Afterimage // The Depot

Daniel T. O'Brien
SUNY Geneseo

DANIEL T. O'BRIEN

Afterimage

for Michael Snow

What happens in uninhabited spaces
(New York loft: 1966) still exists
in hippocampal-mind & still frame
film: closer, closer. She walks across the
floor, but brief – I thought I brushed her
shadow, inch -by -inch. Empty
wall travesty: tint my 16 mm polyester-
emulsion: life. Flicker: filter orange & stop
Strawberry Fields (a tractor-trailer cuts
across clear windows, one -by- one).

Image burn-in: photo
receptor projects me:
discomfort. Eyes-rapid
in wake of rack-lux light.
Again. A shadow. A woman:
clicking rotary-dials: *There's*
a man lying on the floor.
I think he's dead. Close,

close: fade-in, in
sharp frequency:
ever- increasing
beeping
& jagged-hum
Wave (length)s

DANIEL T. O'BRIEN

The Depot

I.
Scaffolds mark the cusp of a new city, I'm still
burning downtown – train shuffle, rattle my slate-tile
floors: there is no tunnel to my doors. I barricade
us in.

II.
I am Corktown, blooming marble
& bronze, a Corinthian-bone tower
of commerce: manufactured grass
littered mahogany: no sticks, no stones.

I can take you anywhere, but where
would you want to go? Passengers can't
take the wrong train. Come see my floors,
wainscoting & terrazzo, say your goodbyes:

take your first step, frontier
storefronts: take the boards
off, open up shop
inside: cracked door frames

& crown molding: a deep-throated whistle –
call this place home.