Sesshu Foster

Photo

In this photograph you can't see me pick my nose in the shadow of the Eiffel Tower.
In this photo you can't see me eating a whole fried fish while somebody licks my toes.
This photo omits Waikiki, the glass of fine wine, new Nikes with glitter, pissing ambrosia.
This pic omits me fiddling with dollar bills I hand out the window to the woman on the corner.
There's no horizon line, no white interior condo shot, no Nature packaged as simulacrum.
No old ladies who bother you, no young woman to mother you, no reflective contemplation.
Nothing pink like that, it's all missing here, no little trenchant anxiety narratives, no ironic drooling.
It's all gone, shadows on a wall after headlights pass. Dark in which we sleep.
It's a photograph of 4 year old Hamza Issa Abu Issa, without his head.
But you can't see that either.