

a dark room

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vividly

I recall a girl on a swing set
as if I flipped a photo album open
to see an picture taken years ago
Her smile is tight-lipped
hiding Her pearls and gums
Her eyes are focused on the distance
unaware of the photographer

I know She sees me
the crinkle of Her eyes
giving away Her knowledge
She was born to be my model
thriving through my lens
the flash of the camera fills Her
to the brim and satisfies
Her hunger for attention
it is something She will never tire of

Her dress is made of youth and joy
is glaring in an oversaturated image
blending into the white of Her skin
the only splotch of darkness is
a skinned knee from a tumble
after I pushed Her
Her dainty leg scarred forever
with a spider web of younger tissue
a constant reminder of my portrait
underexposed in the consuming shade