

BOXES

I love my boxes.

Painted, inlaid, cigar,
chinoiserie, cameo, tarnished silver,
odd shapes, distressed wood,
etched glass,
polished, paper, stone-encrusted,
perfectly round, antique, ceramic, engraved,
fabric, metal, and alabaster.

Enclosures containing the artifacts of a life still being lived,
hidden patiently until I choose to reveal memories that can be re-membered
when I scavenger hunt for signs of myself.

Now I am what is contained.

Pandemic protected in the safety of home,
I have become the contents of the box that is my room, filled with boxes.

I sought something, anything, to help orient me in this unfamiliar perspective.

I opened the lid of an oblong etched glass box with an ornate silver top
and found a challenge in thirteen words:

We don't know who we are until we see what we can do.

Let's see what I can do from the inside out.