

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.