



6-1-2014

Foundry

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Recommended Citation

Pearce, Jared (2014) "Foundry," *BYU Studies Quarterly*: Vol. 53 : Iss. 2 , Article 4.
Available at: <https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/byusq/vol53/iss2/4>

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Foundry

It takes the baby several seconds looking
From your pointing to the stars
To solder the word and a heaven-blue glint
Firm, until tomorrow when he'll have

Forgotten how four sounds melt
And make an entire galaxy centered
On his mother's outstretched index finger;
Still molten, sounds and things pour

Quickly into words like molds and break
Cooling too fast, unsettled when open.
But for now it's almost enough to have
A mother mining jewels from the sky,
Crimping with sounds the stars to his hands—
Yes, it's almost enough to have.

—Jared Pearce

This poem won first place in the BYU Studies 2014
poetry contest.