

...may 7, 2019...

there's a picture in an album  
that my childhood once knew  
of my father's generation  
from a century ago –

lawrence mary and louvisa  
alma albert cliff and sven  
plus william as a baby  
in photographic trance –

all of them grew fast by slow  
from children posed in frozen hue  
into parents – uncles – aunts  
stretching into greats and grands –

all of them now history  
yet intricately wrapped in me –  
whispering their hidden smiles  
into my reality –

through recollections and memoirs  
they've wrapped themselves into my cells  
with happenings and atmospheres  
that mesmerize my inner worlds –

my very cells are linked and traced  
to all those lives that weave through mine  
rewriting me through space and time  
into this moment – crystalline –

somehow all are part of me  
hovering my d-n-a  
till i become a multiverse  
of escalating memories.

