

Photography

RUSTIN LARSON

Earth takes a long-exposure photo of herself—
her apartment a kind of camera obscura—
the image of snowflakes burned on the wall—

She sits opaque in this light—
the messages come
steadily from across the sea:

Puffer fish died young in the afternoon,
winter light, months before the migration
and the cherry blossoms. Oh, wandering field

of grass, you are the only thing left
of the warrior's ambition. You were what
the light had to offer: The day photographed

imperfect, stuttering,
in marginal health and state of mind, the sound
of clocks slicing off bits of time.