

Space

Space is the inbetween parts,
or where the banana was.
It is the place the stars inhabit,
the time between then and now,
and where we put umbrellas.
It worms its way through tunnels,
squeezes itself into elevators
and haiku, and is the curve
of arm a baby fits into.
It is the up, down and sideways
of a red kite on a windy day,
and it is the time of departure
when we want so much to stay.

Nina Krause