

The Space Between Things  
Kevin Patrick Sullivan

This mornig I've seen  
the hawk  
standing on the earth  
the egret walk like  
an Egyptian  
horses and cattle  
in the field of men  
everywhere the colors  
of life and death  
as I scribble down the road  
this poem driving between  
50 and 70 miles per hour  
through the space between things  
depending upon the quickness of thought  
hand eye coordination  
everything merges into what binds us  
the joy at the center

Whatever happens next  
I don't care  
really  
all my life I've been  
just along for the ride.

