

In Search of Players

This is the time for memory
to plot its characters in sudden endings,
for bold decisions causing long processions,
cathartic miracles, triumphant weddings,
villains slain and heroes rescued,
lines remembered or invented.
Here's a simple tune for players
dressed in doublets for a season.
There rehearsals by the waters
bring audiences formed in summers.
This is the time for choosing actors
bent to do the will of authors.

Imagine then, how, north of Hebrides,
a score of children took to sea
and rippled west to Greenland in their dreams,
tossing their blankets over tides
to smooth the passages of their desires;
prisoners of impulse seeking cataracts,
consigning bodies to the night
unending, little Vikings trussed
by seaweed, dashed into millenia,
young hopes betrayed as rocking boats
capsized to spill into the depths
the makings of good ocean comedy.

Or how, propelled at dusk on Puget Sound
the deeds of Point Grey students echo far,
ricochet Vancouver Island's shores;
prospective dramas culled from scuttled loves,
strewn beaches, furtive walks with buds
and brambles, flesh to pierce with thorns
where logs astride the tumbling waves
will cannonade some April afternoon
for brides and grooms deployed
about the Province, donned in garb
of understudy pedagogues,
their troupe an acting academia.

So in the grip of such imaginings
we'll scan the landscapes of our hearts,
see flesh and spirit jockey for their parts,
pay court to devils as to angels, joust
with words, advance the lonely
knight to squares of other days.
This is the time for memory, astir,
to track down essences and hidden readings,
for deft incisions into bold decisions,
dramas staged and players curtailed,
lines remembered or invented.

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