

*an exhibition of photographs by Alexis L.-Grisé
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Rattray calls it darkness,
the shame and incongruity of death.
Like Hervé's theatre of silence, the vacuum that compels speech.

Because you are speaking the darkness is receding
that once animated a false white room. This cycle,

[...]

Though from a distance, you.
Another life, gathering its lacy gown to go.

Training our eyes on the panoramic garden,
amber night sputters, revealing the day,
showing the thinness of an image. Behind us nature
puts itself away. Giving landscape irrefutable form,

[...]

A picture wants a wan smile because
"the dying have to smile."
A sputtering candle or
a record of labor.

Recurring at odd intervals.
Tomorrow, rise anyway.

-Parker Menzimer