

A Time Between

We stand within a doorway
Between the lengths of days:
With time that passes quickly
And with time that overstays.

There is no in- or out-side.
There's only what's between.
There is no right or wrong side.
No choice that can be seen.

A silence of existence
Enfolds the misty three.
Two sides that make no difference
And the doorway meant to be.

Where is the sure and certain step?
The movement of the heart?
Where is the knowing what to do?
The whole unbroken part?

A tear stands still in silence
Between the sky and earth.
Should it rise quickly in the air
Or falling, give life birth?