

The Messenger

Volume 1995
Issue 1 *Messenger - Spring 1995*

Article 1

1995

Postcard

Timothy Dwelle

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger>

 Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Dwelle, Timothy (1995) "Postcard," *The Messenger*: Vol. 1995 : Iss. 1 , Article 1.
Available at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol1995/iss1/1>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the University Publications at UR Scholarship Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in *The Messenger* by an authorized editor of UR Scholarship Repository. For more information, please contact scholarshiprepository@richmond.edu.

Postcard

Staring out the greasy window of an all-night diner,
Lost in the nocturnal glow of four a.m.
Where the sky turns two shades darker than bus station grey
And the moon looks like a cue ball
Sinking into the corner pocket.
And the waitress says her name is Sandra Dee
Even though it only says "Sandy" on her red plastic name tag,
And I remember when a waitress's name used to be embroidered
On a little kerchief over her right breast,
Back before working at a diner just became something you did
As a summer job or because the bills were tight this month,
And I say, "Sandra Dee --
Like from *Grease*?"

And she smiles and pops her gum and asks me what I'd like to order.
And I stare up at her fading beauty,
The wrinkles and worry lines smeared under a thick coat of Avon,
Like the torn Naugahyde on the cushion of my booth
And the chipped chrome skirting the table top.
"Just a cup of coffee," I say,
And I watch her wander back to the kitchen,
Humming along to the Buddy Holly tune
That plays on a scratched record in the Wurlitzer.

And I stare out the greasy window of an all-night diner,
Remembering when a place like this was bright and new --
All polished chrome and turquoise and waxed linoleum,
When the marquee looked like the hood ornament of a '57 Thunderbird,
And the old-timers nursed plates of pancakes at the lunch counter.
And I wish that I could take Sandra Dee away from all this,

From the rusted Coca-Cola clock like so many dreams,
And that we could ride away in Greased Lightning
And have one last dance at the sock hop.
But dawn had already begun to peek out of its hiding place
And squint at me with one eye,
And I have to be moving on. . .

---Timothy Dwelle