

I Am So Big

by Jerry Pierce

I AM so big. My footsteps span the galaxies when I walk. I can pick a star cluster and set it on my fingernail as you do with the fireflies that fly the summer nights. I have planted everything in my garden with care, but sometimes weeds sprout as they do in your garden. I started my garden long ago. My timekeeper says I started it over five billion years ago, but he can't remember just when it was. My hardest job was to find something to make my garden from. I knew it would take sweat and inspiration to make just the exact garden I wanted. I had to find just the right seed to start with. I hoped it would have flowered and bloomed after all these years. I wish I had known that it would take so long. You can hardly imagine how many generations of planting and harvesting I have seen. I would like it much better if I had perfected that seed by now. I just didn't realize so many unexpected things would come up. I thought if I controlled the sun and the rain, the heat and the cold, and the fertility of my land, I could have my perfect seed before my five billionth birthday.

You know, it is terribly hard to make something look and act like yourself. I decided long ago that if I wanted another me, I would have to make some place for my experiments. I chose a sphere. Naturally, it was much smaller than mine because I knew if I tried to make someone as large as myself, I wouldn't have enough room for both of us. Of course, if there were two of us, I might forget which of us is the boss. Besides, it would make me feel peculiar because I might end up as the one experimented on, instead of being the experimenter. Anyway, I was smart enough not to make a twin of my size. That is why I chose to conduct my experiment on a sphere. At least in this case, I could control the size temperature and moisture content of the environment.

My first approach to the problem of trying to make a twin of myself resulted in some huge monstrosities. They didn't even look like me. I thought at first the creatures were too hot and dry, so I sent the rains. Then things seemed to be too wet. Finally, I decided that in order to have a success-

ful experiment, I would have to moderate the two extremes. I settled on an alteration of wet and dry, hot and cold. Things didn't improve much. I still got funny images of myself. Something must have been wrong. Sure enough, there was. All I had to do was to instill the images that I made, so that in the end they would be perfect representations of myself. This worked fine when the hairy, two legged one separated in two, making the second one with smooth skin. I danced with joy, for I was close to my goal of twins. Everything was working right. The twins acted alike and thought alike. The only difference was the hair on their bodies. I was really proud. But soon my joy changed to sadness. The smooth skinned one changed. He didn't cooperate any more. He started doing funny things. He took things. He said no when he should have said yes. I just don't know what happened, Doc, but I wish I could make the clean skinned ones understand me. They used to listen and everything was all right, but now they ignore me and things are a mess. You know, I gave them the best part of my garden and still they didn't listen. I thought when I told them to leave the garden that they would realize what they were doing to me, but they didn't. Not too long ago one of them told the others all about me and still they ignore me. Oh, some of them know me, but there are too many of the others who think they know me. They don't, Doc. They don't. They only hear their own voices. Oh, they know what I've said. I closed the door on all of them. It was the only way in which I could begin again with a fresh start. I don't like starting over again. I wish they would only try to do the first part of my experiment better. Maybe I should wipe all the years away and start a whole new experiment as I did five billion years ago. What do you think of that, Doc?

Senryu

by *Dave Thomas*

The cheerless poplar caught a breeze
 And turned its shiny side
 To the sun.