

then the nurse comes
and says, "go on in;
he's awake",
and you turn your head
and see me
and we stare at each other,
strangers, unknowing,
across a distance
as deep
as your dying.

SPECIMEN

Leona Gom

Click,
and I have you again,
preserved in my camera killing jar.

We walk on,
my black bangle with its secret coils
dangling deadly from my wrist,
large eye alert
for some new scene
in which to capture you.

I smile smugly,
thinking of the future,
when you'd think you'd left me
but when I would have you still,
a mounted insect
pressed and pinned within the walls
of my formaldehyded photographs.