



LIFE IN TRANSIT  
Living In The In-Between  
By Wayne Visser

Life is lived in the in-between  
In transit  
Between coming and going  
Between staying and moving on  
Between here and there

And what we call home  
What we call settled or contented  
Is merely a resting place  
A station for refuelling  
A nexus for re-connecting  
A junction for changing direction

The bus stops and train stations  
The airports and traffic lights of our life  
Are nodes linking us to our past  
And windows peering into our future  
They are choice matrixes  
And platforms of destiny

At life's stopping points  
We bump into others and smile  
(Or curse silently under our breath)  
We pause long enough to reflect  
To mull on our confusion  
And share moments of clarity

So let us not be so impatient to leave  
To wish we were somewhere else  
Because life's most unexpected surprises  
Happen in the in-between  
In the moments of passing touch  
And the tangled knots of transition





Between boredom and panic  
In the zone of chance  
When the landscape is not rushing by

And love (the greatest surprise of all)  
Is only to be found where paths cross  
And journeys are re-routed  
Where our most fixed plans change  
And new destinations are contemplated  
Love is seldom found at high speed  
When we are looking for obvious landmarks  
But rather when we are standing still enough  
To notice subtle shifts in moods and patterns

Life is lived in the in-between  
Amidst strangers who become friends  
And friends who become lovers  
Amidst lovers who become soul mates  
And soul mates who make life worth living

And the places we think of as our endpoints  
Are just launch pads for new beginnings  
The time we spend waiting for our lives to change  
Is the very fulcrum on which our galaxies pivot

Therefore, let us pay attention to the waiting  
And be alert in the places of transit  
Let us soak up the chaotic ambience of where we are  
Rather than pine for the neatly ordered vision  
Of where we could or should or want to be

Let us be where we are  
Noticing the people and the smells  
And the noise of the jumbled waiting  
Alert to the feelings and the flow  
And the beauty of the to-ing and fro-ing  
Content not to be where we think we are going  
Nor where we imagine we came from





Let us be happily in the transit of now  
Fascinated by the overlapping of our world with others'  
Of precious moments shared  
Of fleeting smiles and knowing looks  
Of orbits crossing that almost certainly mean nothing  
And yet might just mean everything

Let us acknowledge all the forgettable faces  
That emerge from the fog and melt back into oblivion  
The warmth offered by random strangers  
That leave us certain of nothing  
Except that nothing is certain  
And knowing no one  
(Not even ourselves)  
And yet knowing many so intimately  
Through these fleeting connections

Life is lived in the in-between  
Between moving and minding  
Between loving and doubting  
Between you and me  
In transit  
Life is lived  
In the in-between

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