Exposure

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She outlawed the Polaroid picture
Because she was scared of the truth it wouldn’t hide,
And she invented digital to leave her failings fewer.

Her first rolls of film were taken when her hands were newer
The subjects, her mother and her father, blurry and ready to collide,
So she outlawed the Polaroid picture.

The taste her parents’ yelling left, seeped inside her head had no cure
And through the lens she noticed their smiles start to slide.
She invented digital to leave her failings fewer.

Her fingers ran along the pockmarked walls, empty except for the mirror,
Smashed glass and scissors surrounded mother after father took a ride.
She outlawed the Polaroid picture.

Her mother’s definition of the word “taboo” centered around the fixture
That was her father’s face, so the way she felt she knew she couldn’t confide.
She invented digital to leave her failings fewer.

Her loss came sharply into focus, discarding reminders the only cure.
She cropped her father out in Photoshop, and, just like her mother, lied.
So, she outlawed the Polaroid picture
And she invented digital to leave her failings fewer.