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Date: 12/04/2019

Title: My Grandfather's Broken Camera

I am from my grandfather's broken camera.

You know, the one that used to take pictures, oh so long ago?

I am from games -- word games, and decks of cards that are never full.

I am from the dent in the wall from when I roller skated indoors and fell.

That dent that we have tried to patch too many times, and now it's just a lump.

I am from discarded tiles from construction,

Tiger lillies overflowing the backyard,

And the bird feeder that is always emptied by squirrels.

I am from the cafe with the chair that no one ever sits in.

From the street corner that held so many bake sales,

From the dry cleaners with the Guatemalan woman who always has a smile.

From "dial it back's" and "you're at a level 10's"

These things make me who I am.

I am from crispy fried eggs,

Butterscotch apple pies,

Muffins that aren't really muffins, but we love them anyway.

And I am from that big book of pictures that documents our lives.

And with every freshly printed photograph, we slip it into its folds.

As well as the pictures from my grandfather's broken camera.

We slip those in there too.