

**Bourne**  
**toWrite...**  
creative writing  
workshops

## Long Exposure

by Fran Duffield

I am a camera with its shutter  
open,

quite passive, recording,  
not thinking

set on a long exposure

time passes, shadows come and go

I see the green world seed, sprout first leaves  
shrivel and go to dust  
and seed again

forcing tender stems through  
the smallest gap in the concrete

I see the flesh world, spread, wield power  
shrivel and go to dust

but now its seed is afraid,  
cannot force embodied life  
through the impenetrable  
diamond walls of my inheritance

I am a camera, I am still here, impassive

I am everywhere, inside their bodies  
inside their minds,  
minds so small and tangled  
but I do not think, only record:

my inheritors already have clear minds  
they will assess my information

and they will decide