
Final Photographs

Aged, final photographs stare
with the melancholy eyes
of an abandoned child
when treasured faces
which so proudly sailed
the earlier album pages
begin to fade and disappear;
We watched with such little regard
as the precious petals
within our own back yards
fell silent, wilted, and then died:
*-- the friendships we thought
would never slip by . . .*
And now how our sunsets fade
when the empty expressions
of hazed, back-window panes
gaze at scattered, marble remains,
and masterpieces left in the rain;
How many times we tried
to reach far behind
the rusted, barriers of time
for the pennies once paid,
on what we then thought
was just another passing day;
We can only sit
inside our shaded rooms,
deep and brooding blue,
in vivid detail recall the way
footsteps pale took center stage,
when we first composed
our movie-star smiles
with such glamour, such grace
for the final photographs
we would ever take.