

Postcards Way Over the Edge

When I saw the postmark on your letter
I knew you were having a great time!
You *did* grow younger, your hips
no longer cause stabbing pain.
You're playing awesome rounds of golf,
often par, which you don't hesitate to point out to friends.
Still drinking tons of whiskey and soda,
and your doctor claims your heart is stronger than ever.
You maintain perfect weight, in fact as you swear that
chocolate cake does more for the soul
than damage to the gumpa.
You've become best friends with your brother again,
he moved from Methuen to be near you a few years ago.
Impassioned speeches about politics keep you going,
early absentee voting is the way you'll back Kamala.
You say you'll try your hand at poetry, it's easier,
and you've had enough of oils and turpentine for a while.
Mom's breaking all records as a broker, started her own firm
with her brother who moved from Pittsburgh to be near her.
Both your cars, "*The Pimp*" and "*The Shrimp*" are running well.
Mom loves her blue leather seats, yours smells a bit fishy.
The bucket of worms dried up, but hell,
you'll use it as mulch for your asparagus garden.
You say the weather is just about perfect, you give
strangers rides on clouds in your electric cart, they love the view.
Please beam me down your street address so I can reply,
all I have on your note is Elysian Fields, 00000