Fall 2012

Civil Service

John M. Anderson

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss77/23

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in CutBank by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact scholarworks@mso.umt.edu.
When I can't sleep I go to the post office hours before dawn and sit in its Federalist lobby to listen to the postmistress banging, banging the armored post office box doors one after another shut. It's like a whole town of sixteen year old girls leaving home in a series block after block after block. The doors bang, their glass rattles. I'm sunk in a war surplus folding chair dying for a Chesterfield. I can feel it in my breast pocket. Bang.

The letters rest in state, unopened. When the cleaning crew arrives with its bleach and polish I take my quiet leave. I light up outside as the glass door whispers CLOSED. The light starts—hut, hut—to turn the stars out.