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Serendipity

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Serendipity

Her hands move quickly,
winding the film into its compartment,
seeing her slight reflection
in the shiny, plastic, side of the film.

She shuts the black door
until she hears the snap,
then she checks
to verify its security.

She cocks the shutter
with a flick of her thumb
and places the camera
deftly at her hip.

Instinctively, she presses the shutter
with the tip of her finger
while keeping the camera at her waist,
and the viewfinder against her skirt.

She points, aims, shoots,
but she never looks.
She twirls her body around
stops—shoots again.

A hand holding
a slowly burning cigarette,
the shadow of a person's leg
framed against a table.
A small freckled nose
and the big pouty lips
of a small child.
A broken beer bottle
refracting the light,
of the late day sun,
into triangular patterns
along the sidewalk,
the alcohol shimmering
in a puddle beside the bottle
capturing a reflection
of herself and her camera
to create the image.

She does not know
until hours later
what she saw
and what she has created.

She never looks through the window
she never sees what she's taking.
She believes
in accidental beauty.

— Lizzie Loud '9