



## *MAPLE SEEDS*

It is an absolutely tranquil picture.  
You caught each warp in the maple  
seeds, the liquid fall of the leaves,  
the tinge of red in the veins.  
You always kept your lens immaculate.  
The eye you turned to nature  
was immaculate. You saw purely  
in terms of color and symmetry.  
I had unlimited respect for your detachment.  
At the zoo you could catch animals  
in the most impressive poses.  
No one would have known they weren't  
in their native habitats, that you'd  
stood there for hours, your camera  
focused exactly between two bars, waiting  
for a panda to enter your field of vision.  
You photographed your son in the same way.  
I'm sure, having chosen never to see  
him again, you'll remember him always  
as you saw him then. On walks, the two  
of us silent as usual, you'd turn and catch  
the child in such a way his hair  
became the sun and his skin seemed  
translucent, almost ethereal, blue.