

KENNA CREER MANOS
FAMILY ALBUMS

Old photographs don't fade
So much as change the subject.
Backgrounds push forward,
Corners move in,
Details scuttle to centre stage.

Those pallid backyard visitors
—what were their names?—
Have faded to the light
Of the first peaches behind the poses.
There's a thin slice of child's face
(A child who didn't live to grow up)
Shadowed in the treehouse door,
The maple sunstruck with autumn
On Thanksgiving day;
The red cloth, the white cat,
The hand of her future husband,
A boy's hand
At the Easter table edge.

Through all the pages of children's birthdays
(Teeth suddenly too large for faces)
Lie the borders of celebration:
A crease of weariness,
A tilted grin,
The small sad curve
Of arm away from arm.