

The Space Between Us

A song can arrive
without a throat.

A voice can rise
without breath.

An image can bloom
without a hand ever touching it.

And still,
we search for something else.

For the moment
a voice breaks
and somehow we know:

This pain was lived.

For the painting
that makes us feel
someone before us
carried the same unrest.

The same weight behind the ribs.
The same night that would not end.

Not imagined.
Not borrowed.
Lived.

Maybe we do not turn to art
only to see it.

Maybe we want
to be found inside it.

A breath.
A hesitation.
A note that almost fails.

And suddenly
something crosses the distance.

Not sound.
Not color.

Something harder to name.

A trace of a life.

Of what was lost.

What was loved.

What survived.

And when we recognize ourselves
inside that trace,

the distance between two lives
becomes smaller.

Not because we know each other.

Because, for one heartbeat,
we stand in the same room inside us
we thought had no door.

We are no longer watching.

We are meeting.

Human to human.

And for one heartbeat,
what we carried alone

lifts.

Grief.

Longing.

Love.

Still ours.

Just lighter
in the space
between us.