

# 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

he swallows his serving of time

