

black box

You should tell us now,
What you put in there,
In that coffin you buried so carefully.
You should tell, but not for our sakes.
We already know what lies in your poisoned patch:
An iron coffin, welded and locked,
And sunk under the bluebell waves.
But what did you stuff in there?

It will go better for you if you tell us now.
We ask you to tell only as a favor to you.
We already know where to find it.
In all the world there is only one field of bluebells,
Scorched with a black cross,
Scorched with a sour cross, a bitter cross,
Where no sweet flower will ever grow.
You thought you hid your iron box so well!

It's coming along now.

It's pushing outward from behind your eyes.

Your secret rises in you

Like magma in a pregnant volcano,

In a dying mountain.

Let it go now.

Is it better to clench the rising magma,

The boiling water and its acid steam

Inside your sour chest,

As we unearth that coffin,

And pry it open it before the sun and every eye?

