

On First Looking Into Stieglitz's *Clouds*

I saw a peacock in the sky:
 an egocentric,
 barnyard-strutting bird,
 displaying itself
to ensure immortality
 just as that photographer-peacock
 located a version of
 his own self
in the view-finder
 in black and white
 of course.

Meanwhile
his peafowl mate
mesmerized by color
held perfectly still
for years in New Mexico
high desert country
to have one feather
captured by Her.

— Trecia R. Greene

1997