

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

