

Contemplation with red bridge and windy sunshine

by [Jeff Gundy](#) in the [January 9, 2013](#) issue

The space between two people never quite closes. That's all right. It's the rub of surfaces we need anyway, the slow

brush of hand on arm, the quick hug as we discover an old friend has gone gray, that he's reading on a hard

chair in the back room, leaving most of the house to strangers. It's all right to leave him there, maybe, to walk across

the red bridge and into the woods, travel the worn paths in windy sunshine. Turning left each time will bring

you back. It's all right, maybe, to explain that you won't be back till late, that you hope for coffee in the morning,

for a small table upstairs to spread out your books and papers, most of which you won't open before you pack up to leave.

The space between two people can open like a net, collapse, dangle loose and empty, ready to catch and hold, to bind.