

Boxae

by Alan Bern

Another rapid child fills
a shoe box up with sand and
thinks each grain a voice:

 this is
how it is to talk to you.

When I whisper in your ear,
this is what hears:
an under-sleeping window
box unlocked.

A human echocave: Ear
of Dionysius, stone deaf.
Fixed Black Box who speaks in zero
hears messages to the dead.

I hang on to your aside face
by tearing off my last nail:
where are you traveling? In place
of love, I drip the blood pail.