

## BARBARA ANGELL

### *A Photograph*

A picture of my mother, my father  
adjusting our faces for a photograph.  
Her eyebrows are plucked, her dark hair  
pulled back, a black dress, pearls.  
My father is curly-haired, rumpled.  
He looks like a little boy.

We are wearing blue dresses.  
Our eyes shine out at the life ahead.

The picture says my home is still there.  
See, it says, the weedy garden, the iron gate,  
the dining table piled with papers,  
sunlight along the stairs,  
the portraits of the ancestors  
with their patient folded faces.

I hear my father singing  
a little tune, cheerful, out of key.  
He is busy turning our faces to the light.