

## Afternoon Walk · *Josephine Miles*

There is this old man, wistful, hungry, peaked,  
Going to mail his letters,  
Formerly a governor of some renown.  
Good morning, I see you are going to mail your letters.  
Yes, I am going to mail my letters.

This peaked old man, suddenly  
He looks out of the profiles, out of the eyes of friends,  
Smiling, what strained happening.  
Mortality, are you going to mail your letters?  
Yes, I am going to mail your letters.