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family locket

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family locket

As a birthday present many years earlier
I never understood the meaning of the locket,
but as I grow older the meaning grows clearer.
It dangles from its etched gold chain
like a pendulum
swinging from a clock.
It's hidden away in the back of my jewelry
box
tucked tightly in a taffeta box
like a small child cradled by her mother.
Though tarnished as years pass,
Yet the beauty is never lost.
A river of family history flows from
the portraits within the locket.
All but one
have passed on to different worlds.
Each time I touch the roses on the front
or look at the smiling faces on the inside
I see Grandma's Irish eyes smiling down on
me from above.
Some of the people captured in the pictures
I never knew.
Some even my father never knew--
his own father included.
Though I never met some of these people,
I feel I know them well.
The breath of life is carried by the young
generation to generation.
It cries as those who hold it dear
pass on.
And the locket whispers once again
telling the tale of the past to the young.

by Calli Schommer