

The Boxes

At night, I watch the little boxes of theatre,
The windows, lit up in the dark of people's lives,
Our Promethean moments in defiance of the sun,
Or perhaps it's homage, every single evening,
A wild rebellion of nature's force trapped in wires,
Floors on floors, doors opening and closing,
Figures coming and going, idle and quick,
Flickering pictures of doom on walls,
Reporting the demise of all men instantly,
Dressing, undressing, cross-dressing, dressing gowns,
Short and long, with nothing underneath,
Washed clean, surrendered and baptised by the city,
Our cement life-boxes are the urban sculpture,
Inhabiting immovable snail-shells that will outlive us,
Caves of stone-dust decorated from the inside,
By paint, and plastic treats, and technology tangling,
The bulbs that grow, glow of light,
And sometimes we watch each other
Across the dark, in silence, by mistake,
Like in a strange inverted zoo filled with people,
Blind to our own reflection on the pane,
The mirrored image inside our shell the same