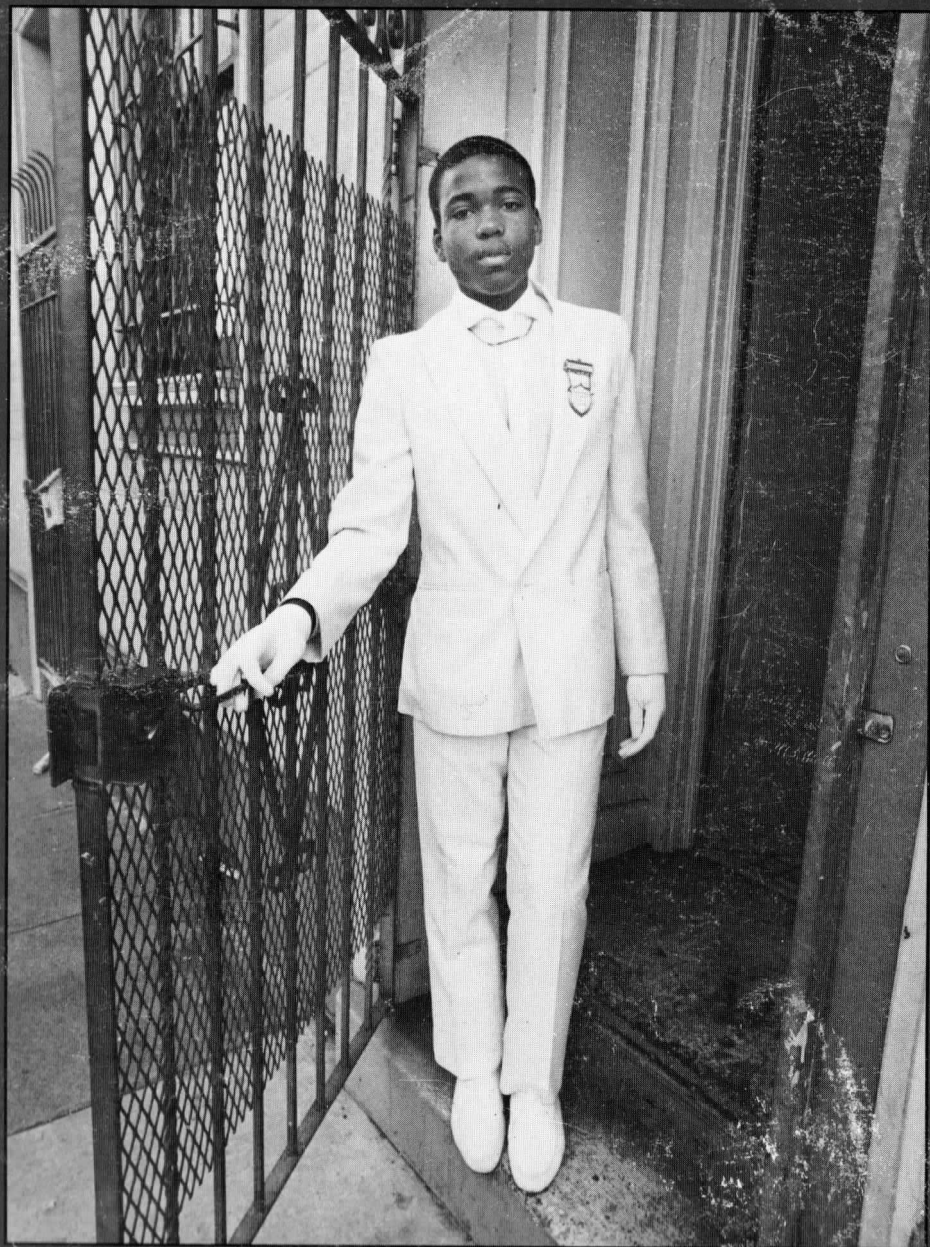


sequoia



The Stanford Literary Journal

A Way of Seeing

*Winner of the Michael Jasper Gioia
Undergraduate Award in Poetry for 1989*

Afternoons after art class:

everything radiance and shadow,
every shape's boundary makes space
leap away.

Ragged light scrapes sandstone,
smooths tender white tree limb to shine of pure bone,
creeps under arches that curve like the cave of
my model's waist.

She is light's lover,
and I love her, too —

I own all the space around her;
I nudge her with my stub of charcoal
and each mole is mine, each line and smear
makes her more whole: I trace
her extra flesh in folds the charcoal loves to feel, erase
a shadow underneath one breast
and I caress,
evanesce
my own boundary.

I walk home the long way,
prolonging the walk.

This way of seeing is another flavor
of life, of being, and I hold it with all my body
as cream in my mouth
to savor.

Woodcut by Teal Derrer