

THE EMPTY BOX



I put inside its four brown walls, the dream within my heart.
I swear that my friend confidence and I shall never part.
I build my hopes up to the skies and pray they never fall.
I wonder if this perfect wish is really worth it all.
I give it my deepest side and the sincerest of my thoughts.
And yet I feel this small brown square is still an empty box.

–Tammy J. Blair

