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# Flash Frozen

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Flash. Camera snap catches  
time black-and-white, holds it  
up at gunpoint. Details—  
eye-glisten lip-twist and the curve  
of your cheek—which would have  
wiped away traceless,  
are paused, diamond-captured,  
unchanging and unchangeable.  
It isn't a story but an anecdote,  
a parable, an elevator-conversation.  
The photograph ages and fades  
but time is stuck: I have it here,  
chained up and pocketed  
in a glossy time-capsule  
mirror.

Still you eluded me,  
flitted off ghost-like skipping  
on the wind, a laughing  
jester-magician propelled into  
the future through the wormhole  
of living. The flash-catch  
is pinned bloody to my bulletin board,

overexposed—and you accelerate  
through time like an Olympic blur;  
and I, like a stopped clock, sit sluggish  
in the captured moment. And you  
dance at dizzying speeds like  
a free-jumping weightless electron.  
And I, like a dying-battered flashlight,  
pass feebly through the dark.