

Time

Lines on a Postcard

THE girl in the photograph sticks out her chest,
With caption that isn't too long.
She's chipper and cheeky and largely undressed.
(A smile and a thong).

The man in the drawing is flailing his arms.
He's small and embarrassed, bright red:
Dismayed by a minx and her mountainous charms.
(He's tented the bed).

Drawing and photograph cheekily link,
In using two forms of The Line:
While one is man-made and is just pen-and-ink,
The other's divine.

They're part of the postcard's accustomed *Hello*
To folks you've not seen for a year.
They're adding a *souçon* of seaside *yo-ho!*
To *Wish you were here*.

They travel in tandem – and parallel, too,
They aim to be roguish and rude,
Without (of course) coming too close to the blue.
(Just happily crude).

Lines that are parallel – drawn or divine –
Should never be meeting, of course.
Yet those on two postcards, as if by design,
Converge at their sauce.
