

# The Magic Box



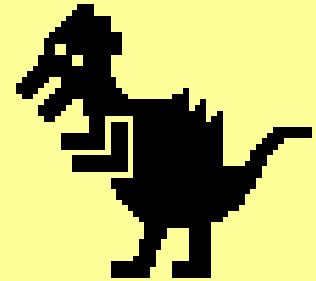
By Kit Wright

# 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

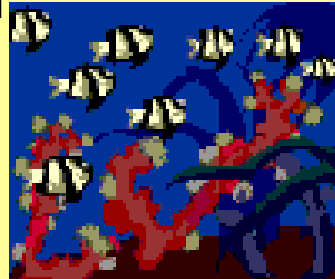
a snowman with a  
rumbling belly



a sip of the bluest water  
from Lake Lucerne,

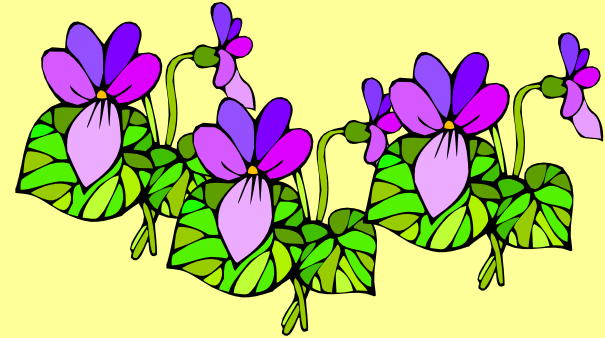


a leaping spark from an  
electric fish.



# I will put in the box

three violet wishes  
spoken in Gujarati,  
(É, Ê, Ë,)



the last joke of an  
ancient uncle,



and the first smile of a  
baby.

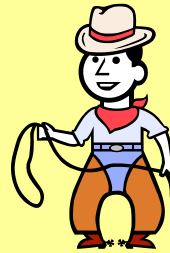


# I will put into the box

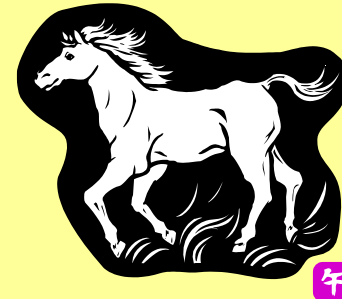
a fifth season and a  
black sun,



a cowboy on a  
broomstick



and a witch on a white  
horse.



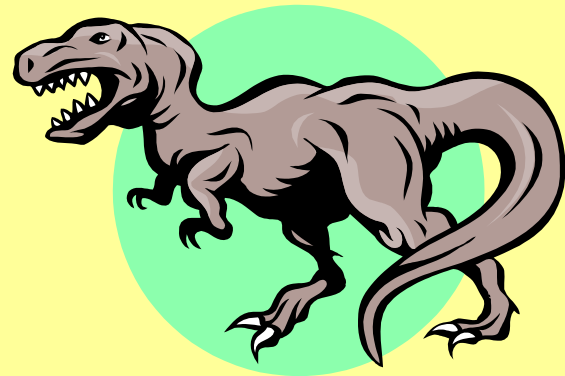
My box is fashioned  
from ice and gold and  
steel,



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.

