The Picture- A Ballad:

By: Skyler Lowman

It was summer when I found it,

It was a picture in black and white

It had a man in it,

I had never seen him before;

He was a portly man,

With a nice, dark, long beard.

I was in my room,

Analyzing him,

Trying to think if I had seen him before

I thought his eyes looked like mine;

Deep green, with a blue spec.

I wondered if he was my father.

My father died before I was born;

In a car accident

But this man was much younger than 24;

That’s the age my father died.

This man looked to be about 15.

Maybe it was my father,

My mother knew him best,

So why not ask her?

I brought the picture down to her,

The second she saw the tall, big man,

She looked at me with a death stare,

I asked if it was my father,

I waited forever for a response!

My mother, with tears in her eyes

Turned to me and hit me!

She had never hit me before!

She turned to me and said

“I have never seen this man before!”

I knew she was lying,

And I knew it was my father.