

KATHY DAVIS
Snapped

Her daughters shocked
to a splay-footed
standstill,
hair bows askew,
ears cocked
as if wary
of what's happening
behind them. 1914
and the family fruitcake
recipe says
blanch the almonds,
shell pecans,
crystallize the cherries,
then call a man
to stir the heavy batter.
Too full
of four- and six-year-old
giggle and squirm
to pose pretty and smile
for their mama
who has finally snapped,
"Turn around
and face the bushes!"
and is taking a picture
of the backs
of their new white
summer Sunday dresses,
the rows of tiny bone
buttons scavenged
from an old blouse,
the flounces crocheted
by kerosene light,
the cropped sleeves
trimmed with lace bartered
from the pack peddler
for a skillet supper
and a spare bed. No
running water, electricity,
phone, or paved roads; no
self timer to unchain her
from the tripod; no

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click and share;
but one snapshot
and generations of us see:
Here is a woman
who could wield a needle.