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## The Box

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## The Box

Ryan Frabizio

A green plastic golf tee  
a white ceramic chess piece  
an aging coin for fifty cents  
and a thin filmy paper  
bearing the Chinese for peace  
pinned down by a small conch shell:  
the world's most pathetic treasure  
all in this small hollow wood in my palm.

His eyes were green and still yet bright  
as when the sun reflects the sea.  
They never dulled  
but went from kindled to ash  
in less than a night  
leaving my life.

Letting go, heavy with woe  
the little wooden submarine dives  
carrying down its curious cargo  
as his ashes swirl in milky waves  
as if trying to open the hatch  
or to sneak and peek in  
to see what we left  
to rest with him.