

**Postcards from Liliane**

Outside my window a mourning dove  
repeats like a stuck record.  
Church chimes, a flurry of ambulance,  
a radio. Mist steams  
from this city of the plain  
each summer after summer.

My sister sends me postcards: mountain skies  
untarnished by jets or minotaurs,  
pure forests, shadowless  
cloud photographs, an unreal West.  
Smog trickles up her canyons: trash  
litters the shrinking glaciers.

And from your handsome Dolomites  
where mountain gods  
linger in tatty overcoats,  
you send me their pictures, their bald heads  
fierce above cracked balconies,  
those bare, pathetic tyrants,  
highway fringed.

They are still alive, you tell me, the gods,  
sealed in their chipped, stone monuments.

I can send you a postcard of Fredericton  
with its shallow leaves,  
its squeaking warblers, its river flats  
with five white ospreys, ten cormorants,  
innumerable eels, and its gravel pits.

The doves are making their second nest.  
Doorkeepers in the temple of each dawn,  
they do not mourn.