

Mailbox

by [Julie L. Moore](#) in the [March 7, 2012](#) issue

Rivers of Ohio rain cascaded
into March, flooding streams and roads,
then turned, one evening,

into snow, despite the 36 degrees
and the way the groundhog,
one month before, missed his shadow.

So there I was by the road, bending down,
picking up my mailbox
knocked down once again

by snow swept into it, the plow's force
strong enough to push
a person over, but not really

massive, the favorite word
that morning as the media described
the 9.0 quake in Japan, the ensuing

tsunami. The axis of the whole world
shifted several inches, they told us,
shortening the day by 1.8 microseconds,

so unlike Joshua's lingering sun.
And no horns signaled heroic victory.
No moon refused to rise.

Only the dark storm of radiation
loomed above like a god gone awry,
while some kneeled in water, or snow,

begging for a word of explanation.