

STEPHEN GIBSON

WW II

It's a picture my mother sends to my father in boot camp;
the future doesn't exist; there's nothing to pervert the photo.

He hasn't shipped out, come back, the war not ended
after it ended. She doesn't have to be alert in the photo.

Her hair scrolls high in front like a Hollywood model's.
Her two cousins tease, but no one gets hurt in the photo.

After the war, the older cousin works for AT&T, never marries.
The other does, but never keeps her vows—dirt not in the photo.

That's ahead. Now they stand over a Manhattan subway grate.
No Marilyns, a breeze doesn't blow up their skirts in the photo.

STEPHEN GIBSON is the author of five poetry collections, *Rorschach Art Too* (2014 Donald Justice Prize, West Chester University), *Paradise* (University of Arkansas), *Frescoes* (Lost Horse Press book prize), *Masaccio's Expulsion* (MARGIE/Intuit House book prize), and *Rorschach Art* (Red Hen).