

To Us

Thank God for the mail carriers,
who still come daily;
Even if it's all junk mail and bills,
it's *our* junk mail and bills,
special delivery.

While we're logged into
Snapchat or WhatsApp,
they are walking up hills
in sensible shoes,
bringing us slices of trees.

In a world that could care less,
they are paid to care,
to make sure we get something
with our name on it,
no matter the weather.

This is the luxury of an address:
a place in the world.
Even when we're feeling lost,
thanks to the mail carriers,
we are always found.

Except on Sundays.
That's why they invented church,
but church requires leaving the house,
and it doesn't always work.
Certain things can only be delivered by hand.

Tova Feldmanstern, 2019

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