

# Photograph

It's been my Mum and Dad's Golden Wedding Anniversary and I've been scanning the old black and white photographs

My Dad in black and white holding a grey trophy.  
My mum in lackluster robes sits with a stern faced woman  
My Gran in black coat and grey hat hold a white bundle.  
Their black suits and white dresses, black ties and grey coats, white

And amongst ashen images I suddenly found Red.

There was no colour photography in that charcoal past but for an extra fee, the photographer would use watercolours to enhance the dull non-variety of greys. But when I see my parents looking at the fading images I realise that the artists work is wasted.

The golden trophy held by my Dad is the National Youth Cup, won by Sheffield boys for whom he played centre forward.

The stern faced woman in the purple dress is Mrs. Wilkins, my mum's boss at Twist Drill, a lovely woman who looked after Her Girls.

And the bundle held by my Gram in the pink blanket is me

And in the minds of those who were there, there's all the colour you need.

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