

Vacationer

Purchasing a very small photograph. With some architecture in it
or a group of small people, collected together
so as to fit
better.

There's light in it too
absent-

mindedly scattered about
by trees or perhaps by fingertips, loosely arranged.
A mountaintop split white

like a skinned knee. A woman smiles too frequently at her husband.
And we, with our lives, do nothing about
it.

Of course, I am the first who should be blamed.

Standing at the foot of the slick
and toothy mountains,
just behind a few people taller

than me
fingers loosely
covering my face.

Taking a very small photograph.

Take that photograph, I say
somewhere beneath my breath.
Hang it somewhere, preferably by a thread. So as

not to bleed
excessively when pulled.