

Factory Girl in a Blurred Photograph

by John Riley

There is so much we cannot know
about this day that never sets.
Before her first picture did she
take time to fix her position;
was it this need to settle her feet
that tilted her image undone?
Did the spark, the powder's silver flash,
seduce her fluttering fingers
from behind the wrinkled light?
We will never know whether she knew
that long after she waved us away
her vanished figure would linger,
her shadow continue to beckon.

