

11/2/11

AT WANE OF DAY

AS SHADOWS OF ~~MY~~ MY MINDS EYE PLAY
DANCE UPON MY INNER SPACE

THE CLAMOR ~~OF~~ ^{WINDS} DIAL OF LIFE
SUBSIDES AS LIGHT DIMS
MY GATE TURNS WITHIN

TO WILDT THE TRAILS OF I
HAVE LEFT ON SANDS
~~THE~~ WASH WITH EACH ~~MOON~~ SUN'S
WIND EBB & WAVE

THOSE THOUGHTS WIND I MAY PAINT
WITH SPIRIT BRUSH IN SHARDS OF
STUFF OF SELF ON CANVAS OF MY SOUL & HEART

TO TOUCH MY INNER BEING. THEN.
THE CURTAIN OF GOODBYE PARTS THE TIME THAT
ALAS ARIANT PORTRAIT OF IS WHAT ^{SP-11}
RARE MASTERPIECE OF TIME & WIND
MIGHT BE

FADING TO DARK GRIM DETD
BLUE OF ONE I KNOW

WHO HAS FLEW. LEFT MIND AND GOVT.
WITH SIFT WITHIN OF NO FOUNT. YOU.
THE HOPE ~~LOVE~~^{BOND} CARE WE SHAMP
BASIC WITHIN

WE THINK IN TRUST NOW MUST

LIVE ONLY IN FOR GOOD MIMICRY VOWS
AS NOW THE BLUE MIND ~~LOST~~^{LOST} ~~TRAC~~^{TRAC}
OF OUR ~~LOST~~ LOST LOVE RISES OVER
AGAIN

THE ONLY SPECTOR THAT LIVES
IS THE GHOST OF MIGHT HAVE
BEEN