

Leica

that feeling . . . of being watched . . . I look around . . .
the deep purple-blue eye is staring back . . . at eye level . . .
circular . . . unblinking . . . hypnotic . . .
I walk away . . . walk back . . . look at the eye again . . .
the black leather . . . satin finish steel . . .
hold it in my hand . . . heavy . . . heavier than expected . . .
solid . . . compact . . . perfectly machined . . .
put it to my eye . . . look through it . . . focus . . .
twist the lens . . . push it down flush . . . fit the cap . . .
read the name . . . Leica . . . looks good . . . feels good . . .
I pay for it . . . take possession . . . become its master . . .
it lives in my pocket . . . everywhere I go . . .
feeds on film . . . gives me pictures . . . black and white . . .
never fails . . . learns to see what I see . . . to think like me . . .
or is it me . . . thinking like a Leica?