

P E T E R C A R P E N T E R

Ejects Stars

Gunpowder: the stuff to make it go.
Interred between a split lip of soot

and a loop of chicken-wire, in grass
over a foot high, on this, our allotment,

by a barrow, upturned, rust-holed.
It had come from the north, like blown

molten glass at, I reckoned,
one hundred thousand miles per hour

or thereabouts. Like a silencer
from a gun I loosed it from its stick.

We received it: a new power.
Our experts traced its course.

A white dream from the year dot
to this. It came away in our hands.

An earwig clambered out, jagged
with Danegeld, forcep-horned.

I recalled my father tracing the line
of Orion's Belt, pronouncing

upon true north. I studied again:
"Made in Huddersfield". Touchpaper

a lost ironic twist; an earthed detach;
a cluggy misfire. Instructions gave us

a rocket. "Do Not Hold" and "Ejects Stars".
We all stood well back, waited: