

# Storytime

## Shirley Walker

'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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