

**Bourne**  
**toWrite...**  
creative writing  
workshops

## The Box

by Paul Hunter

As I turned round the corner.  
I was quite in awe  
of the giant rectangular box.  
Wedged outside my door.

Upon the red silk ribbon  
as I began to pull.  
The box it tilted slightly,  
I don't think it's very full.

I stretched my arms out wide,  
to get a better grip.  
Oh God this is annoying.  
I think I'm going to slip.

Now I'm really angry.  
I'm going to lose my cool.  
Oh God this is annoying.  
I really need a tool.

Armed with a Stanley knife.  
I'm ready to attack.  
The box is at my mercy.  
There is no turning back.

Shards of paper, cardboard and ribbon.  
Are strewn for all to see.  
So what was actually in it?  
Nothing. It's bloody empty!