

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.

Origins

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!

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.

Goddess

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.
 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 repro-
 duction and survival.
 - Bill Carpenter

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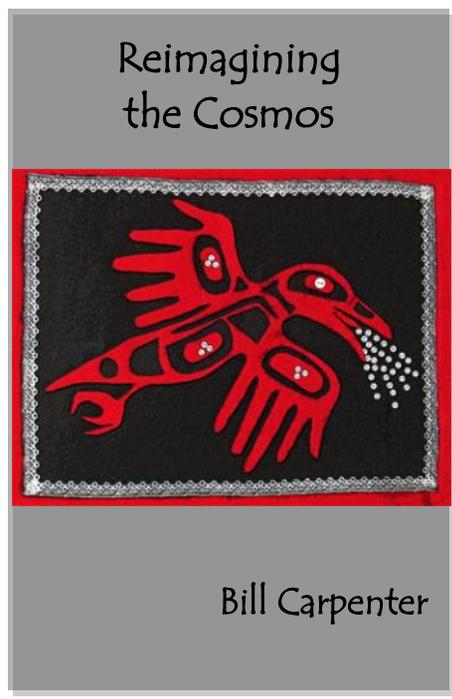
Cover: *Raven Restores the Stars*,
 button blanket in the style of Native
 Americans of the Pacific Northwest
 by Emily Westcott
Photo by Bill Carpenter

Origami Poetry Project™

Reimagining the Cosmos
 Bill Carpenter © 2015



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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.