

The Magic Box

By Liadan Hennesy-Goodwin

I will put in the box

the cuddle of my favourite toy,

the first sparkle of a burning, gooey, crispy marshmallow,

the tingle of the Holy Communion bread.

I will put in the box

A shimmering scale from a mermaid out of the sea,

the swish of my Holy Communion dress as I walked down the aisle,

the wish of the willow in the silent wind.

I will put in the box

a colossal feather of a furious albatross,

the tick of a clock that's as old as time,

the smell of freshly made cookies.

**My box is made from pure gold and ferocious
flaming fire**

**with shooting stars on the lid and emotion in
the corners.**

Its hinges are baby unicorn wings.

