

The Wall Said

The wall said
“The Cloudy River Gang”
in red;
I’m certain of the color
but the words change when
I look back;
the first two words framed within
an otherwise unspoiled patch of wall,
a patch long preserved
by a newly absent fixture;
“River Gang” was passed over
by the shadow of a bobbing branch;

elsewhere in the same house,
I snap a picture of a shattered pink toilet,
then recline along the floor,
taking in the glue and nails, the joints
and tags that mark the underside
of furniture and cabinets and counters;
I disrupt and rearrange
the floor’s unaccountable grit
with each pivot of perspective;

as I drove away
to the next scheduled location
the windshield was crossed
into a sequence of spaces
that offered the day’s photos
for review; images accurate enough
to recall the negatives
slumbering in my camera
and transparent enough to reveal
the road rushing forward,
ecstatically aligned.

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