

The Magic Box

I will put in the box. . .

The swish of an eagle's wing in the sky beyond the white clouds,

The last flicker of a candle,

The loud thunder rumbling in the horizon.

I will put in my box. . .

The sweet scent of honey,

The beating heart of the earth,

And the menacing laugh of a hyena.

I will put in my box. . .

The chuckle of a thousand members of the world,

The pant and puff of a billion breaths,

The sing song of a hundred song birds,

The crack of twigs as footsteps explore their surroundings.

I will put in my box. . .

The kindness of a pure-heart,

The strength of a male ox,

And the moonlight hitting the ground like a bullet being shot.

My box is fashioned from topaz and rose gold,

Sealed with the dark blue sapphire.

And wolf fur on the lid and the deepest, darkest secrets in the mysterious corners.

The hinges are made from the frozen claws of a polar bear.

I shall fly over the summit of Mount Vesuvius,

Then I shall land on the ash-covered floor as black as the night in Italy.

Written by: Maya