

The Box

I give shape to your thinking
And form your understanding.

I can be rigid, resistant
To shrinking or expanding;
I am a marker to outline
Your position
To give you structure
And definition.

I discipline ideas,
I convey opinions as fact.
I am the rules of the game,
The solutions must fit a format.
To the picture I am the frame,
I am the non-compete clause,
The justification,
The reason,
The because.

I am the Box.
I was here first and I found you
Then with experience you found me.
But I am not a barrier.
I set the goal lines as a boundary.
I am perforated for you to breathe
I tried to be the one
To get things done,
But now I see
You intentionally,
Want to think outside of me?

Don't view me
As inherently evil.
A revolution isn't needed
Nor an upheaval
To overthrow me.
If you work with me.
If you coerce me
I won't resist.
You can know me
And find me willing
To co-exist.

I am the box,

At times a radical
At times orthodox.
I am not a coffin.
View me as a present
Wrapped in wonder
A gift exchangeable
Expandable,
Understandable,
Whose contents may shift
During flight,
Protect me from extreme
Temperature, pressure
And light.
And always remember,
My doctrine is fair,
Respect my stature
And handle with care.

I am the box
Sometimes seen as a paradox
A riddle with a word to the wise.
Solve me but do not compromise.
I may not be appreciated.
I'm taken for granted, depreciated
Even though I have a flexible interior,
I am durable, superior
To withstand the constant
Challenges to my authority.
I am the template
With seniority.

I am the box
I have value.
I am the prize.
To discard me,
To disregard me
Could lead to your demise.
In time, you will recognize
That outside of me lies,
Another box of a different size.

Copyright © 2004 Orlando Ceaser