

FAMILY PHOTO

there is the one that sprays you in the face
like a skunk and says truth truth truth
after you can stop blinking
your face as a child floats
off the surface and starts haunting
your days and dreams and dangles
over the abyss where you dismiss
it and interact as if it doesn't
exist inside your every cell and thick
feature and curve of a cheekbone
Still she lives and still she was
frozen outside of the circle of love
but that little game face had the half
smile of knowing and holding on
it can still soften the moment
with a trace of smooth skin
touching the underside of
time's chisels and patterned pores
tiny survivors frozen in photos
with grace's backward image reflection
changing left to right

—Beth Jacobs



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