

Between The Gaps

A poem by Isobel Bradley

Everything is different in the room.

The fire is outside the fireplace,

Through a door is a ship coming in from the ocean,

Through another are jagged, sharp icebergs,
threatening and dangerous.

Girls blend in with the floor, almost invisible.

Hot air balloons with flowerpots instead of baskets.

It is fascinating. Nothing could be so different,
so beautifully different.

Everything about this room was strange, amazing,
like another world.

It was all the same, but different.

It was all familiar, but strange.

That is what this room did to you,

it brought back memories of unknown places.

It brought back the feeling of an unfamiliar place

you know