

Dennis E. Noonan

Postcards

Hurried cursive slogans
Tell the story of your travels;
I pin them to a map
Taped to my bedroom wall

Lying alone in my bed
I picture every step of your route
Paris, Venice, Lisbon and on
Of days and nights
Spent among strangers
Without me

Full color scenic statements
But no questions.

No answers to my careful questions
That follow you
On your journey
Away from me.

I did not let you go
You simply went away
Determined to leave
On a solo journey

At the station I struggled
With the single suitcase
And my tears

Your dry eye
Told me everything
I needed to know

Sometimes
Love is like a leaf
That holds fast
Against the windswept rain,
Days of withering drought
Hangs-on through hurricane and hail
Defies the tug of chilly blast.
Then, one day
One still November morning

It simply lets go.

Dennis E. Noonan has spent most of his working life as a systems analyst and occasional freelance writer. His essays have appeared in *The Boston Globe* and *Computerworld*. *Postcards* is the first of his poems to be published in a poetry magazine. He lives in the western suburbs of Boston."