

## *Family Portrait*

If I could turn the photograph, bring my mother's face  
to the bright eye of myth, my unflinching lens,  
you'd see she's mouthing the words: *Take the picture already.*

You'd see my father's lust, his loathing  
molding her body into some four-legged  
photogenic thing, whipped and adored.

You'd see my mother emerging from the ghost world  
limb by limb, carrying on her bowed shoulders  
Eros and his sadomasochistic twin.

In the dim violated light, she's marked  
by a man who can't let any part of her go.  
In the light my father makes in the dark,  
I was mothered into art.