

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.