

JUDITH ANN LEVISON

BROWNIE CAMERA

I came from the land of soft blue green pines
And did not return, until I thought you had forgotten me.
A child with a Brownie camera snapping suffering
Images best forgotten and undeveloped.

In a world of white falling dogwood petals,
I could forget you, beauty an anesthetic.

I was fond of rented rooms with broken porches,
No dates or names were scrawled beneath the photos
I studied every night.

I took pictures of each tenant, blighted by life, then moved on.
They all wanted a piece of my soul for memory's sake

Until the camera broke and returning home, I saw stains
On the wall where my pictures had been.