

PRINTS CLUTTERING THE ATTIC

Jacie Ragan

Pictures keep on flipping through my mind,
the ones I only wish I could forget,
the snapshots that your leaving left behind.

I think they'd blur in time if I just let
them sit untouched to mildew in the dark,
like photographs that no one wants to keep,
backgrounds hazy, silhouettes too stark,
corners wrinkled, shadows cut too deep.

I'd like to throw the lot of them away
and make another album, start anew,
but sentiment's the glue that makes them stay,
and even though you've left me, we're not through.

I wish I'd had the sense, somehow, to see
the person, not this image haunting me.

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