## Tripod, Snapshots

Snapshots of a childhood, pictures of a boy. How can they be photos of me?

Seems so unfamiliar, seems so long ago, looks like a foreign country.

How did I get from there to here? Who is this boy that I see?

I think you've given me the wrong film back again. How many times does this have to happen? Now, some Indian looking kid, has photos of me at Dreamworld.

I don't care if other customers are waiting. No, I will not lower my voice. Don't look at them, they're not gonna help you. What are you prepared to do for me?

Oh, I just remembered, what's on the rest of that film.

You've got a lot of explaining to do when the woman in the sari comes back. I'm pretty sure her religious beliefs are not in line with the contents of my photos.

When I think about the boy in those photos I wonder what he thinks of me. I hope that Indian woman doesn't judge me, I have a lot of respect for her culture. I've read all of my Salman Rushdie.

I really can't express how mortified I am about this situation.

F--- this, I'm going digital.