Her Poems Read Like Postcards

MARK SMITH

Her poems read like postcards scribbled at a table in a small café and mailed off to friends who lived on fellowships and travel grants.

One would have thought her hand would cramp from so often writing por avion and poste restante.

When, in your robust dreams, you squirmed beneath her on the day-couch and she kissed you, in the French-style so lavishly on the mouth, you told your barber and his customers — to much laughter—how her tongue tasted of the shiny backside of foreign postage stamps.