

through the pinhole, watching

After Betsy Kenyon's *SLUMBER* series

a back is turned to us, the room
is blue and bare, the back, too,
bare as a blank page, hovering
in the developer

in each of these rooms, time
is the only constant:
the bodies scumble the sheets,
trying to find peace in sleep.

look at them: cocooning, enveloped
in a gauze of their own making.
they try to settle in the darkness
as a little light leaves and a little light comes.

even the deepest colors are washed
in light, opening, closing around them, finding
its way from the other side of morning
and over their sleeping heads.

time watches them stutter, slow move, stumble
who is moving there? who is still?
it lies down with them and offers itself,
white as a blank page, flat as the dead of night.

the pinhole allows in the leaked light,
letting all the traces touch it. it invites us
to take in the whole of it,
not greedy, but encompassing.

here is the great stillness of witness, all the hours
we slept through and thought nothing of.
what beauty we make without trying
in every gesture, our whole story.

—KC Trommer