

# Sunrise Village

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There are certain facts. Snowmen are white but rose in a special light. Geese migrate in V-shaped flocks. Loved ones vanish from your life, sometimes when you least expect it, like a flat tire on the way to a funeral. All things, even atoms, decay. She says she learned this from her postman, whom she loved like a father, maybe more than that. Then one day he just stopped coming. The world moved rudely on. She grew up quickly, inevitably, married and gave birth. Her children begged her to make parrots out of dough, but all she could manage were pretzels. She dutifully taped hand turkeys to the fridge, sipped scalded coffee from Styrofoam cups in the basements of public schools, stood in line till everyone hugged everyone goodbye. The temporary became permanent. She sort of died inside, retreated to an upper room, scrawled notes on scraps of wallpaper at dawn, warmed her hands on lampshades, dusted the mirror held up to nature. Christmases dwindled from gifts to cash to cards to texts. She retired to a condo walking distance from the beach. Now she fades amidst faux pagodas, follows tennis on TV, samples fruit salads, sends herself packages of returnable things. She watches and waits for the postman and the light—not the sunset of postcards sold on the rack, but the dawn that blushed the bellies of the geese and stunned her snowman pink.

