

MEGAN WEIRETER

Postcard from Conwy, North Wales

I must tip like a teapot from this hill and pour myself out
over the pack of roofs, these upturned paper boats,
over the castle that hunches like the child who upturned them.
Over the pink-faced kids drinking milk in the pubs,
the backpackers scavenging the streets for scraps of view.
Out over the pebbles, the thin low-tide sea, the skiffs pimpling it,
far out where the sea deepens and tides are just shallow breaths.
I must fly and find you, mime you the voices I don't understand,
tell you of the wind driving my hair into knots over my ears,
the clouds that wring messages I can't read from the sky.

Megan Weireter, originally from Norfolk, Virginia (USA), received her MFA in Creative Writing at Emerson College in Boston, Massachusetts. Her poems have appeared in *Cream City Review* and *Atlanta Review*.