

## Wilderness House Literary Review 9/3

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### **Development**

In this darkroom  
stills are hanging;  
pegged for remembrance,  
washed of life.

There we all are;  
ghosts-in-waiting,  
our candid animation  
preserved in time  
against the harder years  
yet to come.

And you, loved friend;  
will I live to speak  
of your passing?  
- Ah yes, I knew him;  
couldn't imagine  
life  
without him  
at one time;  
dead now -  
and regret the barriers  
you wouldn't cross,  
the fears and prejudice  
that flowed between us,  
or will I remember only your smile  
and how you laughed through me?  
Or will you and I  
lie awake,  
many miles apart,  
and wonder where  
our time went?