

Irit Katz Feigis

This is where

Mind the gap
Between your body and the world.
Careful, things might fall
Where the senses cannot feel—
This is where I hide,
Waiting for the smell in order to
inhale the air that you've
just dropped.
This is where I hide below
your ever-reaching steps,
to hear and touch and see
what is buried well inside.
Yes, this is where I hide—
and you can look for me forever
on the passing trains and platforms
while I
Am dancing on your blind spot