

# The Cupola

Scholarship at Gettysburg College



---

Student Publications

Student Scholarship

---

Fall 2018

## Ode to being In-Between

Corey S. Ullman  
*Gettysburg College*

Follow this and additional works at: [https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/student\\_scholarship](https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/student_scholarship)

 Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

**Share feedback about the accessibility of this item.**

---

Ullman, Corey S., "Ode to being In-Between" (2018). *Student Publications*. 664.  
[https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/student\\_scholarship/664](https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/student_scholarship/664)

This open access creative writing is brought to you by The Cupola: Scholarship at Gettysburg College. It has been accepted for inclusion by an authorized administrator of The Cupola. For more information, please contact [cupola@gettysburg.edu](mailto:cupola@gettysburg.edu).

---

# Ode to being In-Between

**Abstract**

A poem about melancholy, loneliness, airports, and travelling.

**Keywords**

Poem, poetry, place, mindfulness

**Disciplines**

Creative Writing | Poetry

**Comments**

Written for Eng 205: Into to Creative Writing.

**Creative Commons License**

Creative

Commons

License

This work is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-Share Alike 4.0 License](https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-sa/4.0/).

## Ode to being In-Between

Corey Ullman

I've never been here, but every airport feels like a dream of every other airport. I know on instinct where things are, how they should be arranged, and the only things I notice are errors in assumptions, new things to add to *what an airport should be*. Revisions to a theory. Where I was wrong.

I was rushed through the first two hours here and now I have two more to wait. The flight before mine is still boarding. The people are the same in their individuality, the fact that I won't know them, won't ever meet them. Too many to begin understanding.

I want to wander around the airport but if I leave my suitcase it'll get stolen and if I take my suitcase I have to take my suitcase.

A small price to pay, I suppose. It rolls behind me, clicking on white tiles tinged blue by the sky.

This place isn't real. I describe a place without a soul,

a place defined by how little it is.

Sitting between every other place it is a map that can point everywhere

(and thus is a vast nowhere,)

an empty vase,

two mirrors facing each other. I stand between.

I buy a coffee. It tastes loud.

This wing of the airport is empty. I sit on my suitcase.

There's a glass statue of hands as a tree, a hundred feet tall and utterly alone.

I feel my presence, here, now, reflected in chips of glass.

I hear music,

from somewhere.

Like water.

I do not seek its source.