

***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.