

Ode to a Postal Worker

Through rain and sleet and blinding snow,
You drove up hills and to and fro,
Delivering mail without delay,
We're sorry it is your last day.

Oh, Kathleen, Queen of All That is Sent,
Oh, Wonder Woman, crown never bent,
We wish you well as you move on,
We will miss your humor and our bond.

Oh, Kathleen, Queen of Tomato and Squash,
Keep growing, growing, oh, my gosh.
I'll miss your gifts of veg-a-plenty,
At summer's harvest, my mailbox empty.

Oh, Kathleen, Queen of Bugs of the Sea,
How will we go on, how can it be?
We wish you well, along your way,
May the ferry bring you back some sunny day...

To walk the beaches, in search of rocks.
To walk along our shores and docks.
To gather at least a heart or two.
You've gathered all of ours, forever true.

~May Hall

4/4/2025