

ELIZABETH ROBINSON

LEE MILLER PHOTOGRAPHS AMELIA EARHART
AFTER SHE'S DISAPPEARED.

The air was a distraction and for that reason a crux
of reason. I photographed it, incident to
rumors of debris. I had my hands, I had
fealty to pay, hand to light, clock-time to
gravity.

Photography loves the foregone conclusion.

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I've always loved, especially, the betrayers and
the ones for whom mechanisms so utterly work:

Ta Da.

The picture gives up all volition, like a sick drunk
vomiting. That's just as much
a vision of the mechanism.

A vision of the mechanism. My fealty. I took,
or they took themselves, the most astonishing

photos from inside the plane. And

now, the taxing, the

indebtedness of disappearance.

My gift for disgorging

and its clockwork precision.