

## Origins

The article asks, whether "meteorites seeded Earth with life's building blocks?" Below columns of print, a photograph of a comet, approaching our atmosphere, illuminated by the rising sun. I can *only* imagine an egg and sperm, just before the moment of conception. *Everything* reduced to this mother of all metaphors, the seed's compulsion to burrow into fertile ground, score a touchdown for life, set improbable worlds on paths toward inevitability. No morning after pill here, life finds its way as if the comet contained all the data any planet would need, given a few billion years to work out the particulars.

This metaphor for the whole shebang, a cosmic ejaculation, seemingly fired randomly into the cervix of space, the fallopian wormhole of time, to birth a planet worthy of bringing life to term, releasing a symphony of species to fill a void in the womb of this dark universe..... And it's oh, so good! So good for all of us!

## Goddess

She wears a rainbow for a scarf over a peignoir of woven stars  
 the night knits a luminous net of moonlight through her hair.  
 From one ear Jupiter hangs encircled by satellites  
 below the other Neptune spins a brilliant star sapphire.  
 Her skin radiant with nebulae, a blush of starlight on her cheeks.  
 Though she wears no veil her face is shadowed in eclipse,  
 her figure draped in a tapestry of constellations.

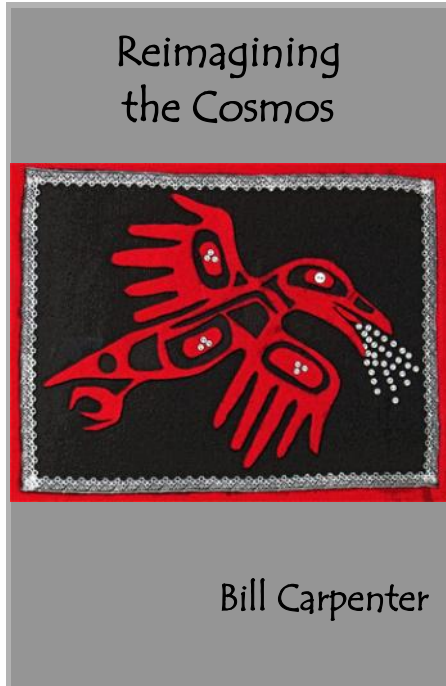
## Love Triangle

The Land basks in her suitors' attentions, aroused by Sky's torrid caresses, lifting her tidal skirts to Ocean's brine, blushing in foreplay, she gives herself freely to both.

But Sky is a jealous lover, smothering Land, turning green at Ocean's advances. The Sky scrolls love letters on clouds to dissuade her from Ocean's pandering. His missives range from pastel dusks and dawns to dark rants billowing wrath.

Nor will Ocean willingly share the lover he cannot stop kissing. As they lie together beneath suspicious heaven, hopeful of touching places only Sky can reach, Ocean washes ever higher up the rocky knees of her shores.

This struggle unravels as heartache for Land's inhabitants, who thrive on the planet's marbled blue harmony, but cower when Land spurs her suitors to jealousy as they whip up cyclones and ocean-driven maelstroms, when all earthlings can do is pray to their gods, amid the throes of these tempestuous lovers.



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**Cover:** *Raven Restores the Stars*, button blanket in the style of Native Americans of the Pacific Northwest by Emily Westcott

**Photo by** Bill Carpenter

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Reimagining the Cosmos  
 Bill Carpenter © 2015



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The three poems in this collection tell a mythology of the cosmos: our relationship with the earth, its origins and the creator (goddess) are imagined in the language of procreation, personifying the universe and our small planet within the imperatives of reproduction and survival.  
 - Bill Carpenter

*Statement:*



It is said her beauty caused men to weep oceans of tears  
 so she might see her own reflection mirrored in those saline depths,  
 while in her womb light congeals and galaxies, there are born.