

# Portals

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I have stopped in the doorway of my life  
my personal portal in space-time

but we mortals are not meant to pause because  
the temporal currents are divine  
and stifling their transmutation  
mutilates the mind

when where you've come from and where you're  
going  
play tug-of-war over your spine  
scoliosis curves are born  
from the victory of  
both sides  
over you

I have paused on the threshold  
for the sake of balance,  
boundless reflection

craving the impossible sight of timelines  
stretching in opposite directions  
on both sides of me,  
my body torn  
down  
the  
middle

“stand clear of the closing doors please”  
a warning, really, but

I've stood here for years, I think.

the neurons in my brain are splitting  
in half, my feet growing wider and wider  
trying desperately to ground me in two worlds  
at once

the winds of time bite and  
my being dissipates and  
I struggle to stay upright and  
I have to move

to let the gales fold over me  
bowing deeply to change as  
I merge its power with my own

living meditation  
letting incantations push  
me  
resolutely through the portal

not as separate half-beings  
but whole, moving  
and utterly present