

Pandora's Box

Here it is.

Shiny and new.

With bundles of lace and pieces of glitter going around the side.

An amusing sight of undiscovered glory with bits of subtle accents along the rim.

What's inside?

Tell me, is it a garden of shining stars?

A collection of bouncing red VY Canis Majoris'?

Or bunches of bright blue Vegas that sparkle across long fields of constellations?

Are there different weeds of twinkly lights that grow next to Astraeus' sensational creations?

Or, do you hold the sky like a canvas with painted winds?

A synchronized pattern of stratocumulus masses with a splash of pastel cirrus clouds.

Is the sun designed with eccentric shapes,

or is it carefully traced with crayons?

Zeus, please, give me a hint.

Is this simply a senseless box?

An assortment of unanswered questions.

Am I observing hidden secrets whose truths are too hard to comprehend?

Be honest, am I holding a capsule full of empty space that you no longer need to defend?

I beg of you!

Your mystery would be kept with me.

Tell me, are there raging fires that can boil the concrete into bits of dust?

Is there an unbearable pressure that can so easily crush the drums of our ears?

Are there turbulent winds that can so easily peel off the layers of the ground?

Do you hold spirits that can silence the buzz of the streets by setting spells and casting curses?

Or, violent waves that hold creatures whose claws have scratched up the ocean floor?

Can these concealed mysteries be so bad?

What can possibly be held in this chest that you can't disclose to me?

Are there tiny nuggets of gold or a river of glistening silver?

Consider me as one of your own.

I'll deliver your mail, clean off your swords, or even dust off your throne!

Hera, reason with him.
Tell him he's wrong.
Athena, let me borrow your sword to crack open the latch.
Fortuna, promise me my luck has stacked upon itself.

Flip the coin.
Spin the wheel.
Declare me the successor.

I am just like you.
Don't take my curiosity as hidden animosity.
I promise I'll share.

I just want to take a peek.
A quick glance.
A glimpse of the grandeur you have guarded for so long.
I can take the weight off your shoulders.

A look inside is all I need.
My fingers can easily grip onto the sides as if it were carved for me to hold.
Blinding lights and shrieking cries creep underneath the tiny opening.

You said it was dangerous.
You warned me of the danger the secrecy closed within this contraption holds.
Well, I guess you get what you ask for.