

photo poem

i remember this moment. captured in time.  
i know exactly what you felt, but i could not see why.  
now i see this picture, a fleeting memory trapped on paper,  
and i know now that while perched on that unloved windowsill  
you saw the world for what it is.  
while you sat there silent, i felt a twinge of pain.  
when from your view you saw the mugger on the street.  
the couple fighting.  
the road-enraged old woman.  
and when you looked to the photographer,  
just after this picture was taken, and i fluttered.  
your heart told you that those displays of unlove  
would never be felt by you.  
that heart sent me vibes, made me jump for joy.  
and i knew that the photographer was yours.  
you were hers.  
and she would never let you feel the violence,  
the sadness,  
and the anger that the world had to offer.  
with your head tilted down,  
a forlorn gaze on your face,  
looking to the street that lay just below the camera's view,  
a lonely, pale cityscape beyond your beautiful figure,  
and the gray hateful skies beyond the parched hills.  
30,622.  
30,623 including you.  
and not one definite reason for any of them.  
why you did what you did is beyond my knowing.  
maybe it was the hopelessness you saw in the world,  
and the fact that the only savior for you was one tiny photographer.

## Works Cited

Suicide Facts and Statistics. 09 Apr 2004. Online. 23 Jul 2006.

<<http://www.nimh.nih.gov/suicideprevention/suifact.cfm>>.



Photo by Asia