

## **The Photo**

DJ Kane

It was time to pack for my move to Florida.

I was at my desk, ready to start emptying the draws. As I started with the top draw, to tackle a mess of everything, that belonged and didn't, a photo inched from my hand and landed on the floor. I say inched as a metaphor, as it was that close, but seemed to avoid my grasp, freeing itself, thus avoiding my wondering, and intruding hand, as if were intentional. The photo landed on its face side, and as it did, it seemed to beckon me once again; with all my curiosity I should retrieve, before continuing to pack. What photo could it be, to have singled out such favor? I don't have much time to pack, but I don't need much of an excuse to stop, I hate packing.

I stopped packing for a moment to retrieve the photo. I stooped to pick up the photo, as it fueled my curiosity. As I stood up, I held the photo, and flipped it over on its face. It was a photo of a loved one, who had passed. In the photo we were sitting on the hood of my car, eating ice cream, on a hot and sunny day. I then noticed the photo seemed to be a bit warm to the touch, no doubt from being in the draw among the many other things that cluttered, I thought. So strange, but not so at times, when packing and finding lost, and misplaced things, so much like a venture to many different places, that you have been before, in a distant time. It may seem strange or in some way memorable, as they are unearthed among the clutter that seem to be. Sometimes it's a lucky find, or a sad awakening, to kindle your soul for a brief atonement.

Inspecting the photo a little bit closer, I noticed a stain on my car, and instinctively rubbed the stain, to clear the photo. To my amazement, the stain in its fullest was captured on my finger, as a cold spot of yesterday. Of course it was, it was ice cream, isn't ice-cream cold to the touch? So strange, I thought again, the car was warm and the ice cream cold. Isn't that the way it should be?

Looking closely at the photo once more I said to my son, "I remember that hot day so well, the ice cream was so good and cold, wasn't it? And the car hot as it was a very hot, sunny day." Not being able to free the photo at that moment from my hand, I uttered a whisper,

"Don't you worry, daddy won't leave you, or ever forget you". Just then, my wife called out to me,

"Are you packing dear!"

"Yes we are dear," answering, "yes we are", and I continued packing.