

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.