

A Place Without Boxes

There is a place so strange and unfamiliar to me
and in it lie boxes strewn about
Boxes of various shapes and sizes, some showing honor
and some brazen with no respect
Decorations adorn a few
others seem repulsive and meant to abhor
To someone each box is what I am
and therefore where I can always be found
But there is another place, a secret place
a place where a few dear friends can come
There they leave their boxes at the door
and kiss each day, so freshly made
There they touch friend to friend, heart to heart
for both they and I have gone on from days before
There they know me for where I am at the moment
and in such a place we both can fellowship
In such a place boxes are not fitting or at home
here they need not file me or pre-know my place
Nor do I wish a box upon them
for flowing water allows no container
Stereotypes can not come here, and expectancies have no place
here we are blissful, eager to drink the River today
These dear friends, and I, need only love and acceptance
love because He is, and He is that to us
And acceptance, for we are not with a view
to box or change one another
We need only to be in love with the Source of Love
and therefore know to just live is a lovely thing.