

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.*

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