

IN THE CITY OF X

Jennifer Roche

on Barbara Guest's "Photographs"

We speak in photos now. What had been distance
may be memory but someone has taken the accident
and refracted it.

The sun lights the street lamp. The street lamp finds
the government building. The tree trees

until it closes. Memory is loss
whose fear of more loss releases the shutter.

A negative rises from whatever is stilled. A feather
can not play a violin
even in a walnut sitting room.

Emotions cycle in a clockwise manner.
Pause. Rewind. Play: In the city of X,
they pour genies into cameras.