

CITY STAGES

a manifesto

At one end, the sound of a guitar dances on a cloud.
The sun is high. Bright notes ring clear and loud.
The faint smell of funnel cake, the golden cold of beer
Two friends who haven't seen each other in so many years
Recollect. And reconnect. At another end a family finds
A place to rest, cold lemonade - the tie that binds,
While a nearby couple celebrates a summer of love
Dances barefoot in a patch of grass, the flapping of a flag
above.

This is not just a festival. Not just a celebration.
This is a coming together
Of alike, and of different
Of sight and color, of myriad tastes
And the art of sound.

This is the neighborhood where we ALL come around.
Where banker stands beside pipe caster,
And the mailman shares a beer with the barber
This is where we meet together, eat together
Shake our souls and dance our feet together.

It's where we let go of all that has wound
Us up like banjo strings, where the burdens
Of our lives drain out like rainwater on soft earth.
This is where Birmingham is at its best.

Where we celebrate a season of optimism and re-birth

This is where Birmingham is one -

Where we, once and for all, are neighbors

For this is City Stages.

And it's not just a festival.

And it's not just a gathering.

And it's not simply another weekend in June

And it's not just about food or tunes

This is one big fresh slice of American pie

All come together to sit on the stoop,

To share a letting down of hair

One great moment of fresh air,

And while we all love it for our own reasons

We all love it. We do.

This is City Stages

You'll find something to love about it too.