

## **Space + Time are the Same Thing**

Sarann Spiegel

You can measure the length of the room in metrical feet  
Or you can measure it in mine, crossing the floor, taking  
my time, bones rolling from ankle to toe, ankle to toe.  
It takes me under a minute.  
Half the year you live 235 miles + 4 days away. Half the year just  
40,000 feet. The water runs  
for quarter of an hour, three quarters of the way full  
inhaling oxygen inch by inch. I  
dunk my head under + float.

In his house, it is still dusk, + I want  
to be wanted. I am penetrated  
mind, heart, body, aching + starving + abandoned.  
I don't recognize my own face  
but it was me, I think, a smaller me  
toes + forearms gnawed off  
with craft scissors. Flesh dangling limp  
flaccid. I enter  
ceiling falls in. Blood pours over  
porous walls, stains them with forgetting.  
One wrong step, I'm in  
the wrong place, wrong time  
wrong person, wrong rhyme. Body  
love righted, corrected  
by days separating. The longer it takes,  
the further away I get.

We used to lie beside each other, lies  
between us; miles + months apart, the truth falls  
open, short + bittersweet.