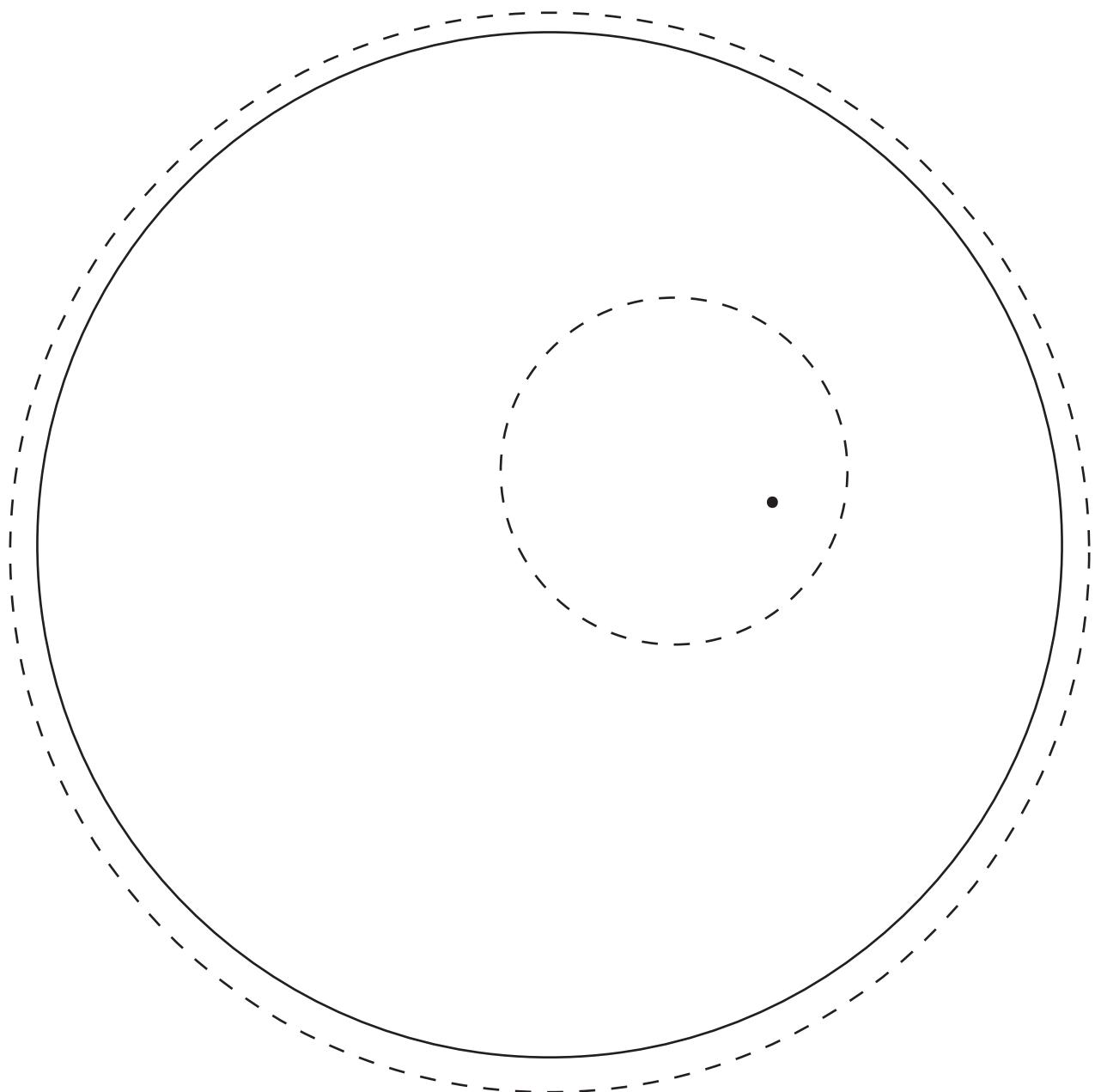
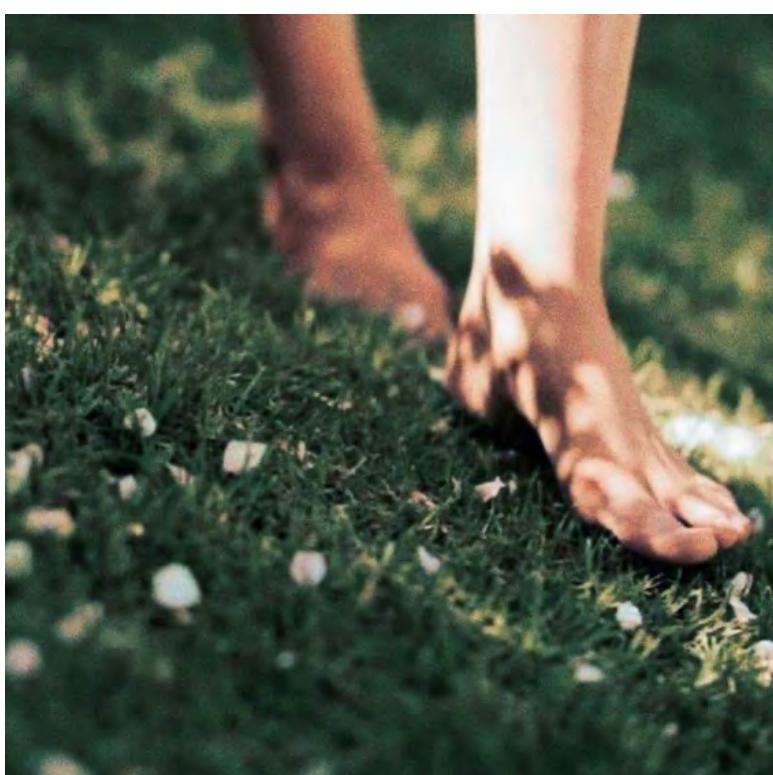


— — — — — . space
_____ place



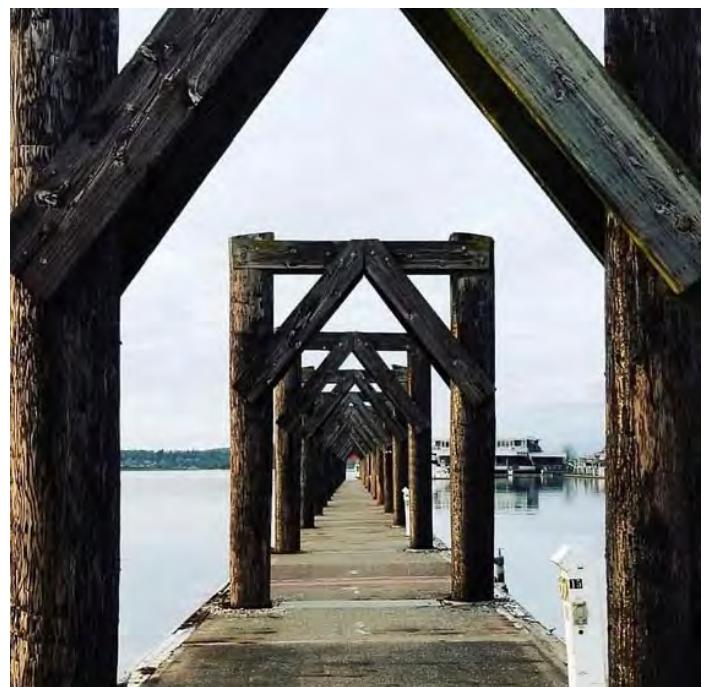
place
as in destination, a goal



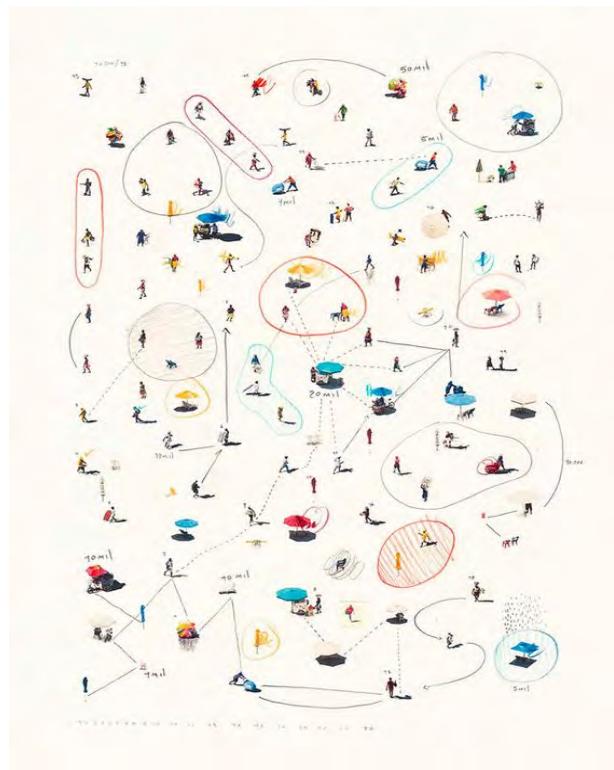
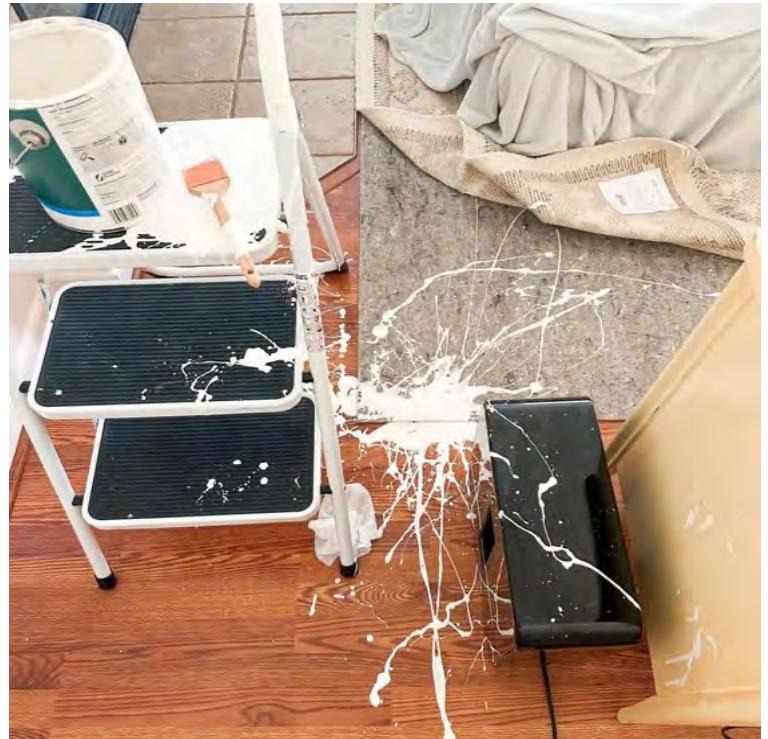
place
as in putting down something



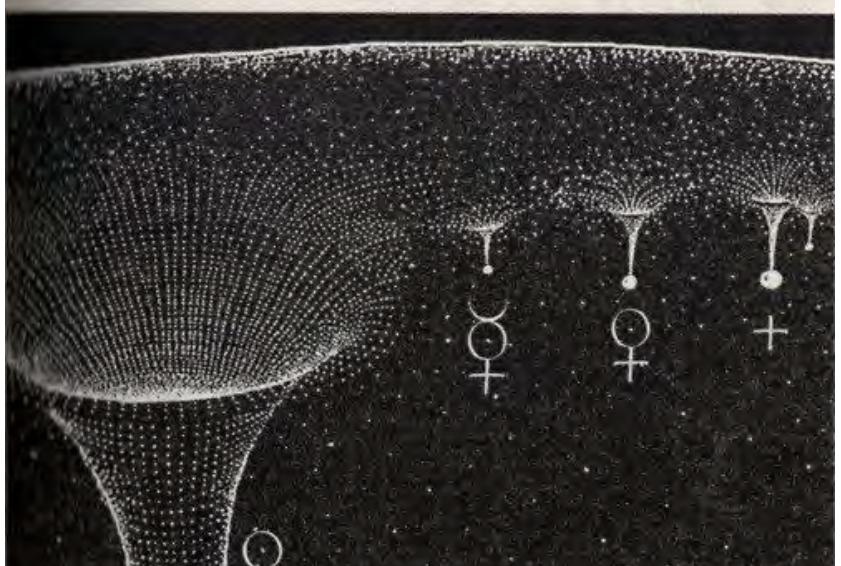
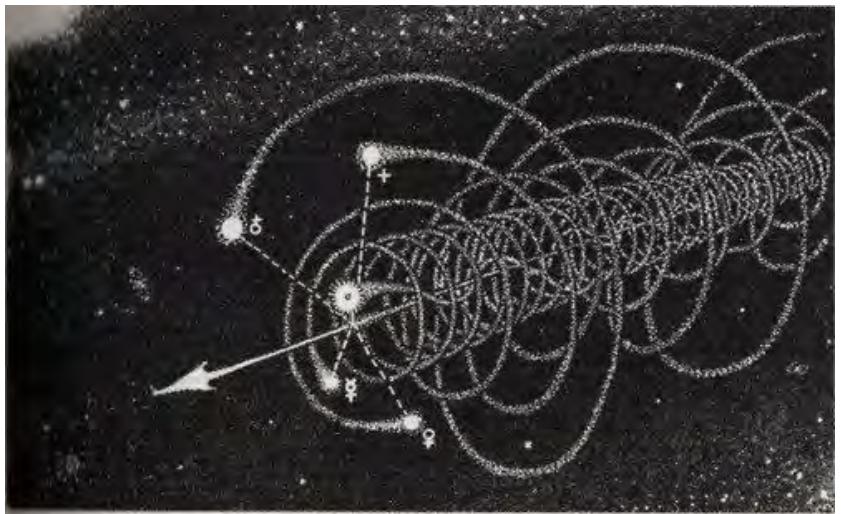
place
with a view



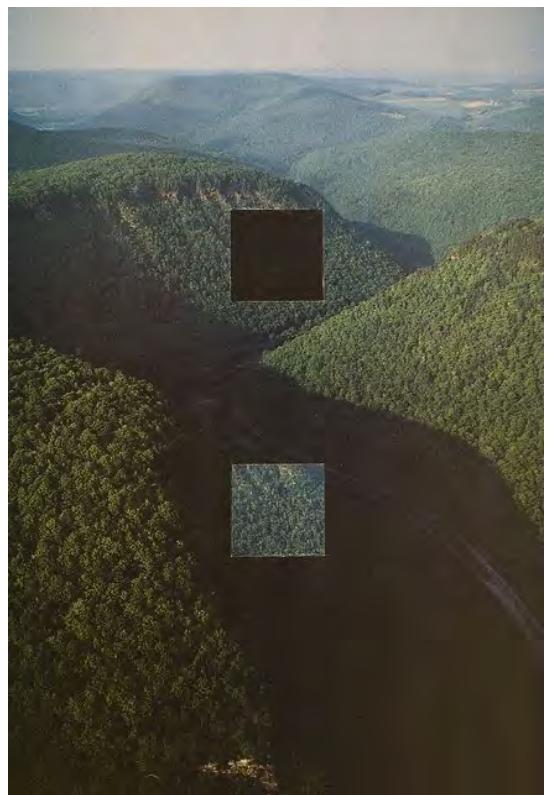
place
as in a seat or designated area



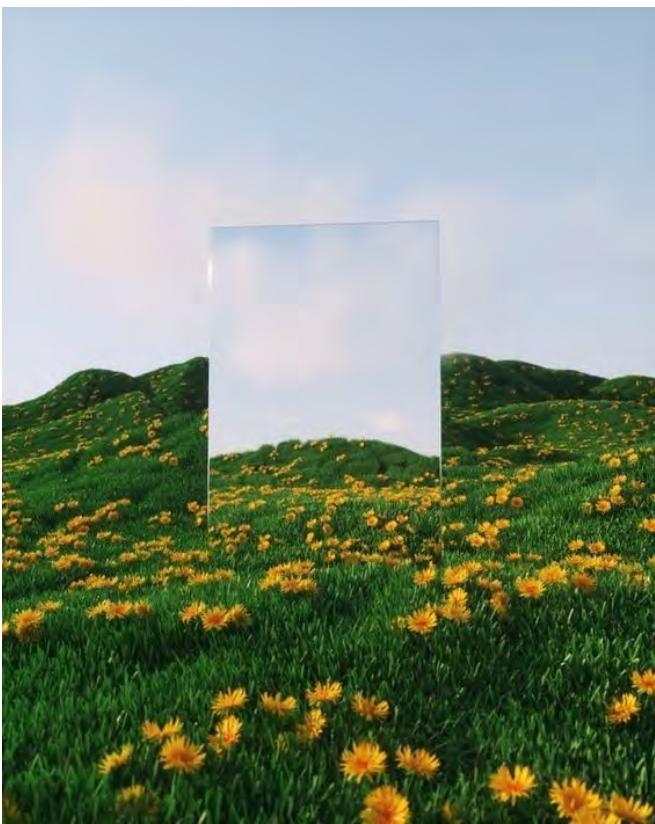
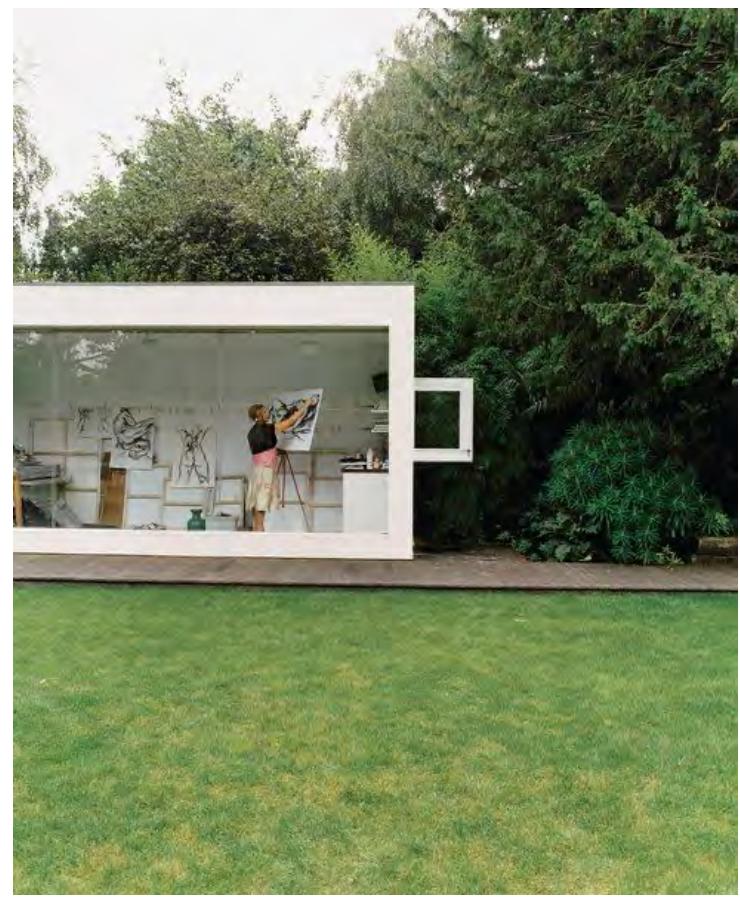
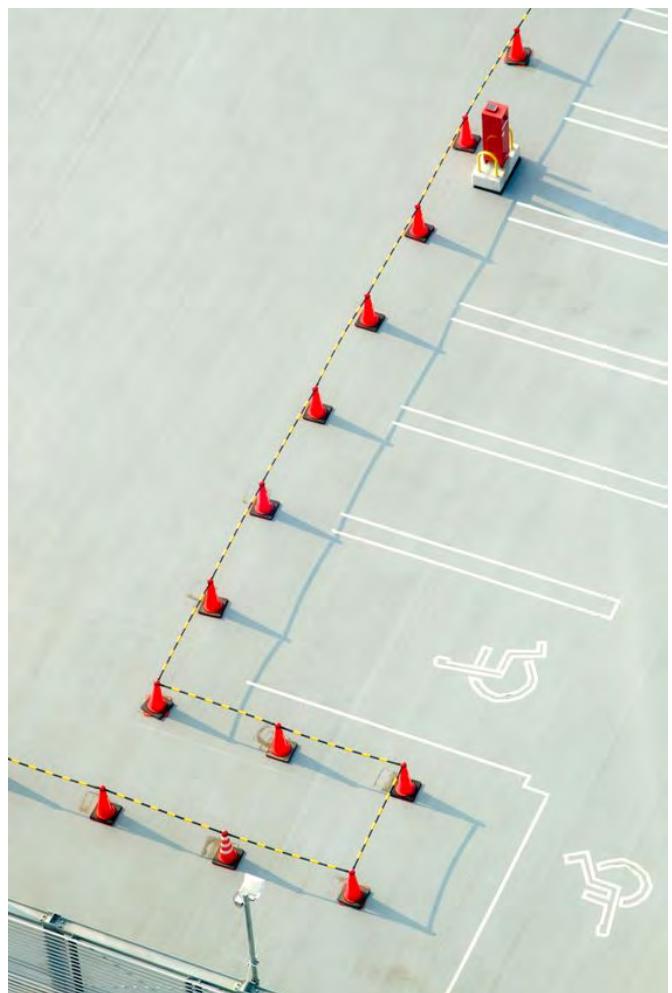
space
as in the galaxy



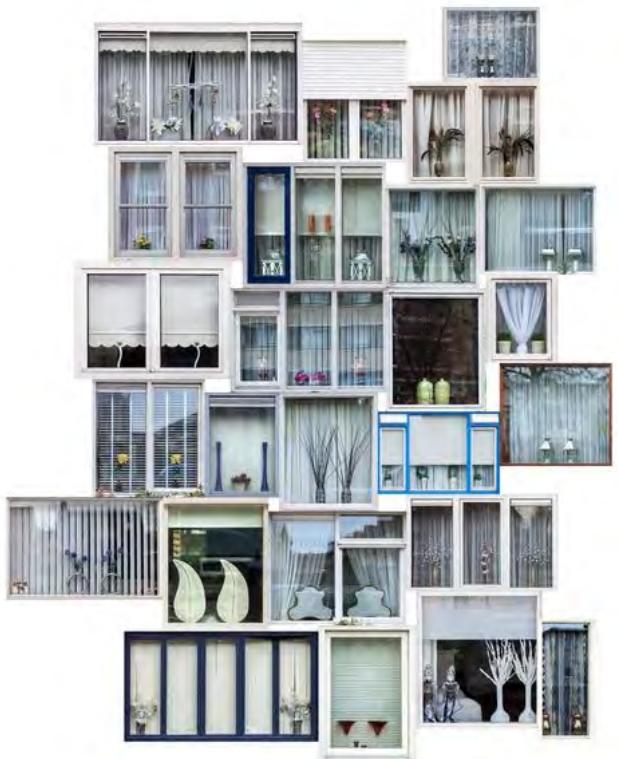
space
as in cornered off area in a place



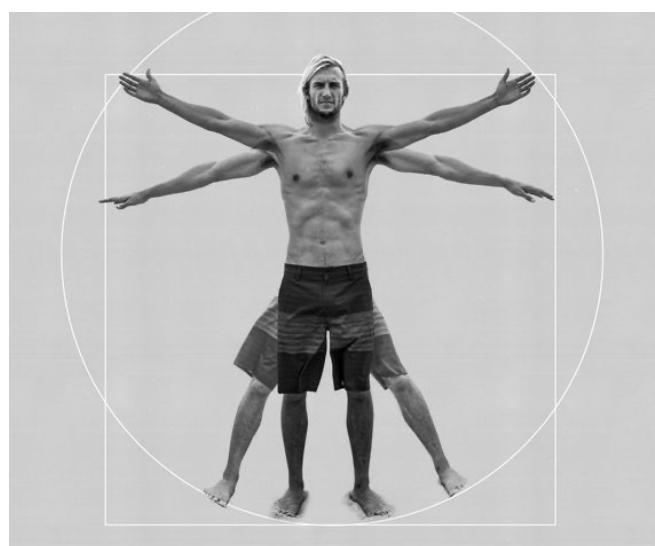
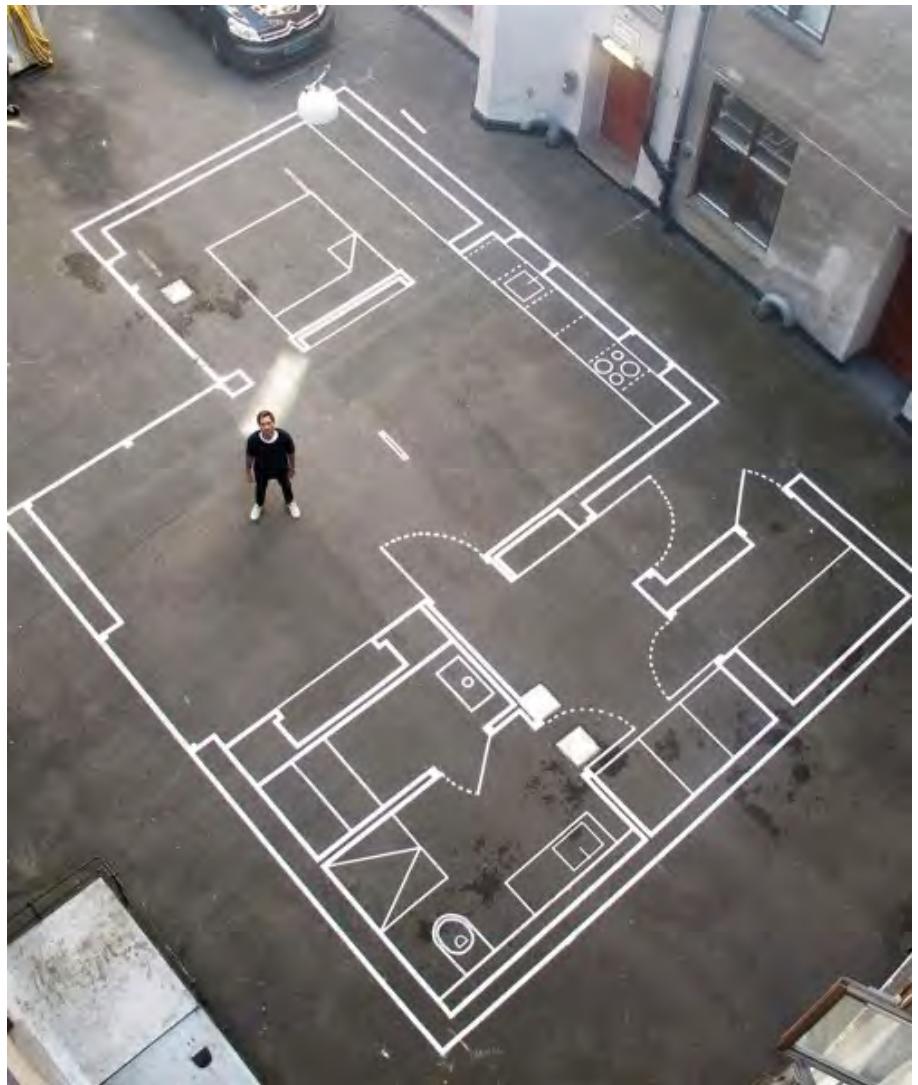
space
as in open but encompassed



space
a room



space dimensions and measurements



space

> enclosed in a way,

definition in dictionary:

1: a continuous area or expanse which is free, available, or unoccupied.

"a table took up much of the space"

2: the dimensions of height, depth, and width within which all things exist and move.

"the work gives the sense of a journey in space and time"

3: position (two or more items) at a distance from one another.

"the poles are spaced 3m apart"

place

> destination, goal, grounding, seat, view

definition in dictionary:

1: a particular position, point, or area in space; a location.

"the monastery was a peaceful place"

2: a portion of space designated or available for or being used by someone.

"they hurried to their places at the table"

3: put in a particular position.

"a newspaper had been placed beside my plate"

excerpt from a story i wrote:

My job was just under a 15 minute drive away - a small coffeeshop amidst a huge indoor mall. Even though the space itself was barely enough to hold about 20 people, it felt airy.

note from a restaurant in maastricht:

Even though I usually prefer to stay in restaurants longer, to talk and take it slow, this place didn't really fit that way of dining.

excerpt from a story i wrote:

Time stops for a moment. Adriel isn't sure If he's dead or alive, or in a space in between. He doesn't feel the rain hitting his face, or the soreness of the torment his body just went through. He feels nothing, and at that moment, he just... floats.

poem i wrote in 2019:

sweeping tide
slowing waves
revealing its secrets with hurry
before sealing them away again

push, pull
infatuated with repetition

the way water
seeks its way

through the pores of my skin,
past the space between my fingers

i can't get enough of it

Poem i wrote in 2021:

i could write poems about you
the greatest plays on words
and endless sentences

about the way your neck catches shadows
in the somber light the streetlamps above our
heads project on us
about the way your hand cusps the edge of your
phone, and the **space** between your tense
fingers
it's in your hair too, the way your cleanshaven
neckline ends and the visibility of your muscles
starts
and in the way you turn your head to me
to smile, ever so gentle

i could focus on everything on its own, then as a
whole, and still find new things to discover

in every amount of light, you shine
in every scenery, you stand out
in all seasons, you bring warmth
and every sentence you speak sounds like a
song

you're a symphony made for an extensive play,
looming in the background at times and then
jumping out in the moments most necessary

i don't think i could love you more than I do now
yet tomorrow morning, you'll prove me wrong
when daybreak comes, so does my adoration
for you, crashing in like the tide near a full moon
— higher than before, stronger than before,
more engulfing than ever

i could write poems about you
just like this, except ten times over

poem i wrote:

i ask them to open
the clouds, i do
they're the sheer curtains
i need to remove

i ask them to open
i watch them float by
i see them change colours
they fold, they ply

they cry out the rain
they roar out the thunder
to reveal the sky, the stars
to unlock my wonder

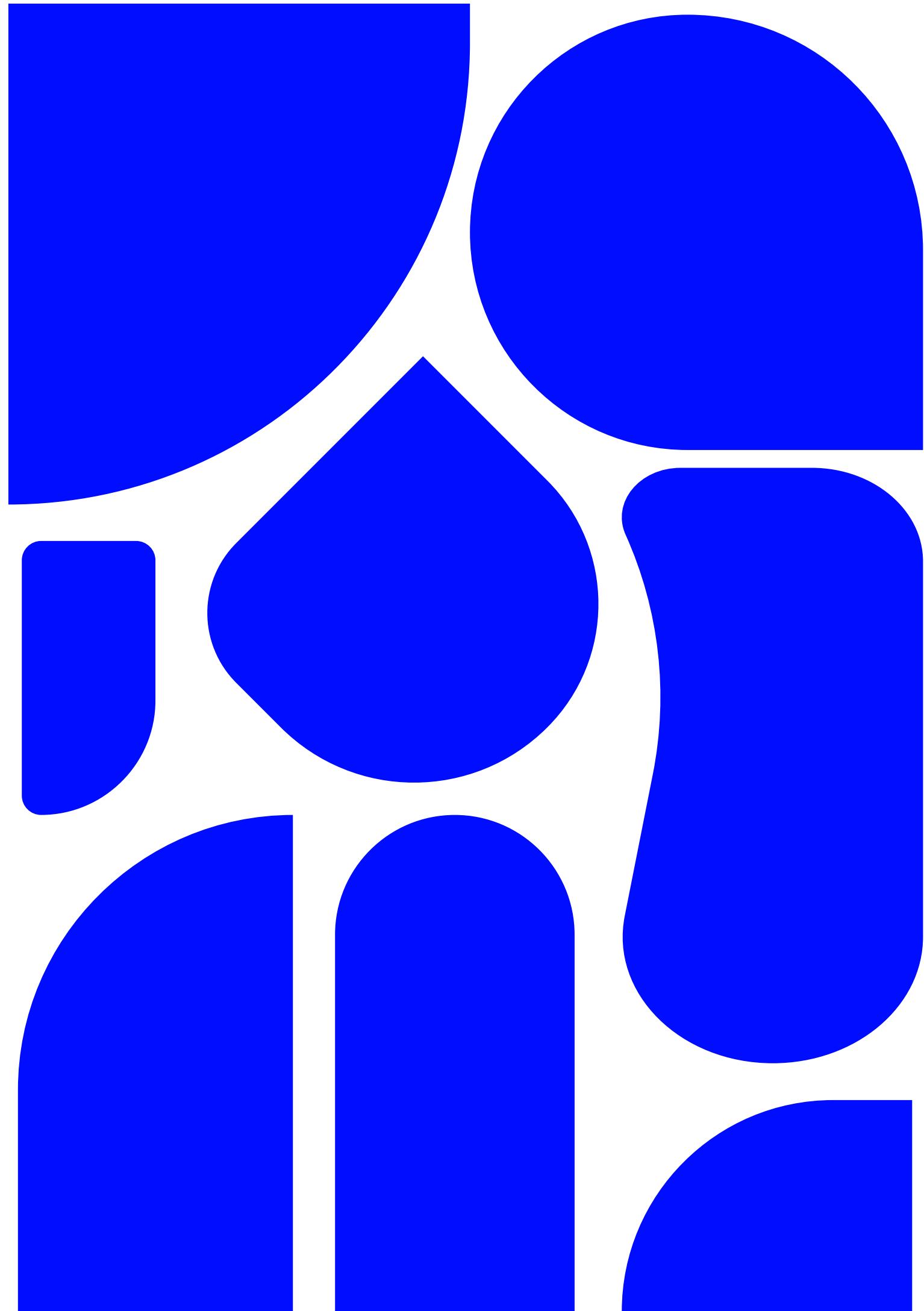
i asked them to open
the clouds, i did
and i'm watching in awe
towards **space**, amid

poem i wrote:

i am sat
in a **space** i've made my own
at the **place** i only know
as the left side of my couch
in the middle of my home

there's a portrait to my right
a little up the wall
a rosy cheek, and handplucked flowers
a heavy dress and evening sky
she's here too, as her embroidered self
stuck in the same pose
night after night

we share this **place**
and the **space** i've made my own
is just as much hers as it is mine



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