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Old Photograph

Pictures capture faces like words capture thoughts,
Scraps of paper holding fragments of time.
Your eyes piercing blue, my dress flowered and lace-trimmed.
One kiss among thousands captured forever in ink on paper.
Where do moments go?
Do kisses disappear somewhere between a mother's lips and her baby's hair?
How could I kiss an infant then and turn around and kiss a nineteen-year old
With just a breath between?