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Developing Icons

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Developing Icons

S. J. Day

Alone in the darkroom, nimble hands painstakingly unwinding
What once was just another cover, now my tribute,
I find the one frame as it falls off the reel.
How could I have known?
Light metered, I had pressed the shutter, capturing
Their final pose, this Double Fantasy,
Before dashing home in the cold, holiday air.
If they could have guessed their limited time
Would my creation be the same?
Would he have lingered, hurrying less,
Reveling more in the touch of his completion?
Perhaps she would have seized the moment
To once again feel his flesh caress a naked form.
As he wrapped his lean arm around her head,
Pressing his mouth in sweet embrace to her cheek,
Would she have returned the pleasure
In one last stopping of time as lips met lips?
Instead, they posed according to plan,
And we parted, each to our separate ways.
And I, barely one bite into dinner
Listened in horror to my speakers proclaim
His death.
How could any of us have known
Their return home would meet with ...
Mark made his mark.
Now I trust none but my own fingers to deliver
This temperamental image to print.
It is *Stone's* salute and bid farewell,
A preface to a new era with the turn of a New Year;
An era
A year
A forevermore
Without him.
I could never have known how that night would end.
But if I could, I would have asked for more money.

