

SNOW AND ICE POEMS (III)

Winter
morning.
Snowflakes
for breakfast.
The street
outside
quiet
as a
long
white
bandage.

From *Sky in the Pie* by Roger McGough

The Magic Box *Kit Wright*

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 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.
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.

Last Night, I Saw The City Breathing
Last night, I saw the City breathing
Great Gusts of people,
Rushing in and
Puffing out
Of Station's singing mouths
Last night, I saw the City laughing,
Take-Aways got the giggles,
Cinemas split their sides,
And Living Rooms completely creased themselves!
Last night, I saw the City dancing.
Shadows were cheek to cheek with brick walls,
Trains wiggled their hips all over the place,
And the trees
in the breeze,
Put on a show for an audience of windows!
Last night, I saw the city starving.
Snaking Avenue smacked her lips
And swallowed seven roundabouts!
Fat office blocks got stuffed with light
And gloated over empty parking lots.
Last night, I saw the City crying.
Cracked windows poured falling stars
And the streets were paved with mirrors.
Last night, I saw the City sleeping
Roads night-dreamed,
Street Lamps quietly boasted,
'When I grow up, I'm going to be a star!'
And the Wind,
Like a cat,
Snoozed in the nooks of roofs.