

The Spaces

There will be a thousand years of peace or so much more once we are done with
this aeon:

There is a mixed purity of God around everything and we call it 'space'.

Like spaces between atoms and the small particles,

Little storms between quark and quark.

between everything: between my eyes and its reflecting back to your pupil.

between my heart and our embraces. And the blood flow to make it work

When we breathe at the same time, sharing respiration

When we breathe in respiration and think of the world - its axis almost dances.

Late at night, I think of the sky and how it seems spaced further away

I remember the sound of your parka jacket as you made it proof of love to me
over the phone long distance.

my prayers bounce up higher and higher from my prayer book until Jerusalem.

Above my head, prayers twirl. Dream-twisting from the sky's breeze. Banners
flapping in courtesy with the bride of presence - the divine-presence. Love - the

lucidity: All the colours are sparkling - they've made it. The endless elevator of
Love which takes me to your door - it's clear now

oh darling, your mother stole your birth, no one as gorgeous as you would have
lived otherwise - the angels rushed too, kissing and touching about your mouth.

The space between their rush: blessed

our kisses have made our mezuzas full of charged golden letters chasing their scrolls

Even Between the moon and sea there's space ... beyond sonar, lunar beats.

Hush, hush, my darling ...

Yes, little darling, don't cry, there's an Ocean that carries our voices wide (the fish glide close and pulse towards the optic fibres)

And what about the beauty of a lei? There are too many spaces between leis. Too many countries. Between the calyx and the stamen. Between the sugar cane and the burning of it. Between King Kamehameha and keeping your country .

That night on Oahu, She swam like a cygnet still in need of lessons. And I see her, my Underwater Ballerina calls out "Eli!" I rush to swim and raise her up so high.

We swim back with cyan fish winking. The space between life and near-death.

Space between an angel at His throne...H/he asks us to fill us up our faith.

Ascending and descending the ladder, struggling to overcome.

The flaming sword of Eden pausing at each pinnacle.

The bride has it and it shines in the air reflecting her

She says "I will love you with my seal as soon as we enter the Orchard."

only between our kisses can we find relief: I give up what's left to make me whole again.

The stars are too in awe to rise.

1000 years of peace or the time from before creation... so much space between time, so much space.