

Palimpsest

by [Sarah Rossiter](#) in the [August 15, 2018](#) issue

Consider the paper on which  
I write, and, however hidden,  
all it contains: in the forest,  
the tree, the person who felled it,  
those at the pulp mill, the mothers,  
the fathers, the farmers who fed  
them, the crops in the fields, onion,  
rhubarb, spinach, corn, the rain that  
watered, the sunlight that warmed,  
the soil, the earthworm, the honeybee,  
root.

Consider the words, these printed  
in ink, the eyes that see, the mind  
that reads, the hand that is holding  
pine, paper, peach.

Consider creation, consider prayer:  
*the world in a grain of sand, heaven  
in a wild flower.* Consider connection,  
eternity too, and, if you can, tell me,  
where is the beginning and where is  
the end?