

Drawing the line

by Anna Forsyth

I like to capture their essence. To see the real person, but it's all about the line, ya know? I didn't, but I nodded. Can you pass me the charcoal? I peeked nervously around the easel at the woman, all soft peach-tinted flesh perched on the stool holding her sleeping baby in her arms. Her long, dark hair was flecked with grey. Jared was measuring angles with a pencil. Squint; measure; repeat. *It's all in the details, Tab.* This time I rolled my eyes. It was half-way through the lesson that I realised I'd hardly drawn more than a line. How long had I been staring? With the baby now in the other room, I could see everything. Every undulance. I swallowed, wondering why it was so unnerving. I steadied my hand to follow the line of the scar as faithfully as I could. I glanced at Jarred's drawing. He had sweat pooling under the arms of his plaid shirt. Jared. *Where's the scar?* He paused just for a moment. *Oh, I didn't like the line, so I left it off.* I stared at him, touched my belly gingerly. *Somehow, I don't like the line either.*



COPYRIGHTAGENCY
CULTURAL FUND

SUPPORTED BY
CITY OF SYDNEY 