

20th Century Boy

by Collin Kelley

The night I screamed you out of my life for good,
I fed your confettied photo to swirling toilet,
a ticker tape parade and dead fish burial rolled into one.

Later I found the box, a jiffy popped trove
of forgotten snapshots, you bursting in full color
from every slick surface — sulky, smirky, your mouth
issuing smoke, cigarette blurred in your expressive hands.

If I hold them just right, I can make a flip book of that last day,
bring you back to animated life, the shots where you're walking
away
snapping through my fingers, your back retreating in increments.
And if I flip the other way, you coming back.

