

RUSTY MORRISON

**Heft**

She sketches sky. Not to lure clouds—diaphanous, changeable—  
down to her canvas, but to see wind's measure  
of their heft.  
In the low, thrush-voiced shading of her graphite pencil,  
she hears variations in density  
as the psyches of leaves individuate.  
Every previous perception she's taken from world—each small, muscular  
holding-on—  
she will yield to weight  
as her counter-mode of attention, and let what amasses  
extend. On her erasure-roughened paper,  
a skylark's wings in flight  
are neither bone nor blood, yet they gather  
from bone and blood the aggregate weight of moving shadows.  
But not so abruptly  
as would provoke in her a whitening of skin, a wringing of hands.