

To the artist of divine things

By Chidera Ikewibe

— *For Cynthia Frascetti*

Recontextualize the world for me --
through your gentle hands.
Crafting the perceived uncraftable
avocado pits

and
hurricane spits,
you remind me the dandelions
are just unexpected flowers.

What genomes germinate
Your arcane geometry?
That tells you when to smooth
the stone or leave it jagged,

Jaded with jade, gemmed in
serpentine. A mirror back to
nature. Nurturer of the flame
That bends harsh metal into
pea pods.

I see a stone.
You see a masterpiece.
Could you please read the
World back for me?
-- with your art perhaps
scattered rocks translate
into a wearable symphony.
Pin brooches of agate, resin
and spiritual mimicry.

You, translator of the earthen
World. Tell me how you do it --
make divine things common
and common things divine?