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## Untitled

Scott Curry

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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.



