

ZACH WESTON

Nude and Succulent, 2013
Black and White Film Photography, 16 x 20 in



COURTESY THE ARTIST

MANDY KAHN

For Edward Weston

You knew you were lucky
to have her: young, not afraid
to strip down straight to flesh and hair
and curve into parentheses, to wishbones,
in the dunes. She didn't fear a week
of finding sand stuck in a knuckle's fold.
She didn't fear your sons, nearly her
age-mates, she didn't fear the former wife
you hadn't quite divorced. Black, flat
anemones in her armpits curved to the light.
Every day you spent with her
was finished, you wondered whether
it mattered, making anything else. Pelted then
by sand, your own desire in waves,
the sun in desolate towns,
you wondered how many ways
a man could possibly come
to love her, or know her,
or see her, or keep her.

Mandy Kahn is author of the poetry collection *Math, Heaven, Time*, and is coauthor (with Aaron Rose) of the nonfiction book *Collage Culture: Examining the 21st Century's Identity Crisis*. She lives in Los Angeles.