

## Photograph

In the photograph  
I'm reaching down for your hand,  
you're reaching up for mine.  
It's a sunny day;  
we're both wearing dark glasses.  
Yours are big and round and make you look like a Hollywood starlet.  
You are three.

As we stroll past Minnie Mouse I'm thinking  
you are my second chance at parenthood.  
My daughter, your mother, is, of course, grown.  
But here you are,  
a perfect little person,  
and I imagine the lifetime of fun we'll have together.

Except it isn't a lifetime,  
not mine anyway,  
because in a new photograph  
you – once again in white –  
are arm-in-arm with another man.

How am I to take this?  
My perfect little person  
is now a perfect adult.  
If it weren't that I feel such joy  
I would be lost