Photographer at Altamont: The Morning after, 1969

David Wojahn
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A dog sleeps with a frisbee in its mouth.

A lotus-sitting girl plays a flute:

She’s wearing a Confederate cap. Sleeping bag rolled out,
Her friends eat breakfast, orange juice

And jug wine. Flute joins with harmonica,
Invisible but somewhere, in a slovenly duet.
A paper bag, twisting in slow veronicas,

Plummets—*that's* the shot he wants—

Beside the flute-girl and a broken doll.
Dried blood, abstract, sinews the dirt
Before the stage,

though he’s sorry that its details,
earth-tones and siennas, will be lost in his prints.
The girl lights a joint for him. He grins—

Matthew Brady, posing corpses in The Devil’s Den.