WHEN A PHOTOGRAPH ARRIVES BY MAIL

If executed with care, forward and back might elicit a structure in which coming to know her could take place along the mobius strip of withdrawal, backstepping into the original position & mirroring wonder without its usual trappings of aura and glint

yet nevertheless & at once something luminous and familiar as the girl reached down so many sandals ago and carved herself into memory as one reads of Kafka and his mother staring into one another’s eyes

as all assumptions falter and one face appears identical to the other & comes to be by approaching a state of profound stillness and enabling someone, almost anyone, to adopt comparative features,

as when a photograph arrives and seems familiar, endlessly intriguing and mistakenly sent off too quickly to the wrong viewer puzzling over the reminder of an intimacy arrived at by structures in place long since.

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_the photograph is the advent of myself as another_
—Roland Barthes, _Camera Lucida_