

MARC JAMPOLE

MEMORIES MELT INTO PHOTOGRAPHS

A greying black-and-white freeze-the-moment
from many circle-the-suns ago, out of mind
in a four-square of the unorganized unscanned,
edges slightly curled: eight passed-aways
the last tick-tock they breathed the same
point-in-space, bunched shoulder to shoulder
forcing cheese-smiles for the flashing black box.

People I pull from long-ago show-time much younger
than I am in this wilted-skin here-and-now.
One is my life-giver, shining out in an ornate
petal-and-anther wrap-around with shoe-stilts,
her happy-face that always seems to hide
deep-driving world-pain hindering her crawl
along a volcanic break-apart of emotional flinders.

Makes me mind-blast to here-and-nows that I
was part of, with her the centre of burning ears,
dicing ancestor feasts, bikini shake of sand into sea,
playing with wag-tail bow-wows, page-turning,
always with her happy-hiding-sad lookalike,
tripping a light bulb over my head: the creep
of one this-this-this into another this-this-this
always drips the sadness of final sleep.