

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 into the box

A snowman with a rumbling belly,
A sip of the bluest water from Lake Lucerene,
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.

ચોહાનની લખેલી સુવાર્તા

૧ આદિએ શબ્દ હતો, અને શબ્દ દેવની સંધાતે હતો, અને શબ્દ દેવ હતો. ૨ તે જ આદિએ દેવની સંધાતે હતો. ૩ તેનાથી સઘળું ઉત્પન્ન થયું; એટલે જ કંઈ થયું છે તે તેના વિના ઉત્પન્ન થયું નહિ. ૪ તેનામાં જીવન હતું; તે જીવન માણસોનું અજવાળું હતું. ૫ તે અજવાળું અંધારામાં પ્રકાશ છે; પણ અંધારાએ તેને સ્વીકાર્યું નહિ. ૬ દેવે મોકલેલો એક માણસ આવ્યો. તેનું નામ 'ચોહાન' હતું. ૭ તે શહેરીને સારુ આવ્યો કે અજવાળા વિષે તે શહેરી આપે, એ માટે કે સર્વ તેનાથી વિશ્વાસ કરે. ૮ તે તો તે અજવાળું ન હતો, પણ તે અજવાળા વિષે શહેરી આપવાને તિ આવ્યો હતો].

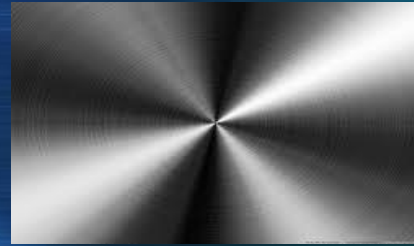


I will put into the box

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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‘The Magic Box’ – Kit Wright

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Now it's your turn

Close your eyes and imagine your own magic box.

- What is it made out of?
- What thoughts/feelings/emotions/objects will you put in it?

Think carefully about things that are important to you...

Sounds, feelings, places, tastes, thoughts, beautiful things, smells