

Perfect Pose

Peter Hammill

Upon Charles Bridge he's frozen in a gesture,
Looks like he's waiting for a moment to arrive,
Some special currency to connect him to the zeitgeist...
Snakes alive!
He's traipsed around the towns, the landmarks of Old Europe,
Looking to link between the present and the past
And here at last he feels ghosts crowding in around him
For the photograph.

All that he wants to be
An image of mystery;
A backdrop, a profile, a choice location,
Feeding his imagination.

Instead of memories to hold him in the game
He'd rather wrap time's frame around him.
No need for memories, they all feel much the same,
He'd rather stay in character.

A centre spread in a paper,
An unpicked thread in a magazine.

He's lost himself in being here so often.
Though life's got harder as the focus softened.
He's made his only purpose the pursuit
Of posing for the perfect photograph.
Out of shot the light's bleeding
And time comes apart at the seams.

He'll disappear, it's nearly time,
The shutter's opening.

And now exposure's come,
Chiaroscuro
And he's all transparency in the aperture,
Gone to the ghosts.
They'll hold him close,
Metamorphosed
In the perfect pose.