

Postcards, postcards  
Stuffed in my drawer  
All of places I've been before.  
Never were they sent to me  
I was drawn to them myself.  
From nature landscapes, to towns  
And cities, historical figures,  
And dead bodies.

These things that I loved  
Of warm memories of summers  
In a town with frozen yogurt.  
Of people from the city  
My grandparent roam without me.  
Of the history of murders that left  
A stain on my mind.

Maybe I bought them  
With the intention to send  
But into my purse careful not to rend.  
Postcard, postcards  
I placed delicately inside my drawer  
All of these places I've been before.