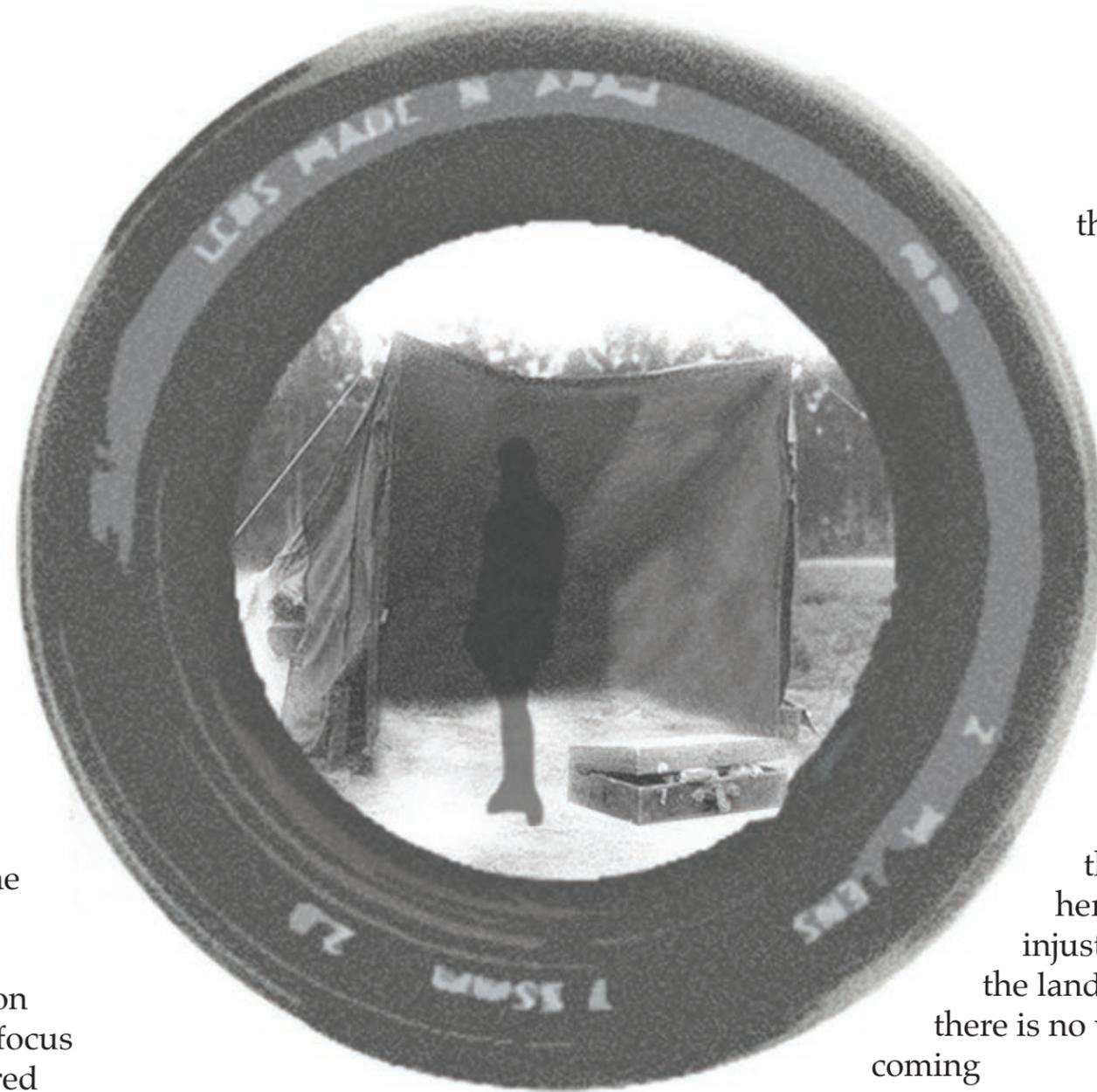


LANGE

Did her black camera invade
that migrant mother
the heavy mechanical lens
peering into the space
between soft shoulders
blouse just buttoned
after breastfeeding the sleeping one
her children at each shoulder
turning their faces away
hers creased around the distant eyes forehead
furrowed an anxious hand
pulling at the corner of her mouth

only invading to
invade the white
faces in Washington
that will be shocked
to witness the world Dorothea
perceives through her lens the frame
of the viewfinder limiting
the uncertainty contained
in one negative the desperation
of the foreground in sharp focus
separating from the blurred
bushes stubble dust
the coated hands lips
the migrant camps
stands of canvas cardboard
scrap tin homes the curious
eyes of the children



they can all see her drop
her left shoulder to pull
her right leg forward with
every step as she hauls
her black camera over
to her car on the highway
toward home no more U-turns
for pea-pickers' camps today

she knows what it is
to be told again and again to fix
what she has no control over
now walk as well as you can
her mother still whispers in her head
her own voice says not good enough
Dorothea not good enough
that polio ravaged
her body like dust drought
injustice now ravages
the land and
there is no vaccine
coming

