

To the Box

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To the Box

Shaina Kuper

Oh how it's music to my ears.
The rustling, almost broke,
Box fan.

When I am too hot in bed,
It's there to cool my skin.

When my brain is rustling,
It's there to remind me of
The sounds only a fan-lover would enjoy.

Instead of the awkward silence
And the tension between me and my bed,

The propellers sing me a lullaby;
And all I see is black.

Maybe dust too.