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Time

I walk among this faraway land,
ambling in the rolling hills,
a lonely rose stands in my way,
the fog pools around my feet
as I adjust the shutter on my camera,
as I struggle to find the perfect frame.

Distant mountains and untamed rivers fill my frame,
I try to find the absolute way to capture this land,
but can I truly do this with a single camera?
Though fog may fill these hills
now, I know not what my feet
may find along the way.

I might try to capture change this way,
but no series of frames
will truly depict the movement of these rivers by feet
or of those mountains by miles; the land
and the hills
are impermanent, impossible to show by camera.

So why continue with this fruitless camera?
Do I hope to persevere, find a way
to avoid the loss of information to the void? With these hills
changing in each frame,
there is nothing I can do, not while the land
contorts and walks with its own feet.

So now, beneath my feet
and without camera,
I see a small brook secret-ed amongst this land,
rows of flowers lining the way.
I align myself as I would a frame
and I have an epiphany hidden in these hills—

In my desire to capture all that these hills
may offer, I roam too far with my feet
and miss what a frame
may conceal within the camera,
something my worries might take away,
as I miss the beauty of this timed and timeless land

Now leaving these hills, my mind a camera,
my feet try to find their way
without a frame in this faraway land.