

SIX WAYS OF LOOKING AT A POMODORO

John Scattergood

He breaks the universal sphere's
Machine-smoothed skin,
To show the meshing gears
And cogs within.



Like a polished astrolabe's
Locked planes and bars,
Subjecting human fates
To sun and stars.

Like some bright orrery's
Elliptic rounds,
Confining planetary ways
In metal bands.



Like Paley's sublime watch
With opened back,
The tightened springs that stretch,
Pinion and rack.

Or like the cosmic egg's
Half-splintered shell,
Revealing sharpened beaks
And teeth that kill.

Or like his namesake fruit,
With row on row
Of seeds awaiting use,
Which splits to grow.

