

Ansel at Yosemite

by

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Striking out solo, a trek calls the man
From valley low to a snowy high land.
Thirty pounds weigh his back, tripod in hand.
Images await amidst frozen strands.

The glacial rock carvings do daringly state,
“Put camera to tripod, insert a plate.
Frame me precisely; you know this is your fate:
To capture my beauty before it’s too late.”

With all plates exposed, he descends many miles,
His body exhausted, but face with a smile.
Being anxious for home, he picks up his pace
And reaches his darkroom, a familiar place.

Liquids reveal all negatives in turn,
Then masterful hands apply dodge and burn.
Prints of perfection are matted and framed
To adorn walls of the world’s hall of fame.