## Estate Auction

Kathy Mayer

My long-time ritual—waving at Mrs. Williams at work in her yard—is over.

The white-haired woman in a flowered housedress no longer stoops to pull crabgrass or trowel out dandelions, no longer grooms her grass like a boy's back-to-school haircut.

Today, her lawn is lined with remnants.
A nubby rose-colored sofa thin-legged end tables hi-fi with gold flecks on brown speakers chrome kitchen table set.
All waiting for bidders.

Her life is going once, going twice, gone.



