Mug Shot

Cate Marvin
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Face a distortion. Expression falling back into distance, as a crowd recedes behind a fleeing man. Iris’s brown black back at the flash, and a hoard of curses perched on the brink of lip. The mouth cruelly fixed and stained with an outline of dark lipstick, and in her eyes a light stirred with the throb of siren’s pulse, its mix of glee and negligence an affront to any decent citizen. A face crumbling like an old shed that begs to be knocked down.

with a single kick. Eyes roaming the room as one might survey land standing neck-deep in a pit, whisky-pitched and ether-lit. This, as a whole, pulled into the second’s suck of lens: while mirth crawled the halls of countenance, sorrows flowered behind the brow, and apathy took up residence, a serious and true crime was being planned.