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## Photograph Album

The light was too dim to sharpen images  
faded with time and the elements.  
I folded her memories into me  
like stirring sweet cream into coffee.  
She had invited me to a birthday celebration  
held ten years ago and a graduation ceremony  
from grade school.  
She took me along on a glossy Lake Erie vacation  
minus the sunburn and the Dramamine.

I knew you would be there  
on the pages of your new life  
mountains away.  
But you surprised me too soon  
warming a spot on her couch  
right where I sit now  
the ghost of your image  
touching me.

But it was your son  
no longer the boy I knew  
Grown past the big eyed smile  
of childhood.  
Past me.  
Away.

Without turning the page  
I knew.  
It was only your photograph I would ever see.  
It was too late.