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An invisible layer of dust clings to the wall; the entire hand smoothing it away would not restore the clear marble. Only the patterns would change. The irregularities in the grains would cut tiny points of sensation into the skin in a new arrangement.

The dust spreads evenly to every edge of the wall.

The wall's surface extends unbroken and unadorned with anything dishonest. It exerts force — a pressure from below — and above glides easily over the surface, pulling inward. The motionlessness of the wall is inherently greater than any motion it might deny.

The dust hangs softly in the stillness.

The marble sifts into the consciousness, and presses against pain. The eyes watch as if watching the stark blue sky through a dirt-streaked windshield, the exact location of the disillusionment in the visual swinging between the existence of the streaks and the fact that the blue stood still for them.

The eyes see only the marble, and the fingers feel only dust. The eyes watch as the touch traces slow, deliberate circles in it, singing it. There is forgiveness involved, and it's hard to figure where. The idea of it constricts, like the first tight swell of tears, the clenching of a fist, squeezing a space of bright air the color of clear, clear water into the tiniest of spaces.

The thing wants to burst with the fingers on the wall.

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