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Celestials

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CELESTIALS

Tyler van Hoorn

I don't know much, but I do know one thing:

That nobody who says you ought to reach for the stars
considers that it takes eight minutes for the sun itself
to reach out its hand to earth
and smack with its aurorae awake the sleeping, insipid ingrates that it once inspired
and some men on the television assure me that this is in itself very impressive,
even though it's just the same stupid sun and I see it every day.
Or that it would take a wingspan
of something like twenty-five point eight trillion imperial miles,
and god knows how many units that the imperials themselves use, to rub elbows
with the celestials

(or twice that considering that basic physiology dictates
that your elbow's only ever going to be halfway to where
ever the hell it is the rest of you's going)

in Alpha Centauri.

This is all to say that this whole thing seems like a lot of work
to tell a kid who spends his days wondering which teeth

are
falling in and out of
 place

and pulling in a star of his own
about the things he could accomplish if he told himself enough times
that the star he's named all to himself
hasn't even yet sent the sunbeams over to planet Earth to tell
him to Fuck off, kid, we've got a name.