

## Postcard from Greece

*by*

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The fall is beautiful this year, the kids are fine too.

Your Christmas postcard we got, cannot wait to see you.

P.S.: There was no wine this year, the vine in the back yard withered and, no, Jack doesn't wet himself anymore, thank you.

His son however, does, sometimes.

No honey either, I am sorry to say: the hives in the orchard must have moved sometime during last year's winter, so we had to buy some for Jinny's wedding, her first one.

Nor any eggs since, the latch in the coop door got so rusty, it was impossible for them to get back in to roost. They fled; I don't blame them.

Neither the dog, nor the birds, nor the people.

The railing in the front porch looks fine, if your look is clumsy enough, barely standing, watchful, as do the walls

I have been whitewashing for ages.

### **Poet's Note**

"Postcard from Greece" was inspired by personal experiences of loss and the unique way each one of us tries to process complex feelings of grief and sadness while at the same time integrating them into a new beginning, life being, after all, a constant and exhilarating negotiation of meaning. These lines aimed to claim a grounded experience on a piece of Greek land.