

Boxes

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Boxes. Such simple things, but so many interpretations. Not all boxes are made of wood, plastic, cardboard, but also can be imaginary.

When I was going through a particularly bad time in my life, I found night-time to be the most troubling for me. I think it was the dark and silence that made my mood low and I began to think of things I couldn't face. I invented an imaginary box with a key in my head; in it I put all the dark thoughts and locked them away until morning. Usually with the dawn and light they didn't seem so insurmountable, and I unlocked the door of my imaginary box and set them free and found that I was indeed able to deal with the problems that I found so unsolvable during the sleepless nights.

I found that there was another box. Not such a dark forbidding one but one that made me happy. I was travelling on the bus with my two grandchildren. It was a rainy day, and the windows were steamed up. I noticed that my grandson was writing things on the cloudy windows. On watching what he was doing I discovered that he was drawing a box and filling it with lines that turned the box into a union jack. I was gobsmacked because when doodling, that was exactly what I drew. Who knew that something as simple as drawing on a window would exhibit such artistic genetic leanings.

Another time that we appear to use a box is how we put people into boxes. At some point we possibly have all been guilty of this when referring to "the homeless" instead of people who are homeless. Forgetting that first and foremost we are human beings, no matter what

our situation and we have all lived lives and are living lives. Remember saying “look outside the box”. It’s surprising what you might find.

Then we have a memory box, the one which contains all our memories. It may contain photographs of family, past and present or mementos of important events in our lives. Certificates of achievements attained love letters, birth and death certificates. All important records of our lives. I have boxes, which have lain unopened for years, possibly because I am not ready to look into them. They might contain some unwanted memories of things I would rather forget. Just as likely they might contain happy memories, but I am not ready to face either ... yet.

The one box we dread entering is the last box in our lives. The only good thing about that is that when we go in there, we’ll know nothing about it!