

Why*Brian Dunn*

After kissing him on a summer afternoon  
the girl says, "I haven't showered in two days."  
The boy replies, "Sometimes I don't know why  
I love you so much." She quickly snaps back,  
"Don't ever say that again." A few hours later,  
alone, the boy gets to thinking -- each thought  
leading to the next like running Christmas lights.  
"Is it possible to define why I love her so much?"  
In a panic, he dashes to the dictionary  
for the definition of love, but there is no real  
answer there, so he calls his mother. The phone rings  
and rings,  
and the boy is waiting  
for her to pick up the phone,  
and while he waits  
the boy sees the mailman outside the front window.  
Dropping the receiver, he runs out the door  
to ask him about love -- after all, this man  
has delivered thousands of love letters.  
Seeing the wide-eyed boy chasing after him,  
the frightened postman, fearing for his life,  
begins to sprint across the yard until finally  
the boy grabs him by the strap of his mailbag,  
spilling hundreds of stamped letters  
all over the ground. Screams the boy,

"Why does anyone love?" But the mailman, scooping up his letters, only curses back, "What the hell are you doing?" The boy drops to the ground, begins picking through the dropped letters until he finds one hand-addressed to the neighbor. He rips it open, but now the mailman has come to his senses. He begins chasing the boy, who is running away now, and trying to read the letter at the same time. "Come back! That's a federal offense!" screams the mailman, but the boy is already skimming it. It says, "I miss you" and the usual runaround. "I miss you especially..." But the mailman now has the boy by the collar of the shirt. The letter, the boy, and the postman all tumble to the ground. As his head hits turf, the boy finally realizes what love is – a thousand letters, junk mail, pizza coupons, brown packages, and birthday cards. Together they could make a pile high enough to reach the sky.