

the Black Box

It was unrestrained.

I remember it getting higher
and lower,
and taking on various shades of blue.
Peg was a brat then; she never left the room.
We went back. Later, when we were old.

I wrote so many letters.

So
many
letters.

I found clarity in the scent of salt.
She was sick then.

I remember standing up and feeling scared.

The color red and my brother staring.
Peg insisted on listening to the radio, our box.
Tubes in her nose.
Blue nails.

We went back. Later, when we were old.
The fog rose.
Peg insisted on listening to the radio.
Tubes in her nose.
Blue nails.

I remember they took her.
It was unrestrained.

I wrote so many letters.