

Photographic Heart

by Skipperdoodle Productions

At the encouragement of my lusciously raven- haired wife,
Walked in cold evening sunshine.
Passed Finn and son, Eoghan, eager for Spring, tossing a baseball in the park.
Considered pausing to take a phone picture of the sun, framed by striated clouds between stark,
backlit oaks.
But, wanting to be present,
Elected instead to capture the scene in my heart.
Passing geese honked approvingly as I hobbled home to write this poem with Mozart in my ears.
Though sorry you missed the sight,
I assure you, your imagination surpasses any paltry facsimile the old man might have delivered.