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,

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 voice of Never-Never-Land,
The innocence, the dreams of every man,
Searching heavens for another earth...

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