

## The Magic Box

I will put in the box  
the chirp of a new born baby bird,  
the vivid colours of a Pride festival.

I will put in the box  
a broken heart crying for a loved one,  
the bitter taste of a juicy lemon.

I will put in the box  
the mouth-watering smell of freshly baked hot dogs,  
the sweetness of popcorn  
and the toxic taste of sour candy.

I will put in the box  
a black sun and a 25<sup>th</sup> hour,  
a farmer on a ship,  
and a pirate on a tractor.

My box is fashioned from wizardry and fire and gust,  
its lock is a lioness protecting its cubs,  
its corners are dead ends not letting the secrets escape.

I shall sing in my box  
7 rings creating a circle,  
Grillz marching around loudly,  
And beautiful adventures yet to be discovered.

By Bethany

