



# Solar System Candy

If I ate the solar system,  
the moon would taste  
strange and dusty  
as Turkish Delight.  
Planets would be  
giant gobstoppers,  
except Saturn and Jupiter –  
those gas giants  
fizz like sherbet,  
or melt like candy floss  
in your mouth.  
The meteor belt  
pops and crackles  
like space dust.  
Comets leave a minty sting  
on your tongue.  
Black holes taste of cola bottles.  
Or memories  
you once had  
and lost.

A poem by Gita Ralleigh from

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