

Pictured

by Jeffrey S. Callico

I am a real person.
There is blood in my veins
There are bones and ligaments
There are tendons and organs
 But you can't know me
That well until you know
Where I've been and what
I've been doing
 Like on late sunny afternoons
When the dog gives up on the ball
And lies down to rest
And there I am, like in a photo
 My face not beaming like some faces do
This is my face, not yours or anyone else's;
See me for what I'm worth,
Guts and all, and don't tell me
 What I should be, who I should
Become or where I should go or
When I should leave, or how long
I should stay. This is the place I'm in,
 Filled with air and space and
All measure of meaning. Yes,
I said it, *meaning*, for isn't that
What all this means, in the end, the very end,
 When time drips like a leaking faucet
The plumber said he fixed but didn't?
They say the end is near, I say it's nearby,
It's in direct proximity to where I am now,
 Not where I will be tomorrow or in the coming
Days or sometime next month or when the next
Season comes around, which in my case will be
Winter, with hope for boundless drifts of snow,

The kind that piles high against the door
And covers the car on the drive, a vehicular white statue
That can't be driven until the snow melts,
Which won't happen for days and nights and days,
Confining me here in this empty house,
Empty except for me, all this furniture
Nameless and brown and green, the carpet
Brazen in its appearance, much like my face,
The same face I have now but somehow
Changing as I plow through these minutes and hours,
Not that anyone can see what happens to a face
When time moves as slow as it does, or fast, as in some circles.
The dog is asleep in the sun,
My day succumbing to night. Yes,
That's me in the picture you're holding.
I'm the one you want to see.

