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*Sketch*

Clara Burghelea

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## Sketch

after Nuar Alsadir

In my dream, we are standing in our plum orchard in Drăgoești and my grandmother has me touch the flaky barks. Amber glitters around the sunken parts. Disease disguised as decoration. Copaci bolnavi, she whispers.

The snipping  
of the shears,  
the quiet thud  
of the stressed  
branches.

“One becomes a carpenter only by becoming sensitive to the signs of wood, a physician by becoming sensitive to the signs of disease.” (Deleuze)

Outside my rented room in Dallas, an old pecan houses a family of squirrels. At night, the sound of other lives leeches through the walls. I doze off and the squirrels turn albino, crawling up my bed, fair lashes tickling the air. The comfort of belonging.

“The shadow escapes from the body like an animal we had been sheltering.” (Deleuze)

Back home, in Drăgoești, fat mornings were all about sipping lattes and searching history tracking on my laptop. At 1:20 am on 3/15/2018, I looked for plum jam recipes, breast cancer symptoms, five stages of grief.

Whistling windows, a murder of crows, their cackling roost, a hobbling left leg. Death is an awkward guest. At times, announcing its presence, allowing for anticipation, only to importune with its sudden swing to distort, rearrange, fracture. Did I dream the signs?

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