

SARAH GRIDLEY

Charcoal

for Heather

As it calls back wrong and needless scratches to soften the work of unveiling, gentleness draws so well there is no overlooking its line. Close friend of the shadow play of blue. Friend who goes as bells in snow. As though it guessed the useful residue of bones and willows, and stayed the forms of leaving off, and put the weight of furrows in our hands. Drawing stars, and drawing firs, gentleness comes to open the vein. Line of impure carbon and available time. Seam of transmutable sadnesses. In the square the archway opens into, where a mind on diverse wings will bank as if in one dream, curved in a shared falling, it will come aground, shy of here, to a drawing of mysterious accuracy.