

A Cavalaire

Julie A. Sellers

My friend Michel
sends me videos
from Cavalaire, France,
to share his working vacation—
a real one, at the beach,
à la plage.
Here at my desk,
il fait chaud
while outside
il pleut.
I sit with pen in hand,
sans inspiration,
wishing I were there,
à Cavalaire,
just being.
And in a way,
I am,
thanks to my 21st century pen pal,
the miracle of WhatsApp,
my imagination.
And in a few days,
a postcard will arrive,
une carte postale
to prove the truth
of that faraway place,
and words written
à la plage.