

Tripod, Snapshots

Snapshots of a childhood,
pictures of a boy.
How can they be photos of me?

Seems so unfamiliar,
seems so long ago,
looks like a foreign country.

How did I get from there to here?
Who is this boy that I see?

I think you've given me the wrong film back again.
How many times does this have to happen?
Now, some Indian looking kid,
has photos of me at Dreamworld.

I don't care if other customers are waiting.
No, I will not lower my voice.
Don't look at them, they're not gonna help you.
What are you prepared to do for me?

Oh, I just remembered, what's on the rest of that film.

You've got a lot of explaining to do
when the woman in the sari comes back.
I'm pretty sure her religious beliefs
are not in line with the contents of my photos.

When I think about the boy in those photos
I wonder what he thinks of me.
I hope that Indian woman doesn't judge me,
I have a lot of respect for her culture.
I've read all of my Salman Rushdie.

I really can't express how mortified I am about this situation.

F--- this, I'm going digital.