

Great Lakes Myth Society, Nightfall At Electric Park

The lilacs hum against my Schwinn.
There! Lions wait
In the sweet faded grass.
Thunder tumbling and
Rising with the moon
Revolving gates, I slip past.

Down to Electric Park,
Warmer winds are blowing.
Twilight heavy on the road,
Ferries steam across the water.

Evening walks among the crowd.
Palaise de Danse,
Marching drums, swelling brass.
Boardwalk carousel,
A Camelot of lights.
There, lovers wait, holding hands.

Down to Electric Park,
Cable cars are going.
Streetlights heavy on the roads,
Voltage burning in the wires.

Blazing like a Northern star,
Nightfall at Electric Park.
They sail across from Canada.
From April to October they will go

In waves, in pairs, alone!

Down to Electric Park,
Everyone is going.
Moonlight heavy on the road,
Night mosaic on the water.