

## Postcard Day

Ian Anderson

My eyes are white circles above cheekbones on fire:  
pale hand gripping my pen.  
Rounding up to the zero, adding infinite fractions,  
letting nine become ten.  
Two pink doves strut the shingles  
picking crumbs from the breakfast I saved  
for you dear. And I wish you were here  
on this postcard day.

Focus on the fine indeterminate line  
where the sky meets the sea.  
Desperate midweek words, banal and absurd  
freely flow out of me.  
Well, I may be a hostage to summer  
but I'm a hostage, not a slave.  
And I'm clear that I wish you were here  
on this postcard day.

Precious cargo of flotsam: mixed memories on an ocean tide  
swim madly with spice from the orient  
on a mystery watery carpet ride.  
But with the sun going down, the wind goes around;  
blows them back out of mind.

My eyes are white circles staring down past the point  
of my restless pen.  
While the ghosts of my youth all sworn to the truth  
call my name again.  
Two brown legs don't make a summer.  
But two brown arms couldn't keep me away.  
Well, my dear, I wish you were here  
on this postcard day.