

the faces  
look familiar  
though the names  
i don't recall  
i must have  
been there  
old photographs  
have no reason to lie.  
post cards from paradise  
but i'm left with a longing  
i just don't understand  
for something lost long ago  
beyond my grasp  
before kodachrome.  
post cards from paradise  
bring me no peace  
places forgotten, lost faces  
and this boat just carries me  
further from shore, drifting  
with this postcard from paradise.

**post cards from paradise**

NASA

i wish i could string together clever words  
smart insights  
some continuity  
that i could hold dear  
something  
some words that would anchor me  
in a peaceful anchorage  
where a graceful seaplane circles with seabirds  
and a deer watches from the shore.  
i hear laughter on the breeze.  
see my dad's boat set by the tide  
as a light breath of wind rises with a golden sun.  
like an astronaut  
flying solo  
in deep space  
i send a missive  
the journey is arduous;  
"Houston" i am still here.

I can hear the distinct sound  
an espresso machine  
before the rich aroma reaches me  
reminding me that there is a cafe nearby  
witnessing the simple kindness of strangers  
does not renew my hope  
but catches my attention  
we are in the same boat  
on our way  
resting here  
together  
briefly.  
if i venture out of this dream.....

south station last stop  
the heat and humidity rise  
as i leave the car for the platform  
to the sanctity of the station  
i could sit here, sit and watch listen  
as i have for quite awhile.  
watch the steady ebb and flow of pilgrims  
homeless  
and the call of destinations beyond  
some how this steady movement waves  
these hardly discernible voices  
reminders of childhood visits to the shore  
coco butter pop music  
waves that lap the glistening sand lull me.

*Please recycle to a friend.*

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**Origami Poetry Project™**

Postcards from Paradise  
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**Postcards from Paradise**

**By Maurice Mancini**

*I am an alien in an alien world  
where i find my self walking the railroad tracks  
scanning the gravel roadbed  
the brush along the access road  
discarded remnants  
ghosts from the past that focus,  
my runaway mind*

**expresso**

threat of rain  
in the forecast  
as i speed the highway to the station  
anticipating a seat on the the commuter train  
going north  
listening for the clatter clank clank  
the tracks are much smoother, quieter now  
my heart pounding  
as i sprint to catch the 8:45  
that exit i always miss  
that delay as i wait for the traffic light to change  
let me reverse my course  
next time next time i'll get it right.  
my heart still pounding