



## Not Just a Photograph

By Heather E. Thomson

Black and white faces on the page—  
Their solemn eyes stare into mine.  
Ancestors from a different age  
Are calling me through space and time.

Oh, what are held in dusty faces  
Behind the stern and fixed stare?  
What lies beneath the frills and laces  
Of fancy gowns the women wear?

Their lives could not be simply names  
And dates and places of the past.  
The stories of these men and dames  
Will live again—be told at last.