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The Box

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When it was first delivered
to the house he saw that the
black metal box was much smaller than he had expected it would
fit on the shelf between the Odes
and Satires of Horace he never
tried to open it of course each
morning when he came to his study
he checked to make sure that the box was safe on the shelf (but
who would want to take it) then
one day the box looked different
it hadn't been moved but it seemed bigger its growth continued from
day to day almost imperceptibly it grew each night soon he had to
move it to fit between Burckhardt and Spengler on the shelf then
the books near the box began to change color to become gray then
black when the box would no longer fit on one shelf he had to saw
part of the bookcase away then the whole room began to turn black
as if the wood had been charred
finally the morning came when the

box was bigger than the room his
desk was inside the box and there

was no longer a window to let in
light he himself was inside the

black box a prisoner of blackness.