

Name \_\_\_\_\_

## The Key to Imagination's Door

In a hidden corner of my mind,  
A door concealed, impossible to find.  
It guarded secrets untold, you see,  
A world of wonder, pure and free.  
One day, a glimmer caught my eye,  
A key, forgotten, nearby did lie.  
Its metal gleamed with promise bright,  
A chance to unlock the door to light.  
I grasped the key with trembling hand,  
Imagination's gate at my command.  
I turned the lock with bated breath,  
And entered a realm untouched by death.  
Colors danced in skies so high,  
Creativity soared, kissed the sky.  
Ideas blossomed like flowers in spring,  
A symphony of thoughts took wing.  
I met characters bold, both near and far,  
Some made of dreams, like a shining star.  
They whispered tales of distant lands,  
And shared their dreams, held in their hands.  
The landscapes shifted, ever-changing,



Name \_\_\_\_\_

A canvas of stories, rearranging.

The key had unlocked a boundless space,

Where imagination set the pace.

But as the hours passed me by,

The world began to fade, I couldn't deny.

I turned the key, retraced my track,

Leaving behind the world, not looking back.

Yet, the key remains within my grasp,

A portal to dreams, a timeless clasp.

For in my mind, the door's ajar,

A gateway to creativity, near and far.

