

**Fader**  
**Robert S. King**

I am fading to the background  
of every picture.  
I thought not even time  
could airbrush me away.

Like those before me  
whom I didn't believe,  
I was once too young and colorful  
to know that peacock feathers wash out,  
that the crayon lives I drew  
slowly fade from view.

Mirrors become black holes.  
darkness redacts me  
from this fragile world.

Robert S. King lives in Athens, Georgia, where he serves on the board of FutureCycle Press and edits the literary journal *Good Works Review*. His poems have appeared in hundreds of magazines, including *Atlanta Review*, *California Quarterly*, *Chariton Review*, *Hollins Critic*, *Kenyon Review*, *Main Street Rag*, *Midwest Quarterly*, *Negative Capability*, *Southern Poetry Review*, and *Spoon River Poetry Review*. He has published eight poetry collections, most recently *Diary of the Last Person on Earth* (Sybaritic Press 2014), *Developing a Photograph of God* (Glass Lyre Press 2014), and *Messages from Multiverses* (Duck Lake Books 2020). His personal website is [www.robertsking.info](http://www.robertsking.info)