

The Magic Box by Cole



I will put in the box
the bang of pots and pans clashing together,
the smell of ashes from the enraged volcano,
the terrific taste of the tongue-soothing toffee.

I will put in the box
the dance of the trees as the wind barges through them,
the blinding flashes of a thunderstorm ,
the sadness of a broken heart.

I will put in the box
the heavenly smell of a Sunday dinner,
the tallest skyscraper reaching up to the clouds,
and the smallest atom unseen by the eye.



I will put into the box
an eighth continent and a 13th month,
a king on a tractor,
and a farmer on a throne.



my box is fashioned from fire wind and ice,
with warriors in each corner protecting its promises.
its hinges are doorways leading to a new path.

I shall read in my box,
Letting my imagination fly free,
Then I can spread my wings.

