

## postcards without edges

*Bill Rector*

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Lemon light, long shadows: morning. Stepping through the convex door of the lens, I find myself at the market of the macula, near the river of the optic nerve, dim in the shade of ancient buildings, where the sights of Paris, a city I have not visited except in pictures, come to mingle with my other senses, before proceeding on to see the brain. The door of a boulangerie is propped by the small, gray loaf of a stone. Languid white streamers: bread baking. Delicate red canopies of scent: carnations on a sill. Upside down rain: young women, high heels crossing worn cobbles. Anticipation makes them hurry. Handsome words, *beaux mots*, are waiting to gather them in their arms! A vision with chestnut hair waved over an eye and a mole on the right cheek, *un grain de beauté*, the speck of darkness that draws the eye to the flesh surrounding it and makes what is seen real, pauses to whisper, *The word for "little," Monsieur, is "petit!"* All burst into titters. A round pale man with a rakish red beret squeezes into a seat under a tilted Cinzano umbrella. He brushes crumbs from a lash and examines *Le Monde*.