

My Father's Bride
by Teresa M. Conner

Her withered fingers stroke the glass
over the ancient photograph.

Yellow shades of black, white, and gray
piece together to form the image

of a lady of fourteen,

destined to become my father's bride,

sitting on a fencepost

holding a pet rabbit.

"A polka-dot dress with striped socks

was fashionable in 1945,"

she utters with a laugh.

Her faded brown eyes become misty

as she shudders in the sweet chill of nostalgia.

I hug her frail shoulders

as a soft sentimental breeze

drifts through me.

Although time has weathered her,

and the pain in her rebellious bones

has long stopped any more

climbing of fence posts,

for the first time I see

that young girl in my mother,

just as I can see

my reflection in her photograph.