

Snapshots

Here we stand this fine November day
wowed by Wytham Wood's bonanza
of bright images. Rapt, entranced, we
capture each on Fujifilm, not
to let such beauty go to waste.

Aim straight up! you say. There, larch crowns
crowd the blue, orange as sea wrack.

Angle it! I frame a curve of ash limbs—starkly
dark yet rimmed with light.

Point down! At my feet hazel leaves
have splashed the ground, yellow as daffodils.

Wheel round! Clustered beeches spill their gold
on gold as the wind gusts. *Now turn again:*
The turning path glows river-green as you,
in your green coat, recede from me.
I click. I stop you in your tracks.

Now, at home at dusk, we settle
to review our gleaming catch, hooked
and side by side along my Fuji line.
We slide them by, frame by frame.

Oh look, do look at this!
Zoom in on that! Enhance
the focus there! Just press
this little button. Press!.....

Oh! shoot!

Deleted? Yes.

What all?

Yes all of them, I say
and close my eyes and watch
the shoal of images
flickering
away.

