For the Sake of a Photo

They loved the park in the late summer with its two-inch high—no more—emerald-green grass carpet, its antique colonial lampposts, finely stained cherry grain benches with intricate etchings just like home, unscented beds of yellow silk tulips and wallpaper print roses growing in the bushes.

The horizon hung on the west wing of the park like a picture done in adorable shades of blue and pink, except for one small tree that seemed out of place, and framed at some angles by maples no closer than a hundred meters apart, scattered for just a touch of nature.

Seated with posture on a bench these two photogenic inamoratos absorbed the sun until it dissolves in the horizon and they lounged in their unnaturally pleasant perfection, she holding a camera in anticipation.

He swam with one arm through the air until it landed undulantly on her cushioned shoulder, hand stroking her gold bleached hair that looked real, drawing a moderate line through her make-up from that intimate spot under her ear to the pendulum curve of her chin they moved like clockwork.

Wait she said its time she held the camera. But that young tree ruins the picture.

Its leaves shook erratically in the untimely breeze.

He swam with both arms cutting through the air until they fell freakishly on its sapling shoulder, hand choking its inherently gold-hued leaves, fingers pressing a deep dent in its trunk as he ripped it from that intimate spot in the ground and flung it aside with ambitious ignorance.

She snapped her photograph pleased to catch the sunset at the cost of only one tree.

-- Mark A. Clements