

The Magic Box

By Kit Wright

I will put in the box

The swish of a 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 Lucerne,
A leaping spark from an electric fish.

I will put in the box

Three violet wishes in Gujarati,
The last joke of an ancient uncle,
And the first smile of a baby.



I will put in the box

A fifth season and a black sun,
A cowboy on a broomstick
And a witch on a white horse.

My box is made 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.

Follow the link below to listen to the author Kit Wright perform his poem.

<https://www.bbc.co.uk/bitesize/clips/zkpmhyc>

