

THE BOX

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.