

## Journaling

In the classroom before class. Red yarn  
and white yarn alternated in bands:  
her knitted cap, worn more for style  
than warmth, couldn't contain  
her blonde hair. She tilted her head  
and bent close over her open notebook  
in a devotion that removed  
the entire room. Sadness rose up,  
as if from those white pages.  
Those snowed-over fields faced her  
and she moved through them,  
pacing slowly, halting, then starting  
afresh. Her walking keeps her whole  
on this journey, heading down  
her own blue paths, her way of making.

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