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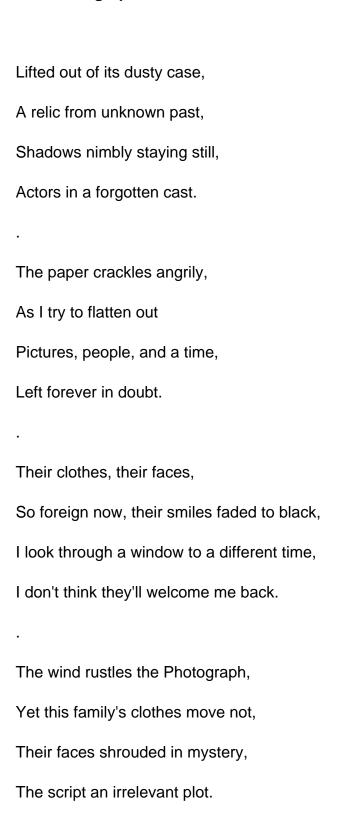
http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/fart_squisher/23660/The-Photograph

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1 - The Photograph

The Photograph



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These people, stationary and helpless,

Forgotten forever `til now,

My quest, my journey, my purpose,

Discover their life, but how?

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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.

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And how, I ask, to understand,

A life led near century ago,

What values, what demands enforced,

Whence did this family go?

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Their lavish clothes speak of riches,

Yet their dirtied faces do not,

I share in their stark discomfort,

Their eyes tell a hated plot.

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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.