To Polly

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AFTER YESTERDAY

there was a time when I took too many pictures.
Now I have collections of
too many square
flat,
glossy,
full-color,
people
I don’t even remember
and won’t see again.

I won’t take your picture.
Sixty-second memories
fade away in scrapbooks
full of giggling smiles
and poses of fake surprise.

Instead I’ll remember you
the way you were
when I bought you
the blue balloon
that floated away.

I guess those that can’t afford balloons
have to buy cameras.

Dennis O’Brien

TO POLLY

Four walls push my chest
Toward my back.
My eyes squeeze vision
From tiny panes of glass.
“Can’t breathe!” I scream.
But no one comes,
No one can hear,
Unless the little girl
Comes back to use her dolls again.

Len Fonte