

The Deliveries

Every morning, the mailman brings me the deliveries. He rings the doorbell and runs off, leaving me with toothbrushes, a mouse, gardens. I am not sure, at first, where the deliveries are coming from, or how they will all fit together. I spend hours on the floor, trying to make it work. In the beginning, the mouse was an orthodontist with a soft spot for petunias. Then I got a bag of ice, and the petunias wilted from the frostbite. I didn't know, at first, how the mouse would respond. Would he, perhaps, in despair, make someone's soft gums bleed? Or would he crawl into the bag of ice and let the frost bite him, too? The next day, on the steps, a hammer appears. With tears in my eyes, I hand it to the mouse. I know already what he will do. He will tear up his gardens. Build himself a boat. Set sail down the icy waters, cold, alone, and I know I must let him go.