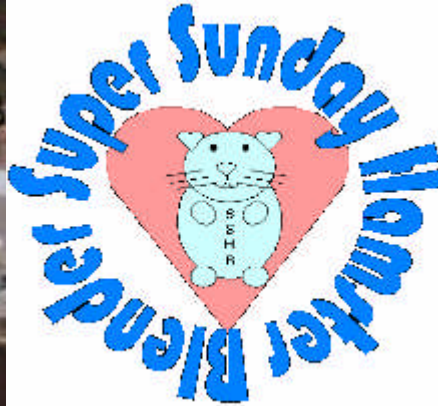


## Dead Principal Souvenir

(9.17.2005 - J. Dassatti/D. Lamoureux)



A black and white photograph surrendered from another decade  
Suppressed forever by a frame that hangs on the brick in the school lobby  
With the other principals, wallflower obligation  
While the children mock his crooked necktie and then they just walk away

I feel too small  
For souvenirs  
I feel too small

My frame hangs empty and alone in a cemetery  
Sinking behind a white church, hundreds of forget-me-nots struggle and fade  
Names and dates on wilted wintered gravestones, in precious italics  
An airplanes passes, a hymn overhead, it passes away, I want to wave

I feel too small  
For souvenirs  
I feel too small

Stopped at a red light, counting cars and the matching sour face of each ghost  
Beginning to feel that I am no longer afraid of death  
The fear is in the pain of the blasphemy, not to God, but to myself, my ghost  
Every photograph, every stain, every letter  
Every souvenir