

Resurrecting Jonah

by Kitty Boots

Jonah is dead. He had a massive heart attack sitting on the couch at Keith and Rhonda's house. "Baby, he turned gray and was dead before he hit the floor", Keith told me.

The last time I saw Jonah, he was flying a box kite in Keith and Rhonda's yard with their three daughters. Driving by the house several hours later, the box kite was on the ground, the yard empty.

Short, bearded, simian, he grunted more than he spoke sentences. One day, driving home from work, I passed him hitchhiking on Route 14. I was going 55, but we made eye contact. He knew my car, knew who I was and I had to make a U-turn to pick him up. It must have been a Friday, pay day, he held a box of Busch beer and hugged a carton of Marlboros under his arm.

He was living in a camper in Keith and Rhonda's backyard. I was surprised when he showed up at the library to use the public computers. Rhonda told me he was trying to order a Chinese bride online.

Jonah got his bride. She didn't stick around for the funeral. Rhonda said she hopped the first available flight back to China.

