

## **REWRI**

By Roald Hoffman

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.