

The Space Between

Before the foot moves,
the foot rests.
Before the breath is taken,
there is an opening.

This is not the place of arrival,
nor the place of departure,
but what holds them apart.

Here, nothing asks to be solved.
Nothing demands your speed.

The foot rests.
The air listens.

What was heavy may be set down,
not forever,
just long enough to remember its weight.

In this space,
time loosens its grip,
and meaning does not hurry.

Stay while the silence gives you leave.
Then take what stillness you can carry
back with you into the world.

— *William Zeitler*
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