

Between

by Michelle Elvy

Dear Story,

Where are you? I've been looking for nearly five days now. I know you are here somewhere. Perhaps you are under the chair, with the sticky Cheerios and breakfast crumbs. Or maybe you are outside, breathing in fresh morning dew or perching on the laundry line between those two red socks, or squeezing creekmud between your toes as you huddle with the mallards. You could be in the soup I made yesterday, bubbling in the broth with the carrots and peas. Or you could be resting on my downy pillow, nestled in the warm soft white where I lay my head.

I glimpsed you last night in the sideways glance of my lover, I heard you this morning in my child's singsong voice.

You are a space-walker and a time-traveler for, even as you jump across continents and oceans, and though you live very much in the present, you sometimes come to me from an obscured place in the past, and you often feel like the future, full of promise. soupu are in the soup I made yetthere somewhere. Perhaps you are under the chair, with a

I will wait patiently, will not rush you. You'll come at your own pace -- when *you* are ready, when *I* am ready. With a whisper or a shout, a tickle or a punch. One way or another, we will find each other.

Ah! This week you are here, camped out
in the spaces between.

