

The life of nostalgia

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The snapshot—
like time in a coma:
Back then we are young,

but even so the skull still lurks
as cheekbones.

Too much, I dwell too much on the ends of things.
Look here instead: the flowers! The trees!
we're in a playground!
we're children!

(It's *color* film: some of this is *real*.)

We sit down together,
old friends that we are now,
wrinkle ourselves into a good mood,
shed lamp on the situation,
try to awaken the past tense into life.