

Carlsbad

Cody Baggerly

I look at old photo albums
From time to time
And relive old lives
That were never mine

I was born in nineteen ninety-three
But when I close my eyes
It's a different time I tend to see

She's seventeen in blue bell bottom jeans
Perspiring in the torrid New Mexico heat
With a long haired lover
Standing slim and trim in hard bare feet

All the memories I've lived,
In all those old
faded photographs,

They mingle with mine,
Living long after
my mom has gone to sleep

Nestled deep in vivid dreams
And nights to come,
In my daughter and my son

Those dry summer days,
In the torrid and sweet
New Mexico heat