

The Space Between

And as the painter left behind their mark
I stare, looking through the space between.
My mind knowing, they stood here wanting
that mark, to have the weight, the import,
of their last exhalation, thru yellowed teeth, perhaps.
The remnants of each ring of the onion, flowered,
crust of bread, the balance, requiring footsteps
back and forth, dancing with the canvas surface,
applying one remaining touch, dragged thru the sturdy
thick earth-toned layers, ringing all there is from it.
Offering all there needs to be. The Om, crackling flames
that my breathing here, was intended to complete.
You the painter, whisper, wink, wince
one last phrase for me to inhale,
as we build this moment
together.