

## The Only Photograph of Our Affair

---

*Lonnie Hodge*

My wife thinks it's a mistake,  
asks why I hold on to what  
appears to be nothing more  
than a tree, a small bit of sky  
and a tangle of shadows below.  
I tell her an unconscious bump  
must have snapped the shutter  
on what could be morning  
or evening anywhere.

Sometimes I think she knows.  
My lover was close,  
sitting with her back against  
a plum tree burdened with fruit,  
a flower print skirt tucked  
between her white thighs,  
soft blonde threads glistening  
with dew, and a delirious heat  
rising from the tender grass.

There were birds rustling  
deep in that chaos of leaves  
and limbs, their hungry mouths  
made small cries. Unmistakable  
sounds of dawn, or dusk.