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## Then & There

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## Then & There

by Mark Terrill

We're standing in the kitchen of the old German farmhouse that we've been renting & calling home for fifteen years now & you're telling me very matter-of-factly in clear succinct terms just how delicious the black bread is that I bought from the baker that afternoon & over your shoulder through the screened-in kitchen window I can see a half-dozen brown & white cows grazing idly in the upper pasture & beyond that huge vapory puffs of cloud slowly drifting in from the west sliding up against a backdrop of deep blue sky & it occurs to me then & there that love is not just something that holds two people together or eventually tears them apart or hovers over them like some giant translucent dome protecting them from a world without love but rather exists like a sort of invisible spirit or energy that permeates and informs and runs through everything further than the eye can see deeper than the heart can feel more concrete than the mind can realize holding the whole thing together while it expands out into some previously unknown fourth dimension which is now resounding with your words of praise about a loaf of black bread I bought at the baker which really doesn't have anything to do with anything yet at the same time seems to be the center around which everything in the world is suddenly turning simultaneously expanding & contracting & folding back in on itself forming a perpetual loop of finite infinity in which I find myself standing on a tiled kitchen floor in a farmhouse in Germany in the midst of a split second of all-abiding clarity which without any further ado could also be eternity.