**Black Box** Nikki Grimes

In case I forgot to tell you,

I’m allergic to boxes:

Black boxes, shoes boxes,

New boxes, You boxes—

Even cereal boxes

Boasting champions,

(It’s all a lie.

I’ve peeked inside

And what I found

Were flakes.)

Make no mistake,

I make no exceptions

For cracker Jack

Or Christmas glitter.

Haven’t you noticed?

I’m made of skeleton,

Muscle and skin

My body is the only box

I belong in.

But you like your boxes

So keep them.

Mark them geek, wimp, bully.

Mark them with china doll, brainiac,

Or plain dumb jock.

Choose whatever

Box you like, Mike.

Just don’t put me in one, son.

Believe me,

I won’t fit.