

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/2

William Davies Jr

The Mailbox

My father cursed
The U.S. Postal Service
The day he was notified
That our mailbox had to
Be moved across the road.
But he was a faithful veteran
So he did it.
And my mother,
A pacifist,
Strung a wire basket
To the post
So the milkman
Wouldn't have to cross
The road.
Men painted twin yellow
Stripes down the middle.
And my father leaped
Gleefully over them
To retrieve his
Social Security check.
And a draft notice
Came for my brother.
A letter demanding \$300
For my court fees.
The yellow lines
Became more like
Lines drawn in the sand.

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I saw him pull back
The rusted hatch
Fumbling for a letter
Soggy from the rain
But the word malignant
Was as legible
As my mother's signature
On the wetted form.