

Intimate Liminal Space Part 1 Poem

I am so scared to be alone.

I feel alone now, lives pass me.

As each person I hold, held, not me, but I push as I hold as they tried to be there with me. I ache to be held, to know that you will be there,

I am so scared to be alone.

I carry an emptiness with me wherever I go, an emptiness I hold for those I lost, a house that exists only in mind.

I feel singular,
my deep interest with love and connection, my movement to love, my grasping,
gasping for love.

Is a way for me not to feel alone.

But these books don't make me feel less alone.

My theory stems out of my loneliness,
because, maybe if I can break the idea of the stranger, I can prove to myself that I
am not alone, that loneliness does not exist.

But I don't feel like I believe that now, because I feel alone and it seems endless.

I will, however, still do my best, I will learn about love, the absence of it, the forms it
takes, so I can love better, make someone else feel less alone.

Let them know that even though in my head I am alone, I as an idea am scattered,
expanded to hold those who feel alone. I will hold you close, even if I am floating off,
me in that moment, me in another form, me in another shape will be there. Me as an
idea am multiple, and you can hold part of me just like it will hold you.

I will let you go now, then, trust that space once held, held before, will,
will have forever be held, and with that I want to;

Thank you, for existing, having existed, exist, thank you, for showing me an alternative to being scared of being. Wherever you are, whenever you are we will have existed forever. And I am grateful that it is, will be, was, you, them, me.

By Hooi-Ying Ash Zhang

张海莹