

Sunday Morning f/Stop

The length of a driveway,
two back roads and 72 miles
until dawn's light.
I fumble for Rollie, meter, film, case;
stuff sandwich and soda into coat;
bilk the rote of suburbia.

Johnny Marr's guitars
purloin the vapid silence
between 7-Eleven and 522
where farmhouse windows peek out
from purple haze
with tiny yellow eyes.
Silhouetted chimneys foray
the precipitant sky
with frail white appendages,
urging a quick stop,
a promising shot,
but I have timed the light
with my destination
and will not risk the loss.

The glades are crisp
and the still pond encourages
reflection, but the light is transient.
I hasten to transfer life
to lifelessness;
through time's silent aperture
to film's sempiternal keep.
The light is perfect.
I mustn't waste
an eighth of a second.

—Michael Pracht