

LISA COMPO

FROM THE POSTCARD BOX AT THE ANTIQUE STORE

We write small promises in our goodbyes,
note sunshine in the weather, safety
found upon arrival. Some days I can see the sky
so clearly I am afraid of it. In a 1930's color-toned card
the sunset exits. Amber seems to touch everything
and the grass alongside Lake Superior brandishes the cut
of a shore. In its depths bodies stay as if they had only
just graced the lake's floor and became snow globes
slicked with permanence. The message is faded,
each word's letters clustered closely together
as if afraid to take up space. I make out *terrible* and the rest
obscures itself. The box contained caverns, beaches
with boardwalks, but the lake was a reverie behind a lens
as if it were a painting dirtied by age. The shipwrecks become
roadside crosses as the cold slicks them over and eats
away their memory, and beside the sun sits
a strip of land teasing what is left
of their names. I can re-enter places
in the messages left and call back, *Dear—I am here*
and I miss you and it is terrible
but at the bottom of this lake there are men still
manning their ship as if the storm was only a door
to enter. The sky is in a haze, and I have not found an entry
but when I do—I will come back to you.