

The Artist

She studied the edge of his face
Where light played with shadow.
Her left hand followed
Until his image emerged from the contours.

She captured him — line after line
Until he became alive.
There was no time passing,
No hunger, no yearning, only this moment.

She was a child again
Counting the stars.
She was splashing in creeks
and chasing dragons.

She watched the fireflies at night
Until she was nothing but wonder.