THE PROSE POEM: AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL

Volume 3 | 1994

Jogging Past Her Mailbox
E. Ward Herlands

© Providence College

The author(s) permits users to copy, distribute, display, and perform this work under the following conditions: (1) the original author(s) must be given proper attribution; (2) this work may not be used for commercial purposes; (3) the users may not alter, transform, or build upon this work; (4) users must make the license terms of this work clearly known for any reuse or distribution of this work. Upon request, as holder of this work’s copyright, the author(s) may waive any or all of these conditions.

The Prose Poem: An International Journal is produced by The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress) for the Providence College Digital Commons.
http://digitalcommons.providence.edu/prosepoems/
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...