

Portrait of the Photographer

"He was full of light and shadow" --Patti Smith

The light was beautiful
that day reflecting off her tank top
her black hair and the broken
zipper on her faux leather pants
I would never have asked her
to select that, it was a little aggressive,
more rock & roll than I expected --
but she wanted to play with it
like Patti Smith flicking a jacket
over her shoulder and staring down
the camera behind which her best
friend Robert has just disappeared --
it's not a light thing
the moment a photographer
and a subject meet it's a pact
and now I'm trusting her and who
is the artist and who is the
object? we were laughing
and something snuck out, bigger
than either of us and scarier
and I'm no longer driving, instead
we're co-creating the portrait:
I project a vision onto her
surface as she takes herself
across an unexplored border
within and arrives at a place
I could never suspect.