THE MAGIC BOX, by Kit Wright

I will put in the box

the swish of a silk sari on a summer night,

fire from the nostrils of a Chinese dragon,

the tip of a tongue touching a tooth.

I will put in the box

a snowman with a rumbling belly

a sip of the bluest water from Lake Lucerene,

a leaping spark from an electric fish.

I will put into the box

three violet wishes spoken in Gujarati,

the last joke of an ancient uncle,

and the first smile of a baby.

I will put into the box

a fifth season and a black sun,

a cowboy on a broomstick

and a witch on a white horse.

My box is fashioned from ice and gold and steel,

with stars on the lid and secrets in the corners.

Its hinges are the toe joints of dinosaurs.

I shall surf in my box

on the great high-rolling breakers of the wild Atlantic,

then wash ashore on a yellow beach

the colour of the sun.