

# Stardust

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*Winner of Editor's Choice Award*

poetry

**I** learned in biology class  
that the material that makes  
the great coral reefs  
is the same that makes our  
skeletons.

And I couldn't stop thinking.  
I thought about how God  
must have kept star dust  
on His holy fingers  
as he knitted our human forms.

That the brightness behind  
your glorious smile  
must have the traces  
of millennia old goldmines.

That maybe my joints  
are bound together  
by some antediluvian strands  
of comet tails.

So at the beginning of time,  
as the constellations sped away from each other  
and went on to fleck the freckles on our faces  
they must have waited for us  
to come back together.