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## Filling the Gap

*Mike Rosen*

Cold air seeps through an open window,  
Rendering all that was once warm and familiar, icy and indifferent.

Like water that winds its way out of the river,  
And into uncharted territory after a long, steady rain,  
This foreign air breaches my body's barriers as I inhale,  
And stays with me forever.

The cool quality that once defined the substance  
Now swims unbridled in my veins,  
As I exhale a warm, processed matter.

In this manner I take you,  
And all the shining benevolence of your soul,  
Into my being, filling a vast void, and allowing me to  
Cross wide Canyons, glide over the Oceans, and leap above the Moon,  
In one instant of glorious meditation.