

# Storytime

## Simon Poole

'Twas the night before,  
When all through the world,  
No words, no dreams  
Then one day,  
A writer by a fire  
Imagined all of Gaia  
Took a journey into a child-man's heart...  
A painter on the shore  
Imagined all the world  
Within the snowflake on his palm  
Unframed by poetry  
A canvas of awe  
Planet Earth falling back in to the stars...  
I am the voice of Never-Never-Land,  
The innocence, the dreams of every man,  
I am the empty crib of Peter-Pan,  
A silent kite against the blue, blue sky,  
Every chimney, every moonlit sight  
I am the story that will read you real,  
Every memory that you hold dear  
I am the journey,  
I am the destination,  
I am the home

The tale that reads you  
A way to taste the night,  
The elusive high  
Follow the madness,  
Alice, you know once did  
Imaginarium, a dream emporium  
Caress the tales  
And they will dream you real  
A storyteller's game,  
Lips that intoxicate  
The core of all life  
Is a limitless chest of tales...  
I am the voice of Never-Never-Land,  
The innocence, the dreams of every man,  
I am the empty crib of Peter-Pan,

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Every chimney, every moonlit sight  
I am the story that will read you real,  
Every memory that you hold dear  
I am the voice of Never-Never-Land,  
The innocence, the dreams of every man,  
Searching heavens for another earth...

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