

Poem: 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.



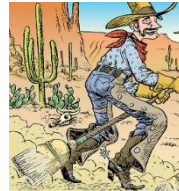
**I will put in the box**

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,  
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.



My Magic Box Poem

I will put in the box

---

---

I will put in the box

---

---

I will put in the box

---

---

My box is made with \_\_\_\_\_

With \_\_\_\_\_

Its hinges \_\_\_\_\_

