

## Control

*Chris Hudson*

Seething rage, hateful words bubbling up from  
bile-soaked depths come spewing forth. Memories  
too painful. Past fights. Past regrets of  
her brand my mind. In my thoughts and in my  
words. In what I have done and what I have failed  
to do. I failed her. A faded picture  
on my dresser only cauterizes,  
the rift between us. She...is...gone. I'm here.  
Guilt fails, apology fails  
promise fails, hope...  
fails not.

## Darkroom

Acidic chemicals assault the nose, flanked  
by sweat as fellow photographers clash  
in the dark. Through the large, cylindrical  
light-tight door, I pass into my own heaven  
a Valhalla of fix and filter, of  
push and pull. We expose in our language  
in grain. Ingrained in silver, we blacksmiths.  
We photographers, who stop-down at f 3.5 to expose the highlights,  
we shoot our cameras against light, with light.  
We fire grays and reds, magentas and teals.  
We craft something from  
nothing.