

# A Broken Frame

*by* Collin Kelley

The photograph has no date,  
but these are my long-ago kin,  
ancestors just before the boat,  
six stone-faced on the English shore,  
sepia on cardstock under glass  
still clear in severe, dark clothes  
except one who has been marked  
out, maybe with black wax,  
which runs to the bottom corner  
where the frame is cracked.

Did he die in transit, get lettered  
for adultery on that long crossing,  
gamble away starting-over money,  
or was he the child they could no  
longer bear, the ruin of the family?  
The one who kissed other boys,  
should have been left behind,  
whose black ghost gave up  
the dream, slipped out of the picture  
through a broken place, a sliver.

