

The Photograph

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*I wrote this poem when i saw this old photo of this family, it was like really sad...
anyway i entered this in a writing competition!!! i cam third and won \$100!! i was pretty happy.*

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http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/fart_squisher/23660/The-Photograph

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The Photograph

Lifted out of its dusty case,
A relic from unknown past,
Shadows nimbly staying still,
Actors in a forgotten cast.

.

The paper crackles angrily,
As I try to flatten out
Pictures, people, and a time,
Left forever in doubt.

.

Their clothes, their faces,
So foreign now, their smiles faded to black,
I look through a window to a different time,
I don't think they'll welcome me back.

.

The wind rustles the Photograph,
Yet this family's clothes move not,
Their faces shrouded in mystery,
The script an irrelevant plot.

.

These people, stationary and helpless,

Forgotten forever `til now,

My quest, my journey, my purpose,

Discover their life, but how?

.

I begin with the torn Photograph,

Caressing its forgotten souls,

The world moved on and away from them,

Their time, their life - so many holes.

.

And how, I ask, to understand,

A life led near century ago,

What values, what demands enforced,

Whence did this family go?

.

Their lavish clothes speak of riches,

Yet their dirtied faces do not,

I share in their stark discomfort,

Their eyes tell a hated plot.

.

Who were these people posing,

To be taunting me with looks,

Holding their secrets precious,

Illiterate, or indulged in books?

.

So many questions, so few answers,

I wish they'd leave me be,

Who were they to be immortalized on paper?

Who were they, these rich, these poor three?

.

Their lives were captured in a moment,

Summed up in a single click,

Their past was written on their faces,

Their future still shrouded in mist.