

# My Box

- by Gillian Clarke -

My box is made of golden oak,  
my lover's gift to me.  
He fitted hinges and a lock  
of brass and a bright key.  
He made it out of winter nights,  
sanded and oiled and planed,  
engraved inside the heavy lid  
in brass, a golden tree.

In my box are twelve black books  
where I have written down  
how we have sanded, oiled and planed,  
planted a garden, built a wall,  
seen jays and goldcrests, rare red kites,  
found the wild heartsease, drilled a well,  
harvested apples and words and days  
and planted a golden tree.

On an open shelf I keep my box.  
Its key is in the lock.  
I leave it there for you to read,  
or them, when we are dead,  
how everything is slowly made,  
how slowly things made me,  
a tree, a lover, words, a box,  
books and a golden tree.