

Foreword

Carrie Newcomer

Liminality

*So much of what we know
Lives just below the surface.
Half of a tree
Spreads out beneath our feet.
A tree lives simultaneously in two worlds,
Each half informing and nurturing
The whole.
A tree is either and neither,
But mostly both.*

*I am drawn to liminal spaces,
The unruly and wild
Where the forest gives way
And my little patch of garden begins.
Where water, air and light overlap,
Becoming mist on the morning pond.
I like to sit on my porch steps, barn jacket and boots
In the last long exhale of the day,
When bats and birds loop in and then out,
One rising to work,
One readying for sleep.*

*And although the full moon calls the currents,
And the dark moon reminds me that my best language*

*Has always emerged out of the silence,
It is in the waxing and waning
Where I most often live,
Neither here nor there,
But simply
On the way.*

*There are endings and beginnings
One emerging out of the other.
But most days I travel in an ever-present
And curious now,
A betwixt and between,
That is almost,
But not quite,
The beautiful,
But not yet.*

*I've been learning to live with what is,
Be more patient with the process,
Love what is becoming,
And the questions that keep returning.
I am learning to trust
The horizon I walk toward
Is an orientation,
Not a destination,
And that I will keep catching glimpses
Of something great and luminous
From the corner of my eye.*

*I am learning to live where losses hold fast
And grief lets loose and unravels
Where a new kind of knowing can pick up the thread,
Where I can slide palms with a paradox
And nod at the dawn,
As the shadows pull back
And spirit meets bone.¹*

¹ The poem *Liminality* is used with permission of its author, © 2021 Carrie Newcomer.