

Weekend Players

"Alcan Road"

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Open the gate to the red land
Alcan road, by the turquoise lake
Starry skies, a mushroom cloud
Folding waves - in a foamy tide

Washing in beds - of opal shells
White gulls cry - for you and I
Butterflies - float away
Drift over pools - of salt and clay

Mountain man - frosted child
Eagles cry - puppets of god
Strung like time - molded in form
Trees bend back - and trails distort

It leads to the land - of Alcan Road
The turquoise lake - and starry skies
Mushroom clouds - folding waves
Foamy tides - of salt and brine

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