The Box

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I can't quite place you
it was always easy before
this nearness
my son
this slight resemblance

Paul Hunter

THE BOX

Just as you decide you don't like to sit
In a pasted cardboard piano box
In an open sea of factories,
Cities, overpasses, and so on—

It floats you up the San Francisco Bay
Out north to the Pacific's boring reaches,
Disappointing waves rolling like flat land,
Low buildings stretching off on every side.

You falter in the days' events—then veer out
And leave the sleeping continent behind.
Don't you know the outposts of knowledge
May be dangerous limitations?

That's right: inside your eyelid, David—
And that one laughable lightness of yours,
Sitting like scum on the industrial waste,
Was really life's one great cheap moment.