

The Other

Poets pine about it
And singers whine about it
But what it is
Is not easily defined
The space between
The heart and the mind
That beats and breathes
In a rhythm of its own
That never rests
Until it finds its home
Dreamers dream on it
And scientists study it
But they can never find
The face behind
The pantomime
The meter of
The unknown rhyme
It is an abyss
A hit and a miss
Only bridged
By the right kiss
The recognition
Or premonition
Of the other
Within the other
That shows itself
And quickly hides
Behind a blinding smile
Or the lids
Of your eyes