

Ordinary Stories

The sun is a great big incandescent light bulb
up in the baby blue stucco ceiling we call the sky
The rain comes from a leaky roof
And the soil is just a buildup of dust
I like to believe big things
Are just little things but bigger
The night sky is a black cotton handkerchief
And the stars just tears in the fabric
Because infinity scares me more than I'd like to admit
It's easier to think
That the clouds are stains across a ceiling
Than thinking that they are billions of water droplets and particles
Close together
I can't even count to one billion,
Let alone two
Maybe others can grapple with the idea of infinity
Define it for themselves, reason with it, or just ignore it
But I can't
It's too easy to get lost when the universe has no edge
It's too hard to fathom how I
And everything I will ever know
Is microscopic and unimportant compared to a galaxy
Or a nebulae
Or even a star
I explain away the mysteries of my world
With ordinary stories
Because I can't handle what else they could be

—*Ruksana Kabealo*