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## A Paternal Tribute to Long Ago and Far Away

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## A Paternal Tribute to Long Ago and Far Away

### Author Bio

Jenna Pavis grew up in the rural town of North Yarmouth, Maine, where she spent eighteen years gallivanting in the woods, picking blueberries in her backyard, and jamming out to jazz and 1960s hits. She's been a passionate saxophonist, tea hugger, competitive golfer, crossword enthusiast, and feline fanatic. Jenna has given musical performances worldwide, notably in New York City, Washington, D.C., Vienna, Berlin, and Prague. She maintains that writing informs her creativity for music and vice versa. Jenna prefers to write in the middle of the afternoon outside on a picnic blanket, with Simon and Garfunkel playing in the background.

A Paternal Tribute to Long Ago and Far  
Away

JENNA L. PAVIS

Time and time again  
I have yearned to cast myself  
headfirst  
into the sea of photographs  
that tell tall tales about your past,  
your gargantuan family,  
and the way things used to be  
long ago and far away.

Perhaps it's too painful  
Or a pipe dream to you now,  
better to be put on a shelf  
in good health and good time,  
untainted by the suffering to come,  
long ago and far away.

But I want to know the brown-eyed boy  
who rarely spoke up at the dinner table  
and suppressed a grin at Christmastime  
and accidentally set the offering aflame at church  
and pranked the nuns in grammar school  
long ago and far away.

Perhaps we could gallivant around the city  
and you, the shy teenager with the afro,  
could show me Great Kills  
before it was consumed by commercialism,  
before 66 Sycamore was more than a memory,  
before loved ones began to spiral downhill,  
before I was even a glint in your eye,  
long ago and far away.

Let's grab Uncle Matthew  
and take a spontaneous trip up to Katahdin  
where we can picnic in the solstice of the woods  
and take turns playing some accordion  
just for kicks and giggles,  
long ago and far away.

But I know you'd rather not  
embark on a brief pilgrimage  
to the people and places in these pictures,  
so I suppose I'll have to be satisfied  
with a rain check for the near future  
and make no further inquiries  
about long ago and far away.