

On looking into a postcard

snap the beach and childhood folds out
like memory clean and pale as white toast
we'd stiffen in the sun
like pink dolls our skin
pulling thin and sensitive with heat
zinked and squinting in the sun
too early for hats too young for shade
we hardly recognize ourselves

and here you are like happiness
spilled out of a postcard
no more flat skies you say
it's cool you say
like the inside of a peach you stand
hidden in the view clicked inside the lens

CHRIS MANSELL