F. J. Bergmann - Containers

My father rests in a diminishing multitude of the brown paper boxes he used to bring home from work, nested like hollow dolls, each barely smaller than the last, creating a smooth suction when removing them, a pillow of air on insertion. We did not ask whether it was permitted for him to take them. Those boxes are no longer available. We never learned what their purpose was. The final box is empty; he must be inside another box somewhere else. He could barely contain himself.

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