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.

postcards willem ytsma



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



l 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



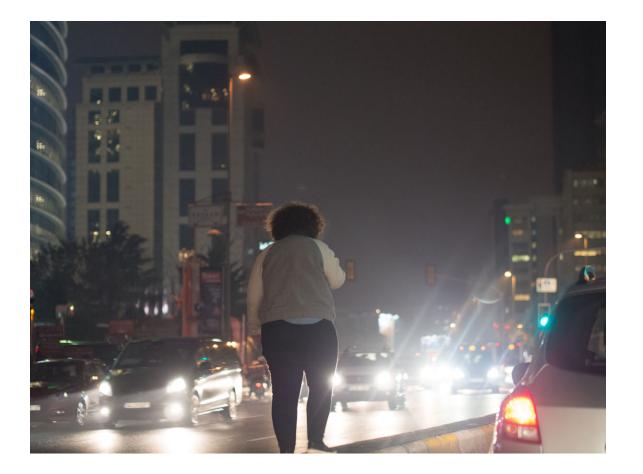
learning to relax we look to the horizon I feel the lightning



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.



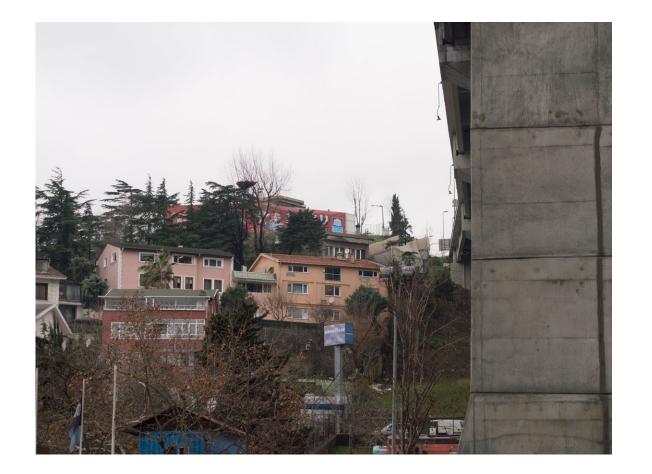
it's faster to walk you have to take risks to be metropolitan



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



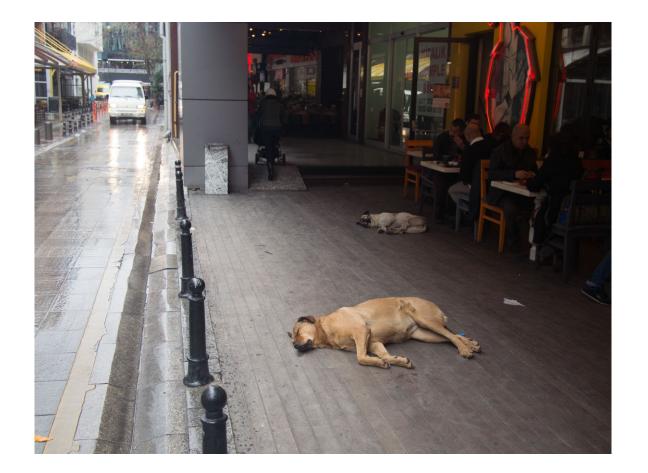
this store's for tourists but the cat doesn't know that he's illiterate



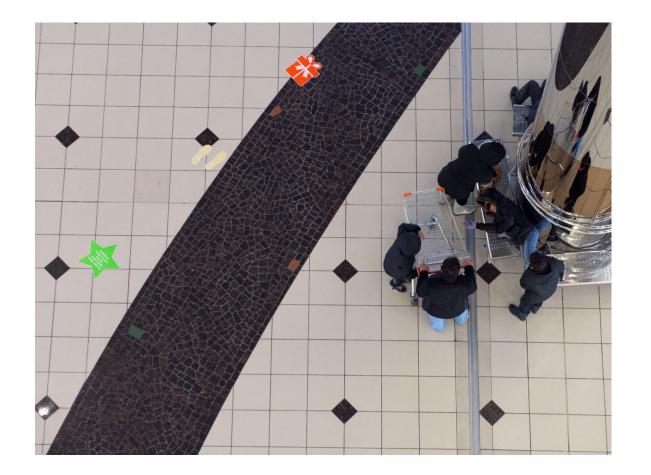
a prime location you used to see for miles before the bridge came



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?