



Theatre is a Rhythm Walking Child

An Exclusive Poem by Joseph Coelho

Commissioned for the Big Imaginations Festival 2017

Theatre is a rhythm walking child
stomping in a flared suit
of velvet-curtain red,
lighting up the stage
with hands full of surprise
her mouth giggling fairytales.

She is a griot, a Birbal
a trapezing travelling storyteller
of big imagination.
Mashing myths with memories and histories
catapulting you on musical journeys.

She is here,
in this space between seat and stage.
Your touchstone to story,
your turnpike to imagination.

Go with her
she will somersault you
along the edge of the waterside
where your dreams dream of you.

Go with her,
she has frights that will delight,
she has the Boo! That is spot on.

Go with her.
She is theatre,
she jangles the keys to the citadel,
to happily ever afters,
to the wild rumpus
to a joy, a party, a festival
a lesson. A mirror.

Go with her.
She is a body of light
that fades shadow.
That melody, that clarinet, double-bass
that lets you drift in worlds of deep breaths and magic.

Go with her, with him, with them
the players, the singers, the dancers
that place words into the mouth of your soul
through music, through drama, through poetry.

Go with them
because they are you.
Go with them
because you are theatre.
Lean in
because you are welcome.