# Palliative and Supportive Care

# **Liminal Space**

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Jenni R. Clarkson, в.а. 厄

Independent Scholar, Indianapolis, IN 46254

# **Poetry**

**Cite this article:** Clarkson JR (2022). Liminal Space. *Palliative and Supportive Care* **20**, 914. https://doi.org/10.1017/S1478951522000608

Received: 26 April 2022 Accepted: 1 May 2022

#### **Author for correspondence:**

Jenni R. Clarkson, Independent Scholar, 4804 Dorkin Court, Indianapolis, IN 46254, USA. E-mail: jenni.clarkson@gmail.com I park my car and sit for a few moments in a visitor spot, but I'm not listening to NPR anymore. I sit in silence, breathe deeply, and prepare myself for what awaits in the apartment before me. I get out and walk to the entrance, jangling my keys, not knowing how she is on the other side. I open the door to find it quiet this time, no hospice nurse or hovering chaplain, just my sister sitting at her bedside reading a book. She waves at me. I go directly to the bedside and take my mother's chilly hand. "Hi, Momma, I'm here." Her eyes flicker open, and there's a moment of disorientation before she smiles, "Hi, baby." That's me, the 42-year-old baby of the family. "How've you been sleeping?" I ask her. "Not so much," she says. "I doze, but I don't really sleep." My sister nods her agreement from the other side of the bed.

"She's in a liminal space," my therapist tells me as I stare at the flickering candle on the table between us, "and you can't follow her." I know this logically, but I seem to be lagging behind emotionally and spiritually. "I know," I say. "She's at the threshold; we can only hold her hand so long. But the letting go sucks the big one." My counselor laughs at the juxtaposition. I shake my head. "I'm not sure what to do about the whole thing, And I'm not sure what I believe anymore." "Believe about what, exactly?" She prods. "About ... about God. About whether there is a reason or even a rhyme anymore. I used to be able to write it out, at least get it on paper, but I can't even get a word to come from my pen." "Are you upset about your mother dying or because you have writer's block?" She asks in all seriousness. And the answer is simply, "Yes."

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