

## 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.