**We are not Big yet**
by Kelly Mullins

We are not big yet. But we are growing.
We have not filled in our feet
that want to walk across,
no, stomp across the Universe.
We want to know it all,
and plant our flag in every
orbiting rock in the vast black skies above.
We want to create insight,
yet we are made by it.
Because we are not big yet.
We are little.
We are fragile.
We are small.

I've heard it said the energy released
By a hydrogen bomb is roughly equal to the energy stored in the atoms
Of one kitten: helpless; defenseless,
lost, like us, in blind courage
and entirely unafraid…
maybe not like we should to be.
No, we play. We tear across the comfort of living room carpets.
We walk on shaky legs, unfamiliar with gravity
and look out into the Universe with eyes barely opened
where we see so much and want to touch it all,
to feel it with our paws.

I've heard it said one second of our sun is like a billion kittens.
One billion kittens brightly shining at the center
of orbiting bodies of quiet ancient gods
and we yearn to play with them,
to wake them up.
A billion kittens grow gardens and rainforests and
sunburns on treeless beaches when we left the sunscreen in the car, too far away to bother with.
They do it with a gaze.
One billion kittens hissing,
trapped in layers of atmosphere
bouncing from stratosphere to troposphere
stopping at the tropopause to lick their paws
before growing hot with frustration,
arching backs and batting attacks with needle toes at skin exposed to the unintended rage
of one billion kittens who define the shade,
while scratching cancers more and more as
days pass deeper into the
frayed, twisting ends of this story.

But their rage is not our fault…
because we are not big yet.
We are only now just learning to walk.

We hobble on shaky legs unaccustomed to gravity.
We open brand new eyes and look out
beyond the blueness of the skies we see
to the center of a galaxy we cannot quite reach.
And there we see a black hole equal to
billions of billions of kittens
stretching limbs quietly feeding on stars
lapping from the Milky Way oblivious to me and you.
To these billions of billions of kittens we are no threat.
And they pose no threat,
though they scratch small rips in the skin of thin membranes separating dimensions
where anything is possible and the least of all that is real is also probable.
They pose no threat though they crush planets, suns and star systems absorbing them; dwarfing them;
batting at ticking neutron stars like little balls with bells.
But they pose us no threat.
They're just doing what billions of billions of would kittens do.
And we want to play with them,
to rub against their singularity and claim it as our own.
We want to see the light that cannot escape
the event of our own horizon
and if we could we would witness
everything between our feet and
the still collective of those billions of billions of kittens way out there...
If we could truly see we would witness
just how small we really are.

Maybe one day we'll be as big as them.
We will seek no longer only the comforts of living room carpets.
We'll be grown up cats prancing under the clean air of unblemished ozone.
We will walk confidently in lighted rooms
in palaces made of unity;
built on foundations solid in harmonies of
songs sung by the ancient gods themselves.
We will properly fear our ignorance
but still choose to gently poke at Ursa Major.
We will feel the stars rolling around in the palms of our hands and ask for nothing
in return.

We will be a billion cats safely illuminating lazy summer beaches
and one day, far… far off into the ever expanding future,
we will collide with all that we could wish to be.
We will venture into the great divide between
ignorance and I and *we*...
... and we will become.

Like billions of billions of kittens we
Won't cry over the sweeping arms
of the Milky Way, spilt way out there.
We won't fret plastic waste and worry
about sore paws that can't do enough
to make things the way they ought to be.

We won’t hiss and bat each other on the head
to protect a scrap of petroleum.
We will turn our cheeks, but only for bathing kisses
because we’ll be all grown up and in love with everything.
We’ll run on sturdy legs, racing gravitational waves to the center of every galaxy.

But for now, we are still too small.
We are only the power of one kitten.
We are weak, but fearless.
Power enough to end a war
to divert one when we’re lucky –
power enough to make one –
We have kitten ideals not yet fully developed.
One kitten clutching lives like balls of yarn
With frayed ends twisting to the end of this story,
We are not as big as we feel.
We are not big yet.
But we are growing.