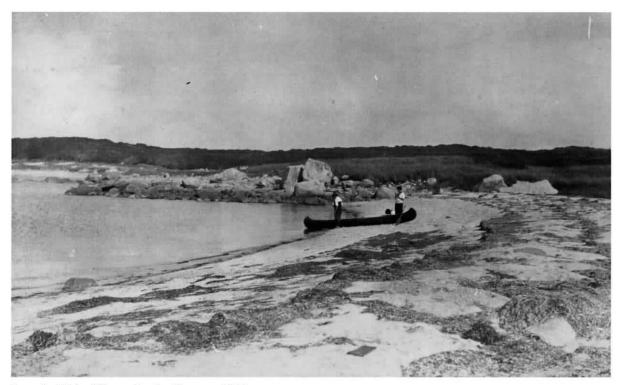
## Poem: Considering Old Photographs of a Nearby Place

## Eric Edwards

Everything in it is gone, except what the light caused. The roots that half-fed the trunk against whose skin this woman is leaning, invisibly disappeared into darkness... or perhaps some part of this was reborn into something else, or some one, or simply weighs down the air we are breathing toward the picture.

Those crazy photons zipping at maximum speed all over the place agitated silver to the quick – and the dead live on, haunting.

The photograph is such a thin sheet, like a magical unleavened cracker, it causes hunger.



From the Hibbard/Romer Family Album. ca. 1925.

We cannot retie the bow in this young girl's hair... or press down the cowlick on his head. Was this really a good picnic after the pose? Was it a long, beautiful day?

Do we get to say to our own children "you are as they were, happy in the light?"

No one in these photographs exists anymore. And if love failed them at some point yet will they not be saved a little by your loving regard now.

Their likeness is to Peter Pan and Wendy – all we touch is the dust some believing fairy glued onto this page that lets us fly beyond yesterday.

If only we could ever say, staring into the past so cleanly, "we are looking at the future."

Eric Edwards is a Woods Hole poet



From the Hibbard/Romer Family Album. ca. 1925.