

THE SKETCHING GIRL

From nowhere she came, the Sketching Girl,
making marks on her paper as she walked and she talked,
"two verticals and a horizontal and voila there's a tree".

She loves telling pictures to please her own soul,
listening closely, repeating the sounds and the silences
as the earth hums and buzzes and your voice can say so

shouting beauty in the quietest that you know,
in the tiniest, loveliest, teensiest - the simplest -
colors, lines and shapes of the earth,

the roughness or smoothness of it in your stroke,
green tree moss, lush and thick; frog splashes back in,
hummingbird in and out of sweet nectar for him.

A coleus sits in a pot which sits on a table.
The light strokes the purples, turning plainness into velvet.
Sketching a picture without her voice is never enough.

Once a small girl held her breath in, her eyes locked on mine,
she pleasuring over the peacock's long, graceful back and tail line
as it flowed out of my pencil.

© Helene Belliveau June 2008