

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?