**The Space**

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Something here

beckons; there is something

beneath this familiar sky and amidst this unfamiliar land

that leads wanderers to wonder if

here is where lies

salvation.

Here the earth

is heavy; uncertain paths whittled into dirt by unrelenting wanderers;

trees that ache to touch the sky and moss that caresses the soles

of your feet—here is where

the old proverbs space for the new, fledgling greens spring forth

amongst resilient ferns; generations coexist and collude

within one space.

It is here

where shadows flank wanderers; where you sense

—before you can see—that which haunts you;

for this remains a place

obscured by the light of day

and illuminated in the darkness of night.

And still

you may imagine that you can build a home here

—amidst the spindly trees and canopies of green—but

you would be wrong. Homes are not

built on earth so unsteady.

Here is where

wanderers—those who slip between shadows and become enveloped

within these canopies of green—can disappear;

for there is that something that beckons and welcomes

you, but you remember—you *must* remember—

that you do not belong here.

For this is the forgotten space: a world half-glimpsed

in the shadow of dreams and of reality; a hazy reverie stuck

somewhere between here and there; now and then; what was and what

simply is.