

#### **METAFABLES IV.**

The naming of the nameless had begun  
With the opening of the oven door to release the sun.  
Has the pie of our lamentation cooked to soon?  
Has the crust of our calculations blackened and burnt?  
Across the tree lined oven, speckled white and grey,  
Over the functional sky of enamel  
The sun pie had erupted, such a sight.  
It took three cooks, working all night,  
To carry the disrupted pie lava away.  
We must remake this pie at once,  
We cannot incur the King's displeasure.  
On they toiled in asbestos glove,  
Pie making was a labour of love.  
Inside the oven, all was dark,  
The trees were leafless in the enamel park.  
By morning light their work was done,  
They were ready to bake the conflagration of another sun.

**DIANE CASTLEMAINE**