

## Day Seven

Who wouldn't get tired shoveling mountains into place,  
or plowing oceans with the tongue that spoke  
and split open the darkness like a coconut?

Come clamshells and salmon eggs, he called, come  
anemones and coral, come dolphin's giggle and sheen  
of the blue whale's back, the volcano's belch, sandbars  
and seaweed, foam singing in the pelicans' wake.

Come thunder-hoofed caribou, come spittle of wolves  
and leopards, come iguanas tearing bushes, anacondas  
in drenched pits, the rhinoceros' moan, dung beetles  
and kola trees. Come man and woman dredged from silt,  
stumbling the foothills, bone levers to hoist the beasts  
from soil, teeth to chew and swear, hair to clean, to pluck.

Who wouldn't tire of piling igneous shelves or bundling  
storms, sowing black rain in onion fields, smell of wet  
ground rising in the pheasants' heartbreaking cry?

Come Maker, on this seventh day of your beautiful clutter,  
and climb a staircase of stars to your bed. Pull up  
the covers: ocean waves, wheatfields, lengthening shadows.

—Michael Hicks

*This poem won first place in the BYU Studies 2006 poetry contest.*