Jogging Past Her Mailbox
E. Ward Herlands
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...