

The New Criterion

Poems January 2011

A box of old family photos

by Robyn Sarah

Here we see our
selves in transit.
Time's the terrain.
Here are our sundry
faces, lost familiars,
the parade of we-were-onces,
bygones of the mirror
half remembered,
hardly believed in, now.

Precious beyond accounting
is this salvage, yet how
unaccountably it takes us
when it takes us unawares:
where are those years?

The past is hazardous
as well as treasurehouse.

Robyn Sarah's latest poetry collection is *Pause for Breath* (Biblioasis).

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