

# *The Letter Carrier*

RONALD THORPE

Who understood him? Not his brothers.  
His father's love had been drained away  
long ago by the mill's hot monotony.  
The widowed aunt, once the others died,  
tried when she was about to face her God.  
Only his mother knew how to love him  
no matter what he did or said or soiled.  
She accepted what he was, never  
denying her oneness with her son  
until her heart broke and left him alone.  
After the war, he carried the U.S. mail  
seventeen years, two months, and eight days.  
When they fired him, they should have known  
he'd find a way to finish his rounds.