

## Night Dream

Kurt Elling

Lonely the roses of Avondaire sing as though somebody  
still may care.

They live only for the dream of living so come follow  
where they will take you there.

I once was apprenticed to a man who was living  
in the eye if the hurricane to know despair,

He knew all the dreams by heart just like sailing in a  
boat of  
crystal silence seeing visions of the world of life  
within a life.

In a turning like a burning came turning  
out of everything stirring and what had begun before

but all wrapped up in one great godly becoming -

Tumbling and fumbling and stumbling  
into bumbling and rumbling along -

whirling it and swirling it and twirling it and hurling  
it  
and overturning it and burning it again.

I shared a whirling dervish out on the side of a hill  
called metaphore vivace  
swinging en route to a nascent solar with the scissored  
visored blizzard wizard  
gizzarding planets and secrets within like an avatar.

While meanwhile in turnstyling and spinning over him  
spells bespeaking kingdoms in the dark

calling me to yield knighting me in a field covered  
with armies  
and with princes. All were signing cannons shining  
pennants flying.

And when he spoke to me he sang and his words really  
rang -  
this child of the knowledge of the beauty of the night  
-

he sang to me of masters passing on of father after  
father after father  
climbing up into the lotus bloom upon the tortoise's  
back

and of grandfathers who danced through their living a  
longer time ago.

He showed me a palace in time in which all the  
talismans  
from all the zeuses swing upon a pendulum of secrets  
in a circle that remembers and when asked a question  
will surren