

Someday

by Carl Santoro

Someday I'll be
more than just
a face in a
shoebox sea
of photographs of me.

I'll be an old photograph
in somebody's photograph
album I'll be,
.....remembered-
 folded, molded
 ripped and chipped,
.....remembered-
 scratched, stained
 and fingerprinted
 and as in real life
 occasionally
 sneezed on.

Your brain will be
tickled by my image
and my photo
will become
a memory
dancing in your head-
singing, laughing, talking
and alive
with you
as you move
about
your
day.

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