

OCEANUS PROCELLARUM

Stories are handed down
about the first shapeshifters,

how they became the sky, earth, moon, stars,
the rain that collects in streams, lakes,

rivers, oceans, the snow that melts, the wind,
the dark firmament, with all their creations.

The Elder talks of one
who became a carnival, an amusement park

where people entered and went on rides,
his mouth a Ferris wheel, his arms the midway,

how he was found out, chased, cornered,
how he then stepped out of the gaslight

into forbidding darkness, and made
the triumphant leap to a cratered universe.