

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.