

## Cross-out Poem

On boxing day I am partial to box,  
The box is something unexpected,  
Concealed and exiting, with complex pieces.  
Fortunes hide inside boxes.  
Boxes represent surprise,  
I can't find something better to do.  
Jack the Ripper sent half a victim's kidney,  
Packed in a cardboard box. Imagine the shock,  
Collecting it from the sorting office,  
Shrunk to look more walnut than offal.