Mingled in with the bills and advertisements that daily crowd the narrow postbox, letters for Sun Gee keep coming, from a lover, a sister, a mother, sky-blue envelopes addressed in a woman’s careful curving hand, English alphabet and dancing characters spelling his name twice beneath the thumb-long stamps. Once a week she sends a letter halfway around the world to these quiet rooms where Sun Gee used to stand reading on the stairs, dark eyebrows furrowed or his wedge of a mouth grinning, or so the neighbors say; he couldn’t wait to read her words, letting the pages drift to his feet like fallen petals; and once a mysterious box wrapped in red tissue like fire-crackers came and left in the care of the widow next door, which Sun Gee bowed to receive and then hurried away, back later with a porcelain bowl of steaming soup and tiny cakes in thanks of the neighbor’s kindness and to her surprise.

On moving day there was hardly any trace of him: In a drawer a single sheet with equations and formulae and an unfinished sketch of a face, and on a high shelf in the hall closet a bow tie, unclipped and tossed in glee, forgotten perhaps the night the champagne bottle under the sink was uncorked and raised. Though others were dutifully marked “No longer at this address” and returned, new letters come. I keep them, just in case, for a week, propped on the desk while I busy through my days, then with the offers to sell and pleas for help that make up my mail, I throw them out, these blue letters of Sun Gee.