

## **You Are The Universe**

You are the universe, you really are.  
You are the entire intergalactic map and more  
you are up and down, overhead and underneath.  
You are all the way to the right  
and farther than my imagination can reach to the left.  
You are the universe and every day is your birthday.

Every time you open your mouth it is the sound of time unfolding.  
You are the outside of the envelope and the white part inside;  
your favourite game is playing hide and seek with yourself  
and we are watching from the sidelines.  
We hear your music at night, the soft static of stars  
and dance to it beneath the canopy of yourself.  
Because you are the universe  
and for you it's one big long vacation  
with fireworks and a soundtrack.

You are the universe, nearly infinite, we're not sure,  
but you are always yourself, always muddling your way through,  
always dark and secret and bright and explosive because  
you are the universe and some of us would like to be friends.

You are moving away from us at the same time  
that we are part of you, you are part of us  
and we wonder what it must be like to be the universe even though  
we are the universe, too, or a small part of it.  
Some of us are arms and legs of the universe,  
some of us are brain cells or finger hairs of the universe.  
I've known people who are other body parts of the universe  
but we're all necessary so what the heck.

Your speed is fast, breakneck,  
and you think gravity is a thing to dance to.  
Some of us have found comfortable homes  
in the universe  
on favourable planets with kindly stars  
you have given us,  
or ones we have borrowed.  
It's all a matter of time, I understand.  
Time is like the best friend of the universe.  
Everything exists within time, or so we believe.  
Time constantly plays the good cop bad cop game with us,  
did you know that?  
Of course, you knew that because you are the universe,

you are everything;  
that's the role you were given when you were just young.

You are the universe and I suppose some days  
it's a job like many others.  
Ups and downs. We can sympathize with you  
despite your size. (Enormity is the word that comes to mind.)  
Deep down, though, I believe large things  
are very small, or maybe simple, anyway.  
Basic but somehow universal:  
everything that happens matters to you since it is part of you.  
You are probably not allowed to be very emotional about everything,  
being the universe and all.  
But I bet you are anyway, sometimes.  
I bet that some things that happen to us, or to you,  
make you cry.  
And I can tell when you are feeling good.  
Like right now.  
You're feeling pretty good about all this.  
Because you, you are the universe.