

Box

My frame was built so long ago
I scarce recall the times.
The folks that forced me up that day,
Their eyes now laced with dimes.

My core came from the riverbed,
The rocks and stones hold dear
The lives of those who once I kept,
washed back, far gone from here.

So from the stream they brought me in
and dressed me up with brick,
A brushstroke shadowed me in white-
A candle's fresh new wick.

The first ones stayed the longest span
of time with me, to date.
But death came to their careful steps;
So cruel, sometimes, is fate.

I loved my families, each one dear
to me, as was the last.
Room to room I saw them:
Laughing, scheming, sickness, past.

And so it went for years and years
I felt them grow up strong,
Inside this paint, inside these walls
My family tree sprouts long.

Endured through storms and snow and rust,
I never slumped nor swayed.
My doors were slammed, my shades were pulled-
Eternally manmade.

But now it's time. I feel the heat
Rolling, cracking from within.
My loves, they watch, not as before-
Their sorrow seers my skin.

Glaring through the moon, I shine
with sparking agony.
Oh, that my bones would sever clean
To end this gluttony.

As my cremation burns for all
to see and hear me go,
I only wish the river rocks
Could fend the flames I grow.

My frame betrays and spurs the blaze,
no weapon to unsheathe.

I am the smoke, I am the ash
That snatched me from beneath.

And as the final smolder fades,
few pieces do remain.

Though in the tales of ones I loved,
I am part and feel no pain.