

Bryne Lewis Allport

POSTCARD

On front, at first,
is the tightrope walker
in precarious dress and garish position,
a contrast of trailing ribbon
and clinging color.
She travels the uncharted air
in correspondence between
far-reaching map points,
making postage-stamp landings.

But her trick
is this length of wire,
a piece of metered rhyme,
timed and careful.
A performance over duration,
her risk is netted
by the smallness of the open space,
an address of delivery
with a designated door
already open in reception.

Her may-be
is only said in brief,
not a place, but a perch impermanent;
her body shapes the comma
in confidence of the ending period.
Perhaps the most balance can speak of possibility
amounts to a postcard
while I have been hoping
to send you a longer,
better letter.