

## Recreating Abraham's Star Charts

*Elizabeth Pinborough*

I pause on the path, drop my sticks,  
and bend to read them like runes.

*Tell the stars*, They said. So I do daily—

I chart their breathless turning as

I gather berries in the bush—

Each twig's finger marks celestial points—

North is Reckoner's Compass. South,

Theory's Backbone. West, God's Thumbs,

and East, Mount Moriah—

Yet, I see more:

Beyond—within—the navigable wilderness

above, 18 quasars guard the edge of the

universe, like many-petaled amaranths.

I peer into time—my tongue bends to liquid

fire, tells of trillions of suns flung from these

orange hives.

Now I perceive the beehive of beingness,

honeycomb of allspace, linking stars into

cells full of honeyed light throughout alltime.<sup>1</sup>

I remember again words the Lord clapped

in my palm—*Write the stars. Write the*

*stars. Write the stars.*

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1. I was inspired in my description of the universe by Mark Penny's unpublished poem exploring a brain created from many separate parts that "are linked / and make each other glow / like crowded insects / all without a queen. . . . Each in its little comb hears from the others, / tugged by its tiny spider-strands of fire." I expanded this neural honeycomb into the fabric of spacetime, with stars as the honeyed symbolic nodes.