Bardo - a word of Eastern origin describing the continuous state of oscillation between certainty and uncertainty that characterizes all of life, a state that by its nature creates gaps, spaces in which profound chances and opportunities for transformation are continuously flowering - if they can be seen and seized.

BARDO OVER THE HUDSON
Susan Jefts

Words, Born out of vibrating air
at West 26th street, air of myth and poetry.
Words, Some danced patterns for me outside
on the sidewalk as I headed toward midtown.
Words, I ran into more the next day
below the Columbus statue in Central Park,
arranging themselves on purple pansies that
startled me out of any remaining winter.
Words, Hanging languidly outside the window
at Café Europa, their fairy bodies hovering
between creme brulée and Carnegie Hall.

Words, at the wide throat of the Hudson as
my train rambles northward.
These words flicker like unborn fireflies unversed
in the art of direction, or rhythm, or sound;
They are the ones I want.
These in between words, lingering low in that
bardo like place, in the sacred gap the mystics so honor.
Here, that place floats on smoky mist over the Hudson.
Air between Gotham and Lake Tear of the Clouds,
between life receiving and life giving,
being and becoming,
between the word and the image,
Poetry.