

Postcard from Shambhala

by Sharon Hurlbut

Dearest Z—

There is no way to describe this place. It is a pendulum, caught at mid-swing or maybe just a millimeter on the up side. It is a sense of sweeping, a cleanness. Distant clouds remind me of the day we took the train and the mountains acted petulantly, like children who have been indulged too often for their own good. In the past twenty-four hours I have held a warm egg and three small frogs. I have let go of the Luger my father kept after the war. Pigeons have made a nest from the contents of my wallet. I cannot describe this place so I will give you three words: honeysuckle, accord, pebble. Draw your own scene.

