



## The Photographer

This body that runs in the morning  
this mind stirred and shaken  
by the early round  
Could not feel more alive  
– today.

But as I wander through the multitude  
this odorous flood of people brushing past me,  
Each infinitesimal being,  
a touch, then go,  
and all is lost, forever.  
An encounter so precious,  
swallowed up by such a flux  
of expediency.

Yet here I stand,  
I stomp, I cry out,  
Hey world! This is my life,  
see what I have done  
these are the places  
I have passed through,  
these are the ones, whom I love  
not to be forgotten.

And so as each sunset follows each sunrise  
I photograph, I copy stories of my life  
a tapestry of selected colors  
Memories like dye impregnated  
into fabric,  
Conflicting feelings and irony,  
weaved together as one piece,  
a sad masterpiece?

But like the sun, which beams  
and burns each thread,  
and lends it colour,  
at once fades, a little, the fabric  
dye  
So too, my memories slowly dim.

The photographs, which survive me,  
remain a little longer,  
But they too, then become dull,  
and like the lives of those lived before me  
Lives lived with so much force,  
They too become forgotten in time,  
Buried in the sand dunes  
of the eye's mind.

*This poem and photograph were submitted by an SGH Registrar.*