

EVERYTHING THAT MATTERS
IS IN THE SPACE BETWEEN

The space between the words,
the ticks of clocks,
articulated vertebrae.
In the place eaves whistle
and bagpipes moan.

Everything is in the space
you left in the doorway.
Between breathing in
and breathing out.
It hangs on brass hinges
of open and of closed.

Everything that matters is in the anacrusis
to the last phrase of Barber's Adagio for Strings
that flows like smoke from a barbeque, between the trees.

Everything that matters
is in the space between
tadpole and frog.
Between one ant and the next.
Between the green layers
of white marble on a stem
before it is peony.

—Mary Jo Robinson-Jamison

Andy Ilachinski - Seascape

