



I THOUGHT...



Photographers should not be called artists since
Their “good” pictures derive from distant memories, already seen
Improperly placed at the time they were made
Recaptured upon a silent crashed jogging.



Who planted the trees at The Villa Borghese?



Is their bark any different than the trenches dug into Iceland's soil?



Why is each piece of the forest so different?



Our concrete landscape identifies what lies beyond it
As we choose.



Picture matching is cynical, albeit...



Taken from what we might find funny.



Did the Borghese gardeners plant in humor too?



Appointing upon the earth, the markers that guide us.



Paint and metal-eating up our breath,



Identifying nothing, but the journey.



We cannot escape the base of the bark itself,



As we lay into the dusty ground, plasticized.



So spread out over time
There may be an explanation.



Why does the horse cover the salad bar, anyway?



Bark prints and a beer, a blue tent,



Footprints near Michael.



Another lonely stub left over from the great planting,



Aside a waterfall in the grass.



The same stub turned on a dime
Shadow still to the left.



Even John Lennon leaning in
As if to say, why?



As I sit here...



How quiet the cell towers are now.



I cannot hear any of the noise
Shadow to the right.



Between the Beats
American flag draped red headed girl
Who happened so long ago, in the pictures.



I covered it all up with a poem of sorts
So as not to be too imposing.



I am a collector
I am just not too sure of what I am collecting.



Can an image ever really speak for itself?



So much misguided prose
Gets in the way of the blue stick.