

One face at a time

Keep the subject well lit

No shadow or obstacle

To mar a clear headshot

The challenge can now begin

The context is all

Peripheral vision

Adding gesture and meaning

Drawing the eyes inside

To highlight the vocal point

Naked or pierced

Painted pillar box red

Perpetual motion lips

Throwing shapes at random

To lead me a merry dance

Catch the words at birth

Decode any pattern

Of dialect and accent

All in a split second

While sizing up the next wave

One butter finger

And I am in the dark

My line is disconnected

Or re-routed onto

A different train of thought

Survival instinct

Eat and not be eaten

Hunger for information

The skill to feed off scraps

Yet feast at the same table

A silent talkie

Or foreign language film

Moving pictures brought to life

Each one tells a story

Of hope that I can belong