THE PHOTOGRAPHER FEASTS UPON
HIS DISH OF COLD-METAL LIPS

MARY DONELLY

_for Walker Evans in Cuba_

Take a plane. Or a train inside their bluely pumping hearts.

Charm the smart, the uncomfortable. Ladies, pull your socks up swiftly, too.

Shuttered windows spank the hide of a stunningly pockmarked wall.


Today and for the rest of this ice, you shall love thy neighbor’s freakishly-haloed visage. Snap the plain, the giddy, the impossible. Snap.