

Tyler Campbell

The “Fuck You” Look

For the 10th separate occasion that Sunday
my brother and I were politely asked to smile
for the black Nikon camera,
telepathically we connected without thinking
and stubbornly refused to bare our top gums
for anyone while wearing our lumberjack flannels
so our eyes could cut through any trees that might
decide to become the backbone for someone's
physical copy of this goddamned picture,
and even if The Greek Photographer God
descended and focused upon us to lighten up,
we would remain heavy and hard headed
as if our teeth had a communicable disease
whose wrath we weren't quite ready to unleash on his mom
cause if we were girls (as she had probably originally wanted)
we might have posed for her thinning eyebrows
from behind the lens of the developing picture,
but since we were pissed-off teenage boys
all we could do was glare like the photo until
my father finally intervened
and made the flashes fade
like the contagious smiles
after the camera came out.