

***Between Moments / In Bloom***

by Kellan MacKenzie

There are times when the scrambled clamour subsides,

Slowly saunters,

In time with a heartbeat I cannot place.

Between moments, I take a breath,

Static air clings to my skin,

Melts into my limbs.

Gently, the hollow of a tree,

The sound of sunlight saturates the space around me.

My ribs could be branches now

Sweeping the sky.

And I feel it!

The air is ecstatic,

Clings to my breath in crystals

Still in soft mornings,

Shifts to restless rages of wilderness,

A vivid heartbeat I cannot place.

Look! See how

The trees sink into the sky

And columns of clouds kiss the fields hello.

The stars blaze forever

Only for themselves,

For every time my feet meet the shore, there's another wisp of grass

And the riverbank wishes water along

To places vast and verdant,

A heartbeat, far beneath the surface.

One day, I will understand

That nature carries a space between the seconds,

A carefully crafted web of inhalations

Adrift between this moment and the next

Between us and the earth,

That pulses and thrums with vitality

Alive, Alive, Alive!

And always living.

And one day, I will be in bloom,

Sun streaks will whisper against my eyelids,

‘Dance softly, and the world spins with you.’

The humdrum inside my head will still.

Already I’m shedding it!

Piece by piece,

And underneath

Is a skin that feels mine.

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