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E. Ward Herlands

JOGGING PAST HER MAILBOX

They say she hung herself with a striped regimental tie of his, one that she had presented to him on no special occasion. It was a tie she thought would go well with his ingot-blue eyes & the navy blue suit he wore to weddings. Rumor has it she typed Braille for the blind—one of her *busy works*, as she was fond of saying. She drove for Meals On Wheels when the regulars were out-of-town or out-of-sorts. Some say she had a quick temper, *fire & brine*, but she was a neat lady, that first Mrs. Noonan, neat & dependable, a steady worker. I can remember passing her mailbox & noticing how the post was always peeling, never a fresh coat of paint, never a flower planted nearby. How come she looked so tidy & that mailbox always looked so hopeless? Yesterday I ran by, jogging past her mailbox, that is, the new Mrs. Noonan's mailbox—it's freshly painted now, lots of sweet alyssum & evening primrose all-around uninitiated, gawkish, taunting...