

The Magic Box

In the box I'll leave, my treasure chest,
I'll leave that which defines me best:

The mellow tone of a clarinet
Colours in its sound, rich purple velvet,
And steaming red, fiery Thai soup, leaping into the dark night.

In the box I'll leave, my treasure chest,
I'll leave that which defines me best:

The bitter taste of lemons, screwing up your eyes and blinding you to the world
The first, quiet drop of rain from a violent purple cloud before the crescendo that is the monsoon
The hills, covered with trees, wise and old, humble and beautiful

In the box I'll leave, my treasure chest,
I'll leave that which defines me best:

The texture of wet, dewy grass as I lie back, basking in the feeling of owning the world
The miracle of a doe, standing strong, unafraid
Eyes of deep chocolate seeing through my stories and into my heart

In the box I'll leave, my treasure chest,
I'll leave that which defines me best:

The first spark of hope as the fire begins to catch, the surge of warmth it will bring.
The oil painting that is the sea at sunset, bursting with colour and yet portraying fatigue...
The sea sleeps, though moonlit nymphs eerily dance on the surface, and wonders still lurk beneath

My box is fashioned from the glass of joyous tears,
Stories dance on the surface; the candle within holds life and vitality
Wonder ensnares the user – people have lived lives in my box

I shall guard my precious box
And occasionally slip inside
To join the stories I have created
In my daydreams, in my world.

By Emma Rawicz-Szczerbo