

## Boxes

A parcel in between, box A and package B  
A chockablock, hollow cube on wheels  
No pressure, no critique, box 1, box 2, box 3  
All lies are telling me it's human  
And what I witness in my dreams, I bury in the morning  
I lost a lot of faith, In the time I was born in  
But if the planets do align, I'd hesitate to jump  
Divided by a hook, digging into my gums

Stacking dishonesty, box C and package D  
A vacuous backdrop and debris  
What's your identity? Box 1 box 2 box 3  
I follow anyone who leads me  
And what I witness in my dreams, I bury in the morning  
I lost a lot of blood in the waves I was born in  
But if the planets do align I'd hesitate to jump  
Divided by a hook digging into my gums

In the lower middle of the stack  
A cardboard ceiling bounces back  
Raining pulp, while the floor falters down  
Holding on to the rebel shadow boxing in your eyes  
There's an ad for everyone, a virtual line to order  
A price on every son but a lower price on a daughter  
A priceless price on a tongue, a vertical line to order  
A perpetual rerun, a demented recorder