**The Magic Box**

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 electric fish.

I will put in the box

a fifth season and a black sun,

a cowboy on a broomstick,

and a witch on a white horse.

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.