

## **My Mind Is a Storage Room**

There's this empty box,  
It's stored in this room,  
With many other boxes.  
Some are open with things spilling out of them.  
And some are taped shut with contents that  
are never to be unsealed.  
Some have been completely gotten rid of,  
Whether by force or by the fault of time.  
But this one box.  
It's plain,  
and it's brown,  
and it's been sitting there for a year.  
It's odd though,  
I recall it having bright colors painted on it,  
with laughter and joy spilling out of the edges.  
The paint has been removed,  
the contents have long ago stolen,  
and robbed from the once vivacious box.  
So the box now sits there empty,  
Placed carefully on its shelf.  
With the sole purpose of collecting dust.  
This box is never going to be filled again,  
and I don't ever want it to be.  
But it will sit there nevertheless,  
because I can't bear to touch it again,  
But I can't bring myself to get rid of it.  
So there it sits.  
Empty.  
Collecting dust in the back of my mind,  
with faded memories haunting its aging cardboard edges.