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## *The Lion Behind The Wardrobe*

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*The Lion Behind The Wardrobe*

## The Lion Behind The Wardrobe

A door opening into dreamtime; grey heather and afternoon tea giving way to  
black trees, solid in the flickering firelight, their dryads slipping  
silent into the bonfire circle: Kings and queens,  
survivors of too many life-and-death battles, gaily laughing  
as they toast their health;

Star-watching centaurs, with eyes focused on the millenia;  
Beavers and badgers; Talking Mice who'll challenge anyone, whether he be  
giant or lion or marshwiggie;

Fauns, eager to be up and trampling down the grass of the Dancing Lawn;  
And sullen dwarves who would shut their eyes to Aslan if he came  
to see them personally, but believe quite earnestly  
in the leg of roast at hand.

A place where grain-speckled gold brushes against a setting sunblue sea  
welcoming the lion-cloaked sailors home, home to feast at Cair Paravel  
celebrating their safe return: From the East, where the stars go to slumber;  
From Calormene, a desert land, where freedom's bought  
at the cost of iced sherbert;

And from Terebinthia, and all the other countries the red lion flies over  
in rustling, commanding dignity.

And the door swings open again: One last look at nighttime and Narnia,  
stars shining over the tower of Miraz's castle, lords and ladies all  
patiently treading the great dance  
until Aslan comes to banish the age.

Dixie Cochran

