

distance as a product of absence
Victoria Lacchetta

can distance exist with-
out measuring one against
another? without an absence
that stretches down the
middle of two or more
points? I guess what I want
to know is can distance exist
between me and myself?
my mind and my body?

Is wanting distance the same
as creating it? can you ache
for distance? and is it really
distance if distance is all
that's there besides myself.
absence doesn't stretch
through space or time to
measure me against points,
against sources of weakness;

against solitude. absence is
supposed to be this connective
body, but it changes in essence
when I'm all that's left and
there's nothing to connect me
to. absence exists because of
distance, or did, but can
absence now be what's causing
it? Is distance always causal?

It can't be, when distance isn't
purely physical anymore and
distant is how I feel rather than
what I am. distance digs into my
lonely mind, it sloshes through
evaporating puddles in a pool of
abandoned people that used to
be points. points once measure by
distance and connected by absence.

distance has nothing to measure
anymore, nothing is absent but me.

Victoria spends most of her days cuddling her dog and husband in Rochester, New York. She's written two lengthy pieces of research on pizza as an ethnic dish, and recently founded an experientially driven blog, *Abstract + On Track*, that details her forever journey towards emotional stability. Her first chapbook, "The Cubicle" was published with *Gap Riot Press* in November of 2019, and recent poetry or artwork have appeared in *Perhappened Mag*, *Crêpe & Penn* and *Ang(st) Zine*.