, came to be. He
felt its reflecting light,
and it was good, his moon.

When the time came for God
to people this blue earth,
he stood knee-deep in paddy
and sea, and, dear God, he
didn't make people in his
image, but just reached out
his now sunburnt hands
to plant a mitochondrion,
here a squid's eye, a seed
of rice. Hazard he gave them,
rules, God's time, and soon
enough, the creatures came,
spoke. It was good, the word
between God and his people.