

I am mostly in love with  
the way the gardens reach  
over walls, here, how big  
vines and leaves are, how green,  
the curve of a mountain  
surprising me each morning,  
the ledges and the rocks  
and the way cars all line up  
and follow each other down the hills.

POSTCARD

NUMBER

64

Didn't I tell you I'd write?

Forgive my swiftness, but I must  
get back to the coffee  
and the untied shoelace  
and the way my feet spend  
over new sidewalks,

purposeful. I had never noticed  
that before, until they gave me  
the stamps and I licked them  
and the waters split the rocks  
into red and then redder  
pebbles shaped like lungs.

MARY

STONE

DOCKERY