

Photographic Memory

Nico Kos Earle

Photographic Memory

Water holds memory
In each receding wave is the molecule
of this moment
And when we see the sea
It restores us to the present
of that time
Our minds silvered like the water
Rising, lifting and crashing into an image
of that shoreline.
Behind the horizon,
Inside the darkroom, is a palace
we are making
To house, and protect that which we love
The most, even if the bleached texture
of this coastal conversation
Between ocean and land, between the
Slip of eternity and the dry imprint
of a watermark
On the smooth surface of a stone,
Or a piece of paper, will naturally
disappear.

Nico Kos Earle, 2022

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