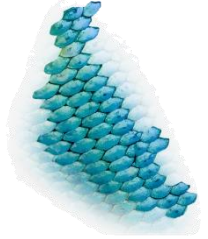


The Magic Box by Lacey

I will put in the box
A loud crash of thunder as the storm tears through,
A scale of an enchanted mermaid,
The deafening drums beating dramatically.



I will put in the box
The dance of the wind as it weaves through the trees,
The radiant colours of the rainbow,
The laughter of a heart that is full.



I will put into the box
The swishing of the soothing waves,
The sweetness of a juicy watermelon,
And the sourness of a bitter blackberry.



I will put into the box
A 25th hour and a 6th element,
A king cleaning shoes and a poor man in a castle.

My box is formed from fire, ice, earth and water,
Its hinges are the doorways to a lost world yet to be discovered.

I shall dream in my box in the tropical rainforest,
And dream as I wash ashore to the Atlantic Ocean.
Then one day my wishes might come true.

