

In Between (edit)

by stephen hastings-king

Behind me are two doors. Each opens onto a room which is more event than space. Entering puts a sequence into motion that is every time the same.

In the first snow falls through the ceiling and weighs down with moisture the flock of paper birds pasted to strings so they hang in the air. One by one they drop away. Each leaves paper carnage behind. As the birds fall the room expands: mountain reliefs, islands and lakes; the holes in Appenzeller and Emmentaler cheeses; the craters of the moon and distributions of stars.

The second room is a diagrammed hierarchy of names that includes the word "room" it's meanings and associations. The visibility of the diagram varies with the degree of observer investment; if you think only about the word room and not about any particular room you may be able to see the branches that in the distance form fractal trees that include actual trees and cauliflower, floodplains and cardiovascular systems.

In between I listen against a door and never hear a sound. I spend a lot of time in between looking through a window. Once I ventured outside to explore the white plane that extends in the same way indefinitely everywhere and found that nothing except position differentiates one place from another there and that the light moves very slowly right to left so everything seems to run backward. I was lost for I do not know how long. I have not gone out there since.

Someday I will leave this place.

