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This Thy Bounty

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THE sealing of the cardboard boxes
On the floor of the back corridor
Stainless steel sinks silently stare
In the glimmer of civil twilight

This harvest will feed a fortunate few
Rushed to the table awaiting
The airborne cargo
Bobs in floats of slushy ice

Lazarus boxes travel under weary eyes
Sealed with clear packing tape
Screeching with each tear
Jagged edges sever pieces with finality

Screech, rip, cut
The roll moves swift and smooth
Shut—close—seal
Relentless ritual

Overlapping layers of plastic encircle
Precious gifts splendidly wrapped in red
Each box on the corridor floor waits
Glowing with a halo of incandescent light

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