

## SNAPSHOT

I came across a photograph today,  
A faded long ago, there placed away,  
In the far back of memory's closet.  
Strange; it held an image just like you in amber,  
Clearer than scarce I could remember.  
My mind's eye had fogged it, mirror of our used-to-be ways—  
That look, that smile, your face—  
    Out so many long ago yesterdays.

Your eyes glared at me from off the paper,  
As I remembered all true-lust's grandeur—  
Words, looks, a touch, a clasped touch to savour.  
But your gloss-paper eyes are blank,  
Not seeing me staring at you as if in trance;  
Knowing not, when by mistake I stumbled upon your photograph,  
My secret heart still leapt my throat, then sank  
    At your look from the past, cutting as a razor.

I wonder if the someone now come along  
Has really taken your place, heart's song,  
As I know, perhaps, someone has taken mine with you?  
I suppose it does not matter, this lack;

I shall put your photograph back, a tatter,  
Far, far back among the gone-by deeds  
(Thinking someday we may cross on the street),  
For now you are in among the silenced memories  
—And I close the writing table drawer.

--J. F. Lowe