



On Sundays her name is Irene

My grandmother had seven affairs,  
Was married nine times,  
Traveled to forty-four countries,  
And entertained ninety-three occupations.

My grandmother was a portrait photographer,  
Who once traveled for three weeks on the Amazon  
For a single photo of an indigenous woman  
And her child.

On one of her adventures  
She met a British scholar  
And became the mother of three girls  
And a single boy.

She continued photography well into motherhood.  
She shot three rolls of film a day  
And her dearest subject was her children.  
Nude.

In the noon-time ritual  
The three girls took warm baths together,  
While my grandmother ornately braided  
Their thick blonde hair.

She was inspired by the blonde strands  
And the soft subtle curves of the formless bodies  
That sent a rush of heat to her face  
And goose bumps down her spine.

...

My grandmother began to shout  
And yank at her paper sheets  
In reverie, she mumbled,  
“I see my eye through the lens.  
A convex reflection of my identity  
In an introspective array of light.”

