

## Photos of the Past

Back in the days when photos were rare  
We'd all have to pose and brush our hair  
No second chances, the film cost a lot  
If you spoiled the picture, her wrath you  
would cop.

And at that time colour photos were new  
Black and white prints, all our  
grandparents knew  
And they were precious, incredibly rare  
Family photos, not scenery nor selfies,  
there were.

So on every picnic the camera came out  
And at those gatherings with family about  
Stand up straight put a smile on your face  
And everyone get in their appropriate  
place.

The one copy made from the celluloid film  
Into the album where it could be seen  
Whenever we wanted to reminisce  
And remember those family, long since  
passed.

And god forbid if she went on a trip  
The slideshow that followed would not  
really grip  
Your attention nor interest, despite the  
story  
Of every meal and each place in which  
she did tarry.

It's not like that, in these modern times

When photos are cheap, we shoot many  
frames  
There's no discretion, not much care  
The pictures often no better than empty  
air.

And taking the picture often seems more  
Important than actually being there  
Experiencing the moment, being aware  
Of what's happening, about what you  
should care.

With millions of photos it makes me laugh  
How do you sort the wheat from the chaff  
And how do you find the precious one  
Amongst all the rubbish stored on your  
phone.

There'll be lots of selfies, perhaps with a  
mate  
And of course you'll look really great  
And restaurant meal pictures, oh bloody  
hell  
If that's what excites you, well, oh well!

I shouldn't judge what gives you pleasure  
But surely there's just a few moments to  
treasure  
Like back in the days when photos were  
rare  
And each one meant something, chosen  
with care.

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