

Michael Keshigian

The Projector

Upon the old film projector
a few revolutions remain,
moaning as it casts
paltry images of black and white
upon the portable screen,
enabling us to visit a bygone era.
Rapt, we stare at the curdled frames
of lost memories, departed parents
and us, their offspring,
squinting at our younger selves,
we frolic under the glow
of ancient lights,
carefree lunges beneath
the cold water sprinkler
that emanated from rusty faucets
attached to a three-decker abode,
the summers unfaltering,
we gathered, smaller, more flexible,
clowning, our parents, so young,
no wrinkles, more hair,
all of us summoned
for a group pose
by the off-screen director.
How silently time runs its course,
with strange, peculiar hints
if the changes are noted.
We yearn to climb back,
recapture innocence and joyfulness
the calm, silver light exudes.
Then it ends, the old reel flapping,
the brief nostalgic rekindling
has also run its course.

Michael Keshigian, from New Hampshire, had his fourteenth poetry collection, *What To Do With Intangibles*, published by Cyberwit Publishing, January 2020. He has appeared as feature writer in over a twenty publications with 7 Pushcart Prize and 2 Best Of The Net nominations. His work has recently been published in the Edison Literary Review, Bluepepper, Young Ravens Literary Review, and Pudding Magazine. (michaelkeshigian.com).