Hide and Seek

Analiese Grohalski
the box is a pirate ship sailing the skies.
the box is my cage of string cheese.
the box is a ladder to the cold metal can of words.
the box is the funeral of my summer shoes.
  Shoes that travel and journey
  from the crevices of your mind to mine
  to the lakes of your eyes . . .
the box is your eyes.
the box is the moment at the police station.
the box is your mother baking bread in the kitchen.
the box is the blood in my summer shoes.
  Shoes that blister and bind,
  curve the toes into irregular shapes
  and guard wooden flesh from the eighteenth century.
Boxes worries.
Boxes cries.
Boxes the sliver spoon in your mouth.
Boxes water that boils into coffee.
  It drinks coffee at midnight.
  It is the coffee that you drink
  and burns a hole in the hat you wear.
The box stores secret memories of Breakfast at Tiffany's.
The box reveals thoughts of burnt toast.
The box hides from you.
The box hides you.