## Serving

## by David Ackley

The judge hands him a small packet that says, "For later." He is consigned to a box with square holes.

Patience is mandated.

The light is doused. The dark is doused by the light. He is thrown food and throws it back.

This goes on until it doesn't

He forgets his family then decides he never had one

There is a paucity of fauna

Time may or may not pass

The packet in his pocket is frayed he decides "later," might be "now," and opens the packet to save it

It unfolds in even folds across box, halls, blocks. It adapts, blends, mimics, abides, fills oceans with its emptiness deserts with its waiting

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he swallows his serving of time