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Transfigured

Carol Cullar

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Transfigured

**“ ...WE ARE NOT, THOUGH, THOUGH NATURAL, DIVORCED FROM HIGHER,
FINER CONFIGURATIONS” A. R. AMMONS, *GARBAGE***

Photographs hold quiddity in cameras,
trace information stored in darkness,

await chemical release,
become actinic rectangles, plastic polychromes

with corners tucked into white wedges
pasted into albums on shelves or low tables

in Connecticut, Canada, Japan—wherever:
images of our poor persons seated

at this moment, or standing, yesterday.
Perhaps we pose beside the cog train

up Mt. Washington—
it is windy and a light mist obscures our goal,

relative strangers caught up in others' lives, we stand.
Or, arms, akimbo, relaxed/juxtaposed with others

on the porch of The Frost Place,
heated discussion suspended, we sit.

We will remain nameless contingents of place
one page over from Aunt Suki, Uncle Francois,

Seated on a wicker couch
beside this weathered morris chair

in which the poet exacted other moments—
of Franconia, the farm,

New Hampshire's fence-bound neighbors.
And in each Kodak/Fuji moment

encompassed by gray mist on Ridge Road
in all those fixed-framed chronicles

in strangers' musty lives
we smile.

by Carol Cullar