

MIGRATION

High speed shutter at f/11: this field
the depth of equatorial heat,
this filter peeling layers of indifference
off definite colors, resolving
the sun's deviant slant with clarity,
incising the dusty tidal wave of wildebeest
pounding the Serengeti Plains. Numbing
all sense of numbers, they pass for days
as bison once rumbled over American grama grass;
as caribou still cross pale negatives of Alaska.

My telephoto lens leaps the river, not losing
the albino calf or the lame mother who swims
back to the first bank to look for her offspring
looking for her on the far shore. Fast film
freezes hooved chaos into still life
as stilled lives pile up on the sand bar
slicing the downstream current.
A wide angle, last frame vision of Africa.

And across the world, Bangkok to Bangor,
all things breathing, man to mangrove,
all are part of the great pumping bellows
of transmigration from holy dust to dust.
Among their mobile kind: each a twin lens reflex,
the whole a cycling synergy with moon, sun, sea.
Exposures of time and place.
Multiple versions of light and dark.
Pictures of you and me.

--Glenna Holloway