

IN CAMERA

Tony Curtis

At the moment when
 lights stretch and stab
 in a blinding sear,
 the glass is an instant frost,
 flash-back to crusted window
 holding all the snow-filled mornings;

at the moment when
 the shoulder cracks,
 ball spinning out of your grasp,
 distant touchline shouts;

at the sad last moment
 by the bed huge with grief,
 shoes snap through gravel,
 trees stirred by wind;

at the point when
 your face bites unheard
 shouts into the pillow
 past her quickening

yes yes yes yes

hair wet in your mouth

behind you
 always behind you
 the camera turns
 whirrs to an image

and

yes

it is your hand on the megaphone
 trumpeting directions,
 you cut and splice,
 concerned with the composition
 of the scene.