

Les Wicks

## Snap

*Why photography?* That play  
of silicone & the calligraphy of light. Working eyes,  
I finger... the haiku of colour. Like any art  
or pilgrimage  
or crusade  
it's something to do.

Matt thinks I hide behind the lens. I hold cameras  
as if they're plundered eggs.  
The thieving hunter is never noticed by the locals  
but that is skill, not scurry. Photographs don't leak  
(like me) & know their existence can be transitory—  
never-printed shots are the history we all excise.  
Such digital deletions approach the power of gods we envy  
but never touch.

The special desolations of Easter, not  
quite wet but worlds away from sunny. It is that  
malignantly passive brume, a pillow that soothes the neck  
& smothers parents. Tocsins on the hill predict desolation.  
But I am younger every day  
(remember *compartments*). *Bring 'Em All Back to Life*,  
there for you. I manipulate the images  
as I too am manipulated.  
The dogs of contingency subsumed,  
my immortal instants will set something free.

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**About the author:** Les Wicks has toured widely and seen publication across 25 countries in thirteen languages.  
His thirteenth book of poetry is *Getting by Not Fitting in* (Island, 2016). <http://leswicks.tripod.com/lw.htm>