

The Magic Box

I will put in my box
The sparkling water of the sea.
The trees swaying in the soft wind.
The cuddle of my sister

I will put in my box
The shimmering water of a lake.
The soft trickles of rain.
The greenest grass from an oval.

I will put in my box
The warmest wool from the fluffiest sheep.
A fireman wearing a tutu
And a ballerina putting out a fire.

My box is fashioned from flowers, rubbers, and pencils.
With books on the lid and feathers in the corners.
Its hinges are the sticks from trees.

I shall fly in my box
Down Mount Everest
Then land in a tree as green as grass on a bright winters day.

From Luca Broadbent

