

I listened to you draw

Last night
I listened to you draw,
a knarl of driftwood
rescued from the beach
bleached and sandblasted,
the softer wood worn away
between the hard ribbed grain,
the shrunken knots
unplugged and eyeless.

You pressed the pastel down
in bone dry broadsides,
long breathy drags
exhausted as they scuffed
the parched white paper.
I heard you sketch
with a brasher, harder edge,
tetchy ticks and dashes
to catch a final flash of detail.
And humming to yourself
you deftly hatched a riff
of fine line warp and weft.
Then one last time you leaned away,
left the drawing to settle in silence.

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This morning
a warm wind from the south
is softly combing the machair,
flouncing splays of marram grass
sprung in clumps behind the dunes.
While we slept
single needle pointed blades
bent low and seaward,
swept sideways, gently back and forth
across the moonlit sand.
The breeze transcribed
in each slow fitful sweep,
a show of flawless curves
drawn in our sleep.