

12/06/2020

the studio is still and silent
intensified by stark white space
debris suspended in the air are illuminated by a shaft of
golden light
falling in
through high South-West facing windows
sawdust, graphite, skin particles, other matter
propelled by ambient currents

mid June
the studio has an uninsulated asbestos roof
it's almost unbearably hot
I lick my lips
salt

Bobby just left
but I still feel a palpable sense of his presence
I hold a photograph
a newly formed image
light reflected from his defiant face
caressed
light-sensitive material

we argued this morning
we both said hurtful things
If only you could see yourself

I close my eyes and focus my attention
can I smell him?
something sweet
sweat
spearmint chewing gum

I look again
tracing familiar curves and lines

the graphic rendering of his fine features seems so inadequate
such a reduction
a loss

desire is also the desire of photography
where did I read that line?
Barthes or Derrida perhaps