

The Sketches, the Photos

Realizing what I expect you to know –
ekphrasis:
that possibly this is this is this
and then some –
metamorphosing of the same,
I set out.

Still, well, firstly,
it must have been *there*, and *that*
before it became this,
again.
And again.
Every moment the same,
each differently.

Ancient conundrum
of method, in other words, how
in other words
bringing there to here,
and that to this,
again.

Each medium's territory
subject redrawn, resung
re-presented
with remarkably minimal doubt
the this for that
and far drawn near

well, not *really*
we say
but do we believe it?
Look again.
At this, here
(that, there)
and tell me
it isn't what you said
but yet another
in another time
and place.

Which is it?
The prince –
or his rendering?

Apollo's torso –
or sentences
slung across a page?

Your answer belies your faith,
your uncertainty,
in the way you say my name
I always know.

N Filbert 2012