

# The Magic Box

by Kit Wright

I will put in the box  
The swish of a silk sari on a summer night,  
Fire from the nostrils of a Chinese dragon,  
The tip of a tongue touching a tooth.

I will put in the box  
A snowman with a rumbling belly,  
A sip of the bluest water from Lake Lucerne,  
A leaping spark from an electric fish.

I will put into the box  
Three violet wishes spoken in Gujarati,  
The last joke of an ancient uncle,  
And the first smile of a baby.

I will put into the box  
A fifth season and a black sun,  
A cowboy on a broomstick,  
And a witch on a white horse.

My box is fashioned from ice and gold and steel,  
With stars on the lid and secrets in the corners,  
Its hinges are the toe joints of dinosaurs.

I shall surf in my box  
On the great high-rolling breakers of the wild  
Atlantic,  
Then wash ashore on a yellow beach,  
The colour of the sun.

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**Answer these.**

1. When does the sari swish?
2. What language is the wishes spoken in?
3. Who has the last joke?
4. Where does the box take you to?
5. Why do you think it is a magic box?

**Have a think about these questions, chat with your family or a partner.**

1. What do you think this poem is about? Why? This is your opinion.
2. What do you notice about this poem? (Look and listen)
3. Are there any words you particularly like that are included in this poem? Why?
4. Is there any figurative language in this poem? What types do you see?

Extension: Illustrate the poem if you wish! 😊