

I Want to Draw a Poem

I want to draw a poem
about sorrow,
with big, loopy circles
that disappear off the paper,
returning unexpectedly,
like disappointment
catching you off guard
a fist in the gut
leaving you breathless, bent over.
Aching.

I want to press the pencil
into the surface of the paper
so hard
that it leaves a hollow
you can feel with your fingertips,
making a scrawl of furious line,
over and over and over,
darker and darker and darker,
until the whiteness is black.
A jagged grid.

I want to make marks
of swift movement,
shapes spelling out a calligraphy of
amazement at events
turning in ways
unimaginable (ever),
paint puddling
like sudden tears
pooled in the corner of the eye.
About to fall.

I want to sketch a gesture drawing,
a frenzied scrawl
running and running and running
to the edge
of the unknown earth,
lines in search of compassionate
grisaille;
lines that collapse, exhausted
onto themselves,
in despair, disquiet.
Disbelief.

I want to form a simple contour
tracing a line that pays attention,
watching,
trying to understand,
a mobius line that,
eventually,
with passing time,
ends the poem,
returning to the center.
Explaining why.

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