**A Box and a Key**

A box.

Trapped were her words

High upon a shelf.

No one could reach them.

No one knew what was inside.

Tip toes and wandering eyes.

Fingertips and high hopes.

Stories and secrets,

All stored in a box.

A key.

The magic laid upon her chest.

In clear sight.

Yet no one knew the magic power.

No one knew the secret strength.

Graceful touches

Upon the key.

Fingerprints leave evidence.

Push and turn;

And the box will be set free.

A box.

What is right and what is wrong?

Knowledge placed out of hands reach.

All stories kept secret.

All secrets kept hidden,

The key in eyes view,

With stories and secrets of its own.

A box and a key.

Too much for one to bear.

Upon her chest lies the key.

Upon the shelf lies the box.

No one knowing what lies inside.

By, Danielle Retterer