

Grow

by Félix Saparelli

Grow.
A word.
A verb.
Germanic.

Feel it.
Slow.
Old.
Young.

Now I'll tell you how put it on a page:
we'll start with the o.

Take your pen just so,
thin first,
from the center
and thick on the up, thin at the top
and thick on the down, thin at the low,
finish sharply.

The r is a small-cap,
nothing special,
you've done these before.

Same with the w,
but lowercase.

Now the G.
The G is special.
You have to put yourself into it.

Stare at the space

before the letters,
draw it in your mind—
no, not like that,
more majestic—
give it respect;
that G has held you all your life,
even before you were made,
it will hold you and your children,
respect it, make it king,
but not arrogant, as it's old—
older than the oldest tree,
older than the eldest rock—
and it's wise,
so wise...

Yes.
Now you feel it.
Take your pen.
Close your eyes.
Follow my hand.
There you are.
At the start.
Keep 'em closed.
Breath in.
Breath out.
Breath a half.
Breath.

And throw forth your arm.

