

Jeff Guess

## PHOTOGRAPH

The road that loops around the reservoir  
flutters like a thin traffic ribbon  
and it's no place to stop, but stop they do.  
Once or twice a year when the water

turns the world of sky, rock and pine  
upside down into a perfect stillness.  
So still, in fact, it's hard to tell  
which side is up and which is down

what is real and what is a fiction  
of the eyes and mind — and yes  
the heart that wants a hold on all of this  
duplicity of things:

how we might escape  
a difficult dimension  
and live in a perfect postcard opposite.  
Silly to think you could park

and capture it,  
or take it away on silver nitrate  
or fail to hear the siren on the wind  
that will ripple the surface into

a floating graveyard of grey rib cages  
no one wants to photograph  
take home, believe in  
or for that matter even stop for.

