

The In-Betweens

If you have the sight you will experience pieces of the story everywhere. We hear it in our neighbors as they scream at their children and intimidate their brothers and sisters. We see it in the fearful and lonely faces everywhere. We watch the process as the witnesses: scramble to separate from connecting with the victims, mentally think through their well used set of index cards for a solid reason not to get involved and ultimately grasp onto what ever distraction they can produce in order to move on. It is neither rare nor hidden, except as far as denial and fear can remove a thing. The fear that provokes their reaction we know well. Fear that if we open ourselves to the world we will be chewed up, used and left exposed.

Over time the place in my soul that I deposited all that pain had stretched as far as it could. I didn't ask for the sight, I did pray for the solution to an overburdened soul. The solution was a conduit through which I could begin to bleed it off, but it didn't stop there. Anger, fear and pain have purged from me for time without end. This part of my soul now flows only one way. I can no longer react with disconnection, distance and distraction. I see a piece of myself in everyone's personal pain. I see the pain in everyone. I starve for purpose and peace.

I find myself at yet another in-between. Like the in-betweens before, I am paralyzed by the intensity. I pray for the answer to find me in my hole with gentle loving eyes that say: take my hand I am here to take you the rest of the way. It is one of my loneliest truths that I am my only true guide. I must rise up from my hole and push forward to the next clue. It is the path that chose me, my initiation into humanity.

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