

Sun Maker

D.A. Cooper

Let there be light, the goddess shouted
when she struck up the match
and pressed its flame onto a patch
of wiggling hydrogen. Flares spouted
into the endless void. She'd doubted
that she could make a sun from scratch—
yet how it shined! She had to latch
the orb in space, but first, the grouted
surface of the new star was still
irregular and rough, in need
of buffing, polish. Then, when done
at last, she beamed—she'd made with skill
and grit and one small solar seed
a blazing alabaster sun.

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