

Biomess in an empty box

I've turned myself into a collection of empty boxes.

I have tied them quickly shut with fine ribbon,

And labeled them with meaningless,

Invented

Names.

No more God, no
Speed or blinding

light; I love you more than I do
me and that is right.

With a vanishing hand I stowed them beneath your bed.

Will a culture grow, a bacteria or other biomess—

an earthly being, willing to be frustrated, and

able to

live?