

Niagara Falls Postcard

Greetings from the capital of love,
whose cataracts a punster might foretell.
Next time we come we'll plan for a motel:
one afternoon is simply not enough.

Where other tourists see the Bridal Veil,
I watch the ghosts of buffalos herded off
a thousand cliffs by hunters. Gulls circle as if
they were white buzzards. They wait to no avail.

Sorry to be cynical, I buy
some souvenirs—small TV sets with slides of all
the sights in living color. The primal
screams are missing. The hunters had their alibi

but what is mine? Can I love a girl
afraid of every honeymoon's cheap thrills,
like holding hands in public or acting like a fool?
Yours, of course, until Niagara Falls.