

## **Negative Image**

A small boy  
more chest than legs  
grin than face  
with one raised eyebrow  
hands in pockets  
is locked in Kodak black and white

Though he would grow  
to hold a girl, a job  
the stage and play a man  
with hair dyed gray,  
rebel, rappel off cliffs of rock  
and spin the wind with laughter

before the meat of him submitted  
to collapsed synapses  
and his kaleidoscope reality  
shifted with prescriptions  
to detour the tomorrow of him.

Not even I,  
with blood like his,  
can rearrange the shapes and sounds  
we call a voice, a face, a day  
and put them into place.

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