

The Magic Box

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 in 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 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 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.

by Kit Wright