

Old Photo Albums

Most of these people mean nothing to me,
But this is my grandma, the girl in the tree;
Surrounded by blossoms big as her hands,
Up high on a sizable branch she stands.
One arm full of flowers, her radiant smile
Teases, allures; But her braids imply child.
She might be fifteen, though I'm guessing she's less,
How else could she climb up a tree in a dress?
Her elders would chide her were she a bit older,
The weight of adulthood draping her shoulder.
This is Amelia tender and free
Before childbirth and death knock her down from the tree.

My father survived her and passed me her genes;
And though he won't know it, he gave me her dreams.

