Fidgeting fingers grip at the creaking mailbox
Reaching for an answer buried by saliva and Scotch Tape.
The envelope is sealed, but the future is both open and closed.

A tug on a fisherman’s line,
A ringing telephone without a number,
The long awaited result of a seventeen-year-old social experiment—
Each predicament purrs with the anticipation
Of solidifying its state.

Truth is though,
They told you to think outside the box because they can’t recognize what goes on inside.
Fill in the corresponding circle, remember?

It’s not aerospace engineering or quantum mechanics,
It’s obedience school,
Conditioning you to keep digging for what they tell you to find.

So open the letter. Read it.
Obliterate two-thirds of your present state:
Accepted or rejected.
But decide for yourself to accept or reject
The contents of a trivial piece of paper.

You’re in the box,
You hold the answers.
Keep them guessing.