

*Elaine Moynahan*

# Snapshot

I sit on the chintz chair in their bedroom  
trying to catch the amaryllis  
inching upward.  
She poses,  
turns before the mirror  
in her new brown wool suit.  
It is 1943,  
I am five  
and it is a Joan Crawford suit, she says:  
“All the rage.”

A cloud of red encircles her shoulders,  
the tail of the red fox curling about her  
to clip its own mouth.  
She runs her hands over the fur,  
the crimson nails with white crescent moons  
gently combing through its softness.

She leans closer.  
I see two black glass eyes staring,  
pointy teeth,  
a narrow, bony face.  
“Don’t you love it, sweetheart?”

I remember this clearly.  
It is the first time I lie for love.

Elaine Moynahan is an emerging poet at the age of 74. She graduated from Trinity College in D.C. in 1959, married and is the mother of nine children. Upon retirement in 2001, she began writing and has poems published or forthcoming in *Spindrift*, *The North Adams Transcript*, *Off the Coast*, *The Green Hills Literary Lantern*, *Rise Forms*, and *Avocet*.