

# A Very Old Photograph

by Glenda Beall

Shy with the camera,  
she stands in her white sailor dress  
one arm behind her back.  
Her dark eyes, so much like mine,  
glance to her right.  
Her lips almost smile.

I wish I had known her then.  
We'd have been friends,  
going to pound suppers, singing  
alto in the church choir.  
She was loved as I was loved,  
sheltered by Mama, strengthened  
by her Papa's expectations.

How could she have imagined aging?  
Certainly not at fourteen  
and looking so lovely.  
She never thought she'd grow old,  
lose her memory, and depend on me,  
her daughter, to care for her.