



The Big Bang

We should have been caught.
We should have been stopped,
my brother and I,
sniping the street lamp
any summer, winter, clean and moonless night.

A delicate globe leaning over the street--
Not the tight-fisted crumple of callous light you see now,
but a delicate pear-shaped rondure,
clear as thin ice, warm as the moon
below a skirt of white porcelain
that lit the block half way to Main Street
and cast breezy shadows of poplar limbs
on the walls of our room.

We were no killers,
But Night's liberators, to say it nobly.

The appointed watcher steadied binoculars
Against the old poplar
Turning the focus on the perfect inner stamen
Of glass and wire and glowing tungsten.

The appointed shooter aimed the air rifle
And held her in his sights,
The filament angelically quivering.

Leave a stillness
for the dogs to bark far across town
And a truck's horn out on 93,
for the finger to squeeze the trigger.
Then the punch of the Daisey,
the hollow implosion on impact,
the illuminant jingle of glass flying to chaos,
and a wild metallic flame, electric blue,
blazing like a meteor for five stellar seconds.

For the shooter,
A galaxy born, the thrill of creation, the big bang.

For the brother by the tree, the immaculate detail of cosmic time
and light years of glass still drifting away.

Then left with its own quiet stars, the silence of the profoundly infinite sky
and this eternal brotherhood.

TOM KIDDER
West Newbury, VT



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