

On Film

Poem by Elizabeth Albrecht

Flecks of soil—in my eye—blur my vision—yet I can still see your face—dappled light on your cheek—you’re frozen in a daydream—of fear or wonder—I don’t know which—I can’t see well enough to tell—my tears sting but I don’t blink—I can’t waste a precious second—my eye remains bare to your image—exposed to its light—time moves slow—you move slower than time—don’t ever leave—don’t ever change—I won’t be able to stand it—I won’t be able to see—I won’t be able to—

Through a sheer curtain I see your face—in a photograph you look worried—through a magnifying glass you seem puzzled—in a microscope you look scared—I wave at you—I call your name—*can you hear me?—I’m behind the curtain—on your left!*—but you’re frozen in a daydream—how could I forget?—I watch you through this blurry lens—this dirty window—this sheer curtain—

You must have an aching back—sore legs—or cramped feet—I have nothing but dry eyes—

You’re so far away—I don’t know how you got that far—did you run while I was sleeping?—I don’t remember falling asleep—now you’re still again—frozen in a daydream—tiny in the distance—like a fleck of soil in my eye—yet I can still see your face—dappled light on your cheek—my tears sting but I don’t blink—I can’t waste a precious second—

You’re in my arms again—yet I don’t remember—wrapping my arms around you—pulling you close—if I think too hard I’m afraid I would lose you—so I let my mind wander—you’ve always been here—between my arms—I can’t imagine my body positioned any other way—my arms can do nothing but hold you—but if I think too hard—I’m afraid I would lose you—so I let my mind wander—

Here we are through the lens—exposed to the light—bathed into existence—projected—not knowing time—no sequence of shots—no montage—no scene—no beginning—no ending—