

## **Depiction**

*a self-portrait*

They tell me to follow the lines  
and I do  
attracted already  
to the beautiful clumsy and flowing  
as part of the ground  
surrounding in darkness  
what shows up within.

I wear a black shirt  
but that is mine too –  
the blue and the green and the white.

Representative face  
incomplete  
undefined  
the features are still taking shape  
with a definite style –  
but to say what it is?  
I've no term for it yet,  
perhaps only "that"  
or just "her."

I follow the lines.  
I step closer.  
What rose up like smoke  
at first glance  
becomes textured  
in layers and sparks  
a dark spirit of body  
with gloved scumbled hands  
being caught in the act  
by what they have done.

The gaze angles in and away  
which appearances must recombine  
involving both sketch and rendition  
and requiring multiple takes  
to form content  
that grows  
as unstable  
and sure  
as the making,  
its subject,  
the sheer residue.