

Arlo, Shutterbug

I hear the click clack click of the camera eye
bent by the rays of the summer sun
fall sick and quietly
drown in the cracks in the cracks of her windshield
there is a wind that blows through the window
slip fall down and bump my little head
but there is no sympathy
Shutterbug you are the end, you are the writing on the wall
I hung around with you in your bedroom
counting all your finger and your toes
to pose for photographs
keeping the time with the flicks of your fingers
we fell asleep too tired to remember
all the things we did that afternoon
to make my summer head
float like a bug on the skin of the water
Shutterbug I could not wait to get my fingers on you
Shutterbug you are the end you are the writing on the wall