

Karen Klein

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"...we are small, so much smaller even than we may have thought."

Chris Hadfield

I.

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small
so small
smaller than
a grain of sand
a speck of dust
anything a microscope
can see
the dot my pen makes

II.

above me
Perseid Showers
evanescent smears
igniting the night
I watch for hours.

III.

I drown in the sky.
When I come up for breath,
I cling to the recognizable stars:
Cassiopeia—the big W,
Pleiades—the seven sisters,
saying their names over and over
as if by naming them
I could find my bearings.

Plunging again,
I come up gasping
for language, for the words
to describe
the tumble of a speck
into expanding universes.

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IV.
Incomprehensible

Immeasurable

Unknowable

yet each word at its core
reminds us of our finite boundaries
comprehensible
measurable
known

V.
how to name
how to find images of enormity
how to punch home
the terrifying disparity
between us
and Beyond us

The author of *The Book of Job*.
found images,
but his images aren't enormous enough.
We are able to comprehend
the Whirlwind.
Even the Leviathan is
small.

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