

Alec Soth's Archived Blog

July 13, 2007

Friday Poem

Filed under: Papageorge,poetry — alecsothblog @ 12:02 pm

Untitled (from a notebook dated 1978)

By Tod Papageorge

Mid-spring, mid-morning – into the park
and downtown through the shimmering air,
each flush and pulse of light flashing quicksilver
through a net of dust, leaf and pollen.
Step by step, a camera hanging from my neck
beats my heart.

Green like the incontrovertible season,
I move through the high, untended, tow-tipped grass,
suppliant, trainee, hunter, mule,
out here to photograph,
to call this intoxication to account
and press these lawns and palings
into pictures

2 Comments

1. I loved finding this in the book — especially for the last bit; “and press these lawns and palings into pictures.”

Comment by Shane Lavalette — July 13, 2007 @ 2:48 pm

2. Atrocious poem. The pictures are much better.

Comment by PeeWee — July 13, 2007 @ 4:12 pm