STRANGERS IN A BOX

Come, look with me inside this drawer,
In this box I've often seen.
At the pictures, black and white,
Faces proud, still and serene.

I wish I knew the people,
These strangers in the box.
Their names and all their memories
Are lost among my socks.

I wonder what their lives were like,
How did they spend their days?
What about their special times?
I'll never know their ways.

If only someone had taken time,
To tell, who, what, where, and when.
These faces of my heritage,
Would come to life again.

Could this become the fate,
Of the pictures we take today?
The faces and the memories,
Someday to be passed away?

Take time to save your stories,
Seize the opportunity when it knocks.
Or someday you and yours,
Could be strangers in the box.

PAMELA A. HARAZIM