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Poorly Drawn Earth

Victoria A. Blaisdell

Gettysburg College, blaivi01@gettysburg.edu

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Author Bio

Victoria Blaisdell is a sophomore economics major and writing minor at Gettysburg College.

Poorly Drawn Earth

Victoria A. Blaisdell

The artist must have desired
to imitate God. *What an egomaniac,*
I think, as I picture him
lifting the blue piece of chalk
in his leathery hands, the piece
he neglects to realize is really called
robin's egg, and draws an
imperfect circle, more potato than
malleable gaseous matter, and scribbles
some light green landmasses
for recognition's sake.

This ironic masterpiece is titled
Poorly drawn earth, and I wonder
whether the Bible lies when it says
that God saw that it was good.
Perhaps on the seventh day,
God invented erasers or the delete
button, telling everyone He was resting
as He edited creation, becoming
the first artist not fully satisfied
with His work,

whether He regrets the too-calm
greenness of grass, the explosive yellow
of bananas, the variety of skin tones
and the divisive destruction thereby caused.
Maybe God makes up for blue skies
by painting orange and pink sunsets,
stars a way of apologizing for the claustrophobic night.

I do not know if the world is shaped
by its colors, each hue a pair of hands
pressing down upon humanity,
the color palette of eye color

or the divine crayon box for
shades of hair. Grass is defined
by greenness, but is greenness
defined by grass?

No, I think, as I scribble words
onto a page, knowing that I will never
be defined, not by poetry or
familial relations, by education
or occupation, by favorite coffeeshop
or least favorite food, by past
or future or present—I am
forever in the process of becoming.
There will always be more thoughts
than I am able to expel, more life
than I am able to breathe into others,
more love than I am able to fully
demonstrate.

All our lives, really, are just
poorly drawn earths, imperfect
imitations of the completeness
of divinity, ever-shrinking windows
into the expanse of eternity,
relinquished frustrations at our own
inability to articulate.

So we settle, again, for good enough,
as the artist did when he called
his own work poor, just as God did
when He realized that they would never
love Him enough, sitting alone amongst
all His most magnificent creations.