

postcards

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I made these postcards as part of Lafayette College's Creative and Performing Arts scholars program, during the spring semester of my senior year.

The reason that I had created them was because every couple of days, I would go down to check my mail and it was always boring. Ads for classes, sometimes flyers for student events, but never anything interesting. So I took it upon myself to change that.

I took photos from my recent trip to Savannah with my girlfriend and from my trip to Istanbul and paired them with haikus that I wrote as a message. I liked using haikus because haikus are such a short, simple form of poetry. I also liked the constraints of the 5/7/5 syllable format.

I made over 2500 of these cards, 100 of each, and had one randomly sent to the mailbox of every student at Lafayette. I didn't put my name on any of the cards because I liked the mystery of it. I liked the idea that these cards could be from anyone.

These are those 25 cards, with their respective haikus, rendered as a glorious PDF document.



though it seemed pleasant
I've never been down this road
now a world away



tides rise and fall
everything shifting along
imperceptibly



we were floating there
you could hardly feel the waves
as we watched Netflix.



ships moored at the dock
the space station of its day
where travelers rest



I am an artist
I'm trying to make new friends
will you be my friend?



the city spills out
it touches the horizon
a strait can't stop it



an old woman sits
birds descend like a storm
taking offerings



there's a kind of peace
observing above it all
you feel like it's yours



two brothers stand watch
they melt the snow with their heat
sentinels of nothing.



Wandering the earth
the steps I took far from home
it's all recorded



opulent and grand
gates kept the sea out for years
opened one last time



it's too late for him
the jungle's taken over
he has given up.



off the beaten path
I'm booking our hotel room.
paths don't beat themselves



inside separate worlds
they travel so far to see this
he's there every day



the earth is spinning
the universe is growing
this stuff freaks me out



learning to relax
we look to the horizon
I feel the lightning



something you can't see:
one of the moms is crying
behind the building.



the tank fills with gas
the dinosaurs died for this
it was not in vain.



it's faster to walk
you have to take risks to be
metropolitan



leave for an hour
there is nothing you can do
the car is theirs now



this store's for tourists
but the cat doesn't know that
he's illiterate



a prime location
you used to see for miles
before the bridge came



so free to explore
she patrols the grounds alone
this is her domain



blocking the traffic
champions in their own right
napping for the gold



the family gathers
one of their ranks has fallen
tragedy or nap?