

On spending the morning filling my fountain pen

by [Sarah Rossiter](#) in the [May 18, 2022](#) issue

Of course it doesn't take all morning
but it could, sitting by the river, hoping
to capture the day on paper as the cartridge
draws slowly, and water sings, and trees
bear witness to the liquid light, fluid and
flowing as the river flows and time flows
and I flow, and ink, flowing, fills the pen
with everything liquid and everything light
so where is my beginning, and where do
I end?