

*mailman*

I've had  
the same  
mailman  
for as long  
as I can  
remember.

I am just waking  
when he arrives  
and I meet him  
on the porch  
and he hands  
me my mail

he stops for  
a moment  
and wipes his brow  
of sweat  
and complains  
about how  
his retirement  
money  
is evaporating  
in front of his eyes  
and how  
the world is nothing  
and how he can't stand  
the people of this town  
but he always  
says,  
"At least I have my health."

and then one day  
when he finished complaining  
I said,  
"Yeah, but at least  
you've got your health,  
right Rich?"

and he said to me,  
"Not this time.

The doctors just told me  
I have lung cancer.  
I never smoked.  
Ain't that a jackpot?"

for the next two months  
he delivered my mail  
as usual  
but something was different

he was happier

he joked  
and laughed  
and never mentioned  
the cancer  
or his retirement  
money

almost as if  
after such a raw life  
he welcomed it

now  
he doesn't  
come around anymore  
and there is a new mailman

a real young kid  
that doesn't have  
cause to complain yet

he doesn't say anything to me  
just smiles  
tips his hat  
and moves along  
to the other houses

I must assume  
Rich is dead

and I'm happy  
for him

