

# I Am The Space Between

BY TANYA TIGER

I find myself in the space between the person I was and who I want to be.

I am no longer the shy and outcast child I once was, yet, I struggle to stand firmly in my confident, quirky woman-self. I no longer feel desperate to belong but long for a sense of true community where I can let down my guard, be vulnerable, and completely myself while being held with love and grace by those around me.

I no longer damn my younger self for the mistakes I made – hell, I was a kid just trying to find my way. Yet, still I find myself rekindling the fires that burned bridges long ago, unable to quiet the wildfire in my mind. I am no longer the victim of my story, I am the heroine – and yet the words on the pages before me are blurred and my path uncertain.

I am drifting in the space between. That space between asleep and fully awake...where anything is possible and yet seems just out of reach. I no longer feel the need to validate my existence based solely on others' perceptions of me, and yet I ache for acceptance and to feel truly at home somewhere, anywhere.

And while I no longer fear being alone, I still feel lonely in crowded places. I grasp the concept that 'haters gonna hate' and yet, all I long to feel is love and compassion. I understand that not everyone will like me, nor do I feel the need to bend myself into shapes that do not fit in order to be liked, but dammit if I don't continue to find myself wondering what it takes to feel belonging in this crazy world.

***I am wandering in the in-between. No longer do I carry myself in that awkward, juvenile manner but still I struggle to find my way in this womanly body. I no longer define myself by what men find sexy, but have yet to find my own definition.***

I am no longer estranged from my body, feeling fully its pulse and energy grounding me to the earth but still I find myself drifting above, like a kite on a string, reaching for some unseen, unnamed "holy land" above my head that pulls me out and up and away from really feeling my body.

No longer do I seek answers solely from outside myself, now I dare to dig deep, to claw my way down ever deeper to the depths of my soul where every shadowy monster, heartache, mistake, truth, dream, and revelry reside. For it is there that I have come to realize my true nature is housed. Only there will I find solid ground from which to rebuild 'me.'

I am seeking in the space between. No longer afraid to eat from the tree of knowledge and yet, afraid I will be consumed by what I learn. No longer afraid of the power contained in this vessel and yet, knocked sideways by the force of sensuality that explodes from my depths when I surrender.

No longer angry at the world but still burned by the white-hot rage that occasionally engulfs me. No longer the 'good girl' but never really 'bad' either. No longer content to sit on the sidelines as the world passes me by and yet, still cautious and unsteady as I move through it. No longer am I certain about anything and still, there is an echo of knowing which radiates from within. A signpost perhaps?

No...know, I am neither heaven nor hell. I am neither saint nor sinner. I am neither the light nor the dark.

I am the space between.

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