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A Perfect Portrait on the Morning Beach

Kris Price

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A Perfect Portrait on the Morning Beach

Kris Price

We are two chess pieces,
told how to move. I was the pawn,
and he the king.

I stand erect like a soldier.
My gangly arms at my side, a red, and
White striped t-shirt, blue jean shorts dark as the ocean.
Dirty blond hair, was immobile
As old glue.

My paper white socks, and torn blue sneakers
Wanting to be patched up like this photo,
My mom is determined to take.
I am still with a half curled smile,
eyes hollow as a skeleton's.

Mom said a serious shout,
“Keep the pose, Kristopher.”

My dad behind me tall as the Sequoia trees,
In a Golden Bear visor, black shades
His emotion concealed.

His arms loop over my bony shoulders
Like an octopus ready to strangle.

The sea, calm as a negotiator, the sky overcast,
As the deck holds us up like the Santa Monica Pier.

A perfect portrait on this frozen sand dune.

