

Sorting My Mother's Photos

Meredith Davies Hadaway

Here she squints, sun-blind, raising
a sweaty glass on an island getaway.

In another, the two of us—stretched
white—exposed on a spit of sand.

Why keep the chronicle of strokes as we swim
from dock to raft and back, my face younger

than it will ever be again. Glued behind
the yellowing shield, a smile that refuses

to be removed from its sticky context. Those I
can, I slip into a smaller box, lidded to keep

them in the dark for some future plunderer—
one who never tried to catch your

streaming hand, never looked into the blazed
eyes, never smelled the salt in waves

that washed our shoulders as the sun
turned sand to gold.

