

The Magical Door

I opened the magical door and saw
a world turned upside down:
the sea, now a floating ceiling,
the clouds, an inviting carpet.

I opened the magical door and saw
the reflection of myself:
standing, searching, staring,
questioning how this was possible.

I opened the magical door and saw
a sweet-treat paradise:
clouds of candy floss,
drifting across a bubble-gum sky.

I opened the magical door and saw
a field of waves:
blue potatoes were leaping,
playing in white foam,
as puzzled farmers watched from sunny shores.

I opened the magical door and saw
the image of a street I used to know,
but as I entered, everything changed;
as I reached out, everything had gone.

I opened the magical door and saw
a forest of mirrors,
surrounding me in dazzling white light,
leading me into a world of mystery.

I opened the magical door and saw
a feast of my favourite foods
guarded by monster chips
waiting to fight off all invaders.

I opened the magical door and saw
monstrous mobile phones
herding people into little houses
and laughing, laughing, laughing.

I opened the magical door and saw
the future.