

Like Maria in my story here, I studied drawing some in college. I still draw, often while writing. I write at the public library usually, and when I take a break, sometimes I'll take a book from the shelf and sketch a photo from it. I looked at my notes on "Life Drawing" and found this drawing in my journal. I don't remember who is depicted here at all, but she seems to evoke the desperation of Maria. I didn't plan it that way. It is probably just an image from a book about bird watching. The things I write about or draw can seem so isolated and arbitrary when I first make them. But sometimes I think my mind has some shadow editorial board directing things to work together despite my seeming indifference.

—*Nic Brown*

