

## Arlo "Shutterbug"

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I hear the click clack click of the camera eye  
bent by the rays of the summer sun  
fall sick and quietly  
drown in the cracks in the cracks of her windshield  
there is a wind that blows through the window  
slip fall down and bump my little head  
but there is no sympathy

Shutterbug you are the end, you are the writing on the  
wall

I hung around with you in your bedroom  
counting all your finger and your toes  
to pose for photographs  
keeping the time with the flicks of your fingers  
we fell asleep too tired to remember  
all the things we did that afternoon  
to make my summer head  
float like a bug on the skin of the water

Shutterbug I could not wait to get my fingers on you  
Shutterbug you are the end you are the writing on the  
wall

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