

## OLD SNAPSHOT

The photo, small  
and blurred and dark,  
is amateurish:  
her old back yard, a corner of the  
since-abandoned house,  
and centered distantly the rusty  
childhood swing  
the boy is sitting in, for spite,  
because he didn't like to pose.  
He looks awkwardly to where  
she'd stood (her shadow cast  
spectorially in the  
foreground).

When had she put it here?  
The novel where she's found it pressed  
is sentimental, girlish.  
Its characters seem dim and  
far away,  
like figures on a windy hillside.  
Though not recalling how or why,  
remembers that the novel's end  
was sad.

The boy looks puzzled or resentful;  
his face turned slightly watches her,  
his look remote and unresolved.  
Caught as an unexpected breeze  
stirred up his hair.  
The years have made him  
unfamiliar.  
How young he seems,  
how strange it makes her feel  
to think of having loved him.

Now hearing distantly  
her younger daughter's call, she  
lays the picture back.  
The distant, boyish face stares out.  
She leaves it there.  
And shuts the book,  
as if to mark her place.