

Postcard Lovers

Stacey Kent

Lately I've become such a postcard lover
especially of the ones I get from you
and if, these days, they don't come quite so often
they charm me more than ever when they do

I picture you beside a sunny harbour
waiting for a boat to come to shore
your finger lingering on a postcard spinner
in the doorway of a tacky tourist store

Or whiling away those warm enchanted evenings
writing in the corner of some café
those careless collections of words and feelings
you happened to feel like sending me that day

I save every card, although it gets hard
to keep some order amongst those random souvenirs
It amazes me some, the way we've become
such postcard lovers, divided by the oceans
and the years

Have you found yourself some wonderful companion
and all the happiness that heaven allows
or are you homesick for that grey and drizzly nation
as you walk home amidst the evening crowds

The postcards I send to you from my own travels
can hardly match the ones you send to me
but at least I give you news of what I'm doing
and open my heart to you occasionally

Looking back on all the cards you've written
from every far-flung corner beneath the sun
they say so little of the life you're really leading
so little of the person you've become

But they still bear the traces of all the special places
We've kept deep within our hopes and in our fears
It amazes me some, the way we've become
such postcard lovers, divided by the oceans
and the years