

## Dark Room



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“Hannah Maynard Self-Portrait,” trick photograph, multiple exposure (ca. 1893).  
Image F-02852, courtesy of the Royal British Columbia Museum, BC Archives,  
Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada.

## Tricks a Girl Can Do

*Hannah Maynard (1834-1918) was a Canadian photographer who created surreal images after the death of her daughter; she was a proto-surrealist.*

I will hang myself in picture frames  
in drawing rooms where grief  
is not allowed a wicker chair

then grimace back at this facade  
from umbrella eyes

under a cage of silver hair.

*Look! I've learned to slice myself in three  
to sit politely at the table  
with ginger punch and teacake;*

*offer thin-lipped graves  
of pleasantries. I develop myself  
in the pharmacist's chemicals*

*three women I'm loathe to understand—  
presences I sometimes cajole  
into modern light and shadow;*

*we culminate in a gelatin scene—  
a daughter birthed from a spiral shell,  
a keyhole tall enough to strut through.*

## **Endless Forms, More Beautiful**

*After a multiple exposure self-portrait of Hannah Maynard, c. 1894*

*So she keeps her herringbone hands busy with teacups and white flowers  
and murmurs to no one what she will create. No nephew sawed in half*

*will interest her today, no devoted husband measuring buttes  
but a suitcase of her own bright follies. The living room pulses on*

*and off with gunpowder expertly fitted for her flash. Or perhaps  
the room becomes a kind of snowbound mausoleum exhibiting her grief*

*one winter afternoon. (It's quite impossible to know but let's presume.)  
No more inner voices to wake her from sleep, no more fussy wives*

*who arrive with meat pies and then hurry their bosoms home  
to living daughters. In the frame, Hannahs stand here, sit there, bend over*

*to brush a bouquet of lilies from other Hannah's hair.  
From house left and then house right solitary Hannahs float like smoke*

*rings into me. I should have known—the artful dodge, her concentric days,  
unwavering dark-sky stare—recognized my own pathology.*

## **Strange Symmetry of Past, of Present**

*after a self-portrait set in a keyhole: late 1890's*

Actually, the past does slip forward  
through a keyhole,

alive, feeding on our half-  
recounted facts and figures,

penny-farthing bicycles and pancake  
breakfasts annually eaten.

How we learn to study it  
in private (the past)

like reading the phrasing  
of rare birds or fisherman

sweaters or scat; to unlock  
the world in retrospect –

a human kind of heaven.

Take photography, for instance.  
Here the 19<sup>th</sup> century returns

as Hannah poses herself  
in crisp black and white;

she's made a negative space  
on the threshold of a life-

sized paper cut-out: keyhole  
fit for the movie sets

of Orson Welles (well before  
Orson was born).

Her figure stands neither in  
nor out of the century but floats.

She's her own avant-garde parade

a riddle, amulet, sunflower seed;  
comic, crazy, genius woman

finding the multiplicity of things –

patterns of desire across a face:  
two dead daughters, ghost light, and similar fates.

# The Tangible, Intangible

*after a photograph by Hannah Maynard  
on the death of her child, c. 1884*

Afterwards, she surveys the site:  
the jostled cups, a buffalo rug  
faded burlap of bookcase

overstuffed with tromp l'oeil painted spines.

The sound of the photograph  
would be island rain  
and the animal cry of the child gone—

In the darkroom she works alone

cajoles waterfalls, brings to light  
the floating picture frame,  
the doily's difficult knowledge —

Commonplace days she survives  
with a mirror trick, a few glass plates  
that echo *don't let go; let go.*

# Hannah, Decanter, and Cloud

*~self portrait at 74*

Age is still decanters on the table  
the size of small chandeliers  
or cloud foam. You, remember,  
are the one that is unmade  
as of yet, unknown. Medium  
merely to an image, a woman

studio-posed. Self-portrait  
developed for the afterlife—  
our ticker-tape world

of tableaus and combs  
circling on. And. Then. Somehow  
your barnacled vessel  
lit from within like a carriage  
clock or sea-washed amber stones.  
*Have you been taken?*

the Victorians inquired; from flesh  
into silver salts, into gaslight paper  
or gold? Everyone becoming older.

Your gaze darts forward, lifts  
beyond the mayor's clapperboard  
home, the dead dove, the séance, the bones.  
One unknowable instant—  
even as the aperture quietly  
holds, even as the light

decants over gloved hands  
that turn into clouds.  
Don't tell me this is only a story.

Tell me there's more to our lives  
than jigsaws and doorknobs,  
more than tumbleweed, sediment or sex.  
We live for the tunnel, the years signed  
together into the surreal, for our art  
imperfect and striving.