

## Pictures

When I see this picture,  
of my father and I  
when I was little.

I think about the past,  
I don't know if I am  
cheerful or bitter.

But with this  
specific photograph,  
it is happy.

My father hugging me,  
laying of the ground:  
laughing hard as can be.

My dad, with his  
signature smirk against my  
oh-so-pale skin.

With a proud  
“that's my little girl” look,  
glistening in his eye.

This reminds me of  
my dad; when he was  
still here with me.

When I was little and  
nothing mattered but  
family and fun.

I will forever miss  
those times--  
that are now just ***pictures.***

