

...february 1, 2020...

**i'm at the airport now  
a thousand different destinations  
brushing fingertips –**

**a ticket in my hand –  
a portal to realities  
that i have never seen –**

**floating gauzy promises  
i breath the in-between  
of neither here nor there –**

**on the precipice between  
everything that was  
and all that's yet to be**

**magic shifts and flows  
and the spacious now unfolds  
till i am flying skies.**

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