

12/06/18

the studio is still and silent  
intensified by stark white space  
motes suspended in the air are illuminated by a shaft of light falling in through the high,  
South-West facing windows.  
sawdust, graphite, skin particles, other matter  
propelled by ambient currents

mid June  
the studio has an uninsulated asbestos roof  
it's almost unbearably hot  
I lick my lips  
salt

Bobby just left but I still feel a palpable sense of his presence  
I look at the photograph  
the newly formed image  
light reflected from his handsome face  
made an impression  
on light-sensitive material

a defiant face  
we argued this morning  
we both said hurtful things  
*If only you could see yourself*

I close my eyes and focus my attention  
can I smell him?  
something sweet  
sweat  
spearmint chewing gum

I look again  
tracing curves and lines  
shapes I know so well  
the graphic rendering of his fine features seems so inadequate  
such a reduction  
a loss

*desire is also the desire of photography*  
where did I read that line?  
Barthes or Derrida perhaps



