Senryu

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Abstract

Words stop as I push against invisible walls with impotent force...
man started to follow, but fell to his knees, coughing. After a while, he stood up and shuffled away.

The two ran to where the little boy was. “You hold him, and I’ll get a close-up of his face. It would be good for a superimposition, maybe over the bodies in the park.” The younger man looked at the boy. The older brother swore as the boy started walking. “Come on. We have to finish this. We can leave in a few hours.” The younger photographer held on to the boy’s shoulders and tried to look away. He found that there was no place to look. Everywhere around him there were rubble and stench. The few houses which remained standing looked ready to fall and join their toppled neighbors.

He let go of the boy’s hand, and the child resumed walking. The older brother ran ahead of the boy, snapping shots of the child and doll from every angle that he could. The younger brother stood, silent.

The men took their pictures back to France, and the editors marvelled at how realistically the little boy had been “made up.” The picture was not used though . . . it was too unbelievable. Everyone knew that a bomb wouldn’t melt a little boy’s eyes.

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**Senryu**

*by Earl Keyser*

*English, 6*

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