

GROVE NIGHT

Phoenix in the tree top, touch these my hands. I've lines to write greater than my song.
I circled the perimeter but all roads end here as if the maps themselves knew all along.

The gates are pure castle, the stairs dark gray stone and the forest wall's as high as the lights.
The scaffolding has the makings of another place and time or a grove night on an arc misted flight.

Chorus: Those Island charms rise like vows, like a merchantman's song works the crowd,
'cause the company's in town.

The players walk in stratagems, the words rainbow fire, an illusion as natural as a child's.
And they pause by the columns and they toss off the truth.
If it's grove night God's painting out loud.

There's a somersault of thunder in a planetary frame. It approaches with the wave of a hand.
And it echoes off the mountains as it sparkles down to the stage. Every word is still under his command.

Dedicated to the memory of the Grove Shakespeare Festival

Copyright ©1993, Garrett Sawyer