

# Alec Soth's Archived Blog

June 28, 2007

## Friday Poem

Filed under: [poetry](#) — alecsothblog @ 11:54 pm

### **Cameras Came Then to Replace Descriptive Paragraphs**

by Martha Ronk

If description could outpace effusions of feeling,  
serif or sans serif, punctuated with dashes and in Amherst,  
could one say it was a peculiar summer.

I tried to like what I'd always liked and tried to get there  
sooner rather than later.

I'd forgotten I liked orange until  
on a scale of one to ten the petals ranged themselves  
like swallows on the telephone wire  
flying off at the sound of someone's coming.

Something should have been a topic—

I had thought it out and left nothing to chance,  
but the people kept arriving  
never thinking to find the appropriate word for  
what they were taking in and writing down.

One snapped a lily between finger and thumb  
and one had hair like spilling rust.

The obscurist wind came up close and I remembered  
thinking I'd been feeling the same way before.

## 2 Comments

1. i never have read her before. what a pleasant surprise; ephemeral

*Comment by [robert](#) — July 1, 2007 @ [5:55 am](#)*

2. nice selection with the last few poems.

*Comment by [pj](#) — July 1, 2007 @ [7:36 pm](#)*