

sketching life
for my sister

is what she's always been good at.

not just with a pen
(or a pencil)
not on a computer,
but in her mind

sketching, sketching, sketching.

sketching each experience fresh, raw, seeing it and taking it down quickly
etching it into her mind

etching
etching
etching

but yes
sometimes,
well,
often,
she picks up a pen

(or a beer)

and joins with it

That's why she does what she does, you know?
That's why we all do what we do.

but the reaching, the reaching, that's the problem.

she smiles to herself
a beer, well, that's always a good time
it's easy
you crack it open and you're immediately friends
with the moment in which the beer is shared

that pen, though
ain't always easy to join to
because it's a mirror to the etching

she looked at the page,

pen in hand
and scanned the etches of her mind
some etched in stone
some in water
to fade away with just a shake,
or to slide out of her ear
with a tip of the head

and then she draws.
drawing and sketching,
how are they different?

we don't need to talk about that this time, she thought
I'm tired of this line
it's probably tired of me too,
preferring just to be a moment to be followed, not one that I lead

she set pen to page

often,
when this happened,
she set out to take something else in,
to observe and mirror
something she saw
something she liked

this time,
when this happened
she set out to let something out
to allow and love
something she felt
something she dreamed

and must we talk about what came next?
the result?
the differences?
the similarities?

or has the lesson of this story
not been heard?

she looked at what she created
and kept it for herself
to only know herself
so that she could decide
that it loved her
and her, it

and that
was all that mattered.