



The Magic Box by Hollie

I will put in the box
The deafening crash of thunder striking down,
The tip toe of a baby's first steps,
Rippling rivers flowing relentlessly.



I will put in the box
The chimes of the clock as it beckons the congregation to church,
A single tear falling from a grieving widow,
The glistening of Dumbledore's enchanted wand.

I will put in the box

The grains of sand creeping beneath my toes,
The sweetness of the ripe strawberry,
And the bitter taste of a sour lemon.



I will put in the box

An eighth continent and a black moon,
An astronaut on a throne,
And a queen on the moon,



My box is fashioned from magic and mystery,
It is a dream never to be discovered,
Its lid is a tsunami hiding its secrets,

I shall imagine in my box,

Envisage a world of kindness and compassion,
Then I shall stay there, safe in my paradise.