

KAREN MCPHERSON

What It Takes

is what it gives. Stones
pried from dirt's grasp
pounded to pigment,
funneled into vials of glass—
a spectrum. Weeds
boiled, cabernet
distilled, for inks to map
the distance from this home.

There's an underbrush
of something else, a track
where insects rise
in clouds
from the wheat-
grass tide.

Just looking long
and hard enough. In balance
with the sure & measured stroke,
I find, beneath, not visible, a single
thin dark line.