

The Welcome Box

To welcome you to our school,
I'd like to give to you this gift,
It's a small, regular box, nice and snug,
But it's a curious little thing...

Now before you receive this box,
You must declare a promise:
That, as nail is to flesh, you are responsible for it,
And time is spent to cherish.

Regrettably, you must use your imagination with this box,
If you find this hard, it might cause you frustration,
But be not afeared of this failure! Allow me:
There are many great images - look here, I'll give you some inspiration...

I like the images of the past - and here's one I'll show you,
Perched atop somber-skied Conwy, Bodysgallen's great hall, commanding all,
Brewing brimful a dreamy hearth, overmantels and caryatids,
Great atlas of respect, and wisdom wall to wall.
Out of this small box I pick up a bow
Belonging to a Brandenburger's violoncello!
Confident in its spring and bouncing thrice a beat,
And honest to the music, its charm is mellow.

Yet further back still do I find,
The soul-ripping tongue of the great red dragon,
In a blaze of resilience, it cries out for freedom
Beguiled only by the Sophist's flagon

And yet seldom does it lay laurel-bedecked,
On goes the tales and dreams and wonders,
Independent of its fellow serpent cousins,
On its own path it strikes out in thunder.

For now, I shall end my interlocution about this box
(I'll leave you for yourself to reveal the rest)
Let it serve as a reminder to you,
That there beats a heart behind the purple crest...