

Lois Shimazaki

Photograph of my Father

There you are in yesterday;
face snuggled against the arm
of the couch like a child's
heavy head on its mother's
welcoming breast. There I stand
giggling as Anne slips big
blue cookie monster under an
unsuspecting right arm.
We both act like a couple
of bandits who pulled off
the greatest bank robbery.

I focus the camera
with nervous anxiety, an
actor performing on stage for
my audience of one.
The heavy Kodak camera
fumbles in my child-sized hands.
Cautiously Anne steps away
and I capture you there on
the sofa unaware
of my favorite memory.