

THE SCRAPBOOK

by Jade Cutler, Burgeo- Junior Division Poetry

My grandfather grins
Through the grainy, yellow glaze
Of an old photograph
On a scrapbook page.

In his black leather jacket
He smokes a cigarette,
Beside a friend whose name
He says he now forgets.

And I stare, transfixed,
At this forgotten friend and place
How time wrinkled the photograph
The same way it did his face.

Then, I think when I get older
And my grandkids look for me
They won't do it in an album
They'll see me on a screen.

And there will be no dog-eared corners
No yellow tinge of age
Just a thousand labelled pictures
On an ancient Facebook page
So without the magic mystery
Of an old, dog-eared scrapbook,
I am seriously doubting
That anyone will look.