

## The Postcard

Your mind travels first and sends back a postcard.  
You grab it, glad for a paper adventure. The gravel  
road becomes pebbled perfection. You forget the  
gray people and grim skies, hunting for the sun  
tan oil, a little high from the rum you sip at sunset,  
saying to yourself, someday, I too must go there  
to see if reality got it right. You are all I thought  
you would be, but the luggage was lighter.