

## Found photograph

Young Elmer, string of fish held chest high, floats  
on my desk. Catching eye  
and curiosity, questions hook  
me, as from that dirt road his enigmatic boy  
face and long hand beckon. My father squints from  
one corner of the fading frame, just as he filled  
only one-quarter of my life. I cast across time  
for understandings but my creel,  
his brown suitcase, lies silent at my feet.

