The Magic Box

I will put in the box
A loud reream of a person
like a reream of a reare.

I will put in the box

The clock chiming telling people when the church starts.

The whispering wind blowing in the air.

I will put in the box

The lonely house standing still at the top of the hill.

The wind blowing the trees as the trees were frightened.

I will put in the box

The crunch of a /weet

And the bitter juice of a lemon

Its lock is a solider fighting to protect its life.
Its hinges are the doorway to a last word to be discovered.

By Malachi Y6