

The Box

By Ron Prasad

The inherited walls of invisibility, bearing down on all sides like an old glass telephone booth. Only instead of panes, they are composed of transparent bricks. Some of them I have laid myself, others have been put there for me. A custom built prison cell made just for me. My eyes absorb the world revolving on its opposing side, yet I cannot escape. In this particular glass booth, there is no telephone. No way to reach the universe outside. Laws, belief, and ritual, which have gone unchanged for centuries, make up each translucent brick. And fear mortars the space within. I see people passing by quite often, but they do not see me, for they live in their own boxes, I suppose. I wonder: how long have you been in your box? How far can you see into the horizon? Sometimes I hear the sounds outside, other times the silence is maddening. But I am aware there is an existence outside of my box; besides, I am outgrowing it at an astounding pace. This morning I woke up with a sledgehammer next to me. Where it came from, I do not know. Maybe it's all a dream. I like to believe I had willed it to be there. Perhaps it was a gift. Today I'm going to enjoy the view through my box, and let the sounds outside burn into my memory. Tomorrow, I will shatter the bricks and taste the air on the other side. And then...

I will be free.