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Ode to being In-Between

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Ode to being In-Between

Abstract

A poem about melancholy, loneliness, airports, and travelling.

Keywords

Poem, poetry, place, mindfulness

Disciplines

Creative Writing | Poetry

Comments

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Ode to being In-Between

Corey Ullman

I've never been here, but every airport feels like a dream of every other airport. I know on instinct where things are, how they should be arranged, and the only things I notice are errors in assumptions, new things to add to *what an airport should be*. Revisions to a theory. Where I was wrong.

I was rushed through the first two hours here and now I have two more to wait. The flight before mine is still boarding. The people are the same in their individuality, the fact that I won't know them, won't ever meet them. Too many to begin understanding.

I want to wander around the airport but if I leave my suitcase it'll get stolen and if I take my suitcase I have to take my suitcase.

A small price to pay, I suppose. It rolls behind me, clicking on white tiles tinged blue by the sky.

This place isn't real. I describe a place without a soul,

a place defined by how little it is.

Sitting between every other place it is a map that can point everywhere

(and thus is a vast nowhere,)

an empty vase,

two mirrors facing each other. I stand between.

I buy a coffee. It tastes loud.

This wing of the airport is empty. I sit on my suitcase.

There's a glass statue of hands as a tree, a hundred feet tall and utterly alone.

I feel my presence, here, now, reflected in chips of glass.

I hear music,

from somewhere.

Like water.

I do not seek its source.