**I Turn and Fifty Years**

*April 27, 1993*

I turn and fifty years

have danced and

scampered swiftly by.

Twenty thousand times

old Sol has

kissed the morning sky.

Twenty thousand nights

I laid in bed

alone and cried.

Twenty thousand more

until I rest

the day I die.

Can it be

that fateful day

has come

while I

was out?

While my thoughts

of me and mine

of care

and woe

and doubt

Snuffed out

my eyes

my heart

my soul

my life

as one

who counts.

No.

I don't think

or feel

or know

The doom

The death

So dear.

So near

it was

so many times

in that

vale of tears.

Yet now

the path

of life

of love

Shines oh

so sweet

so clear.

Each moment

calls

to the next.

And then

the truth

at last

is here.

There is no time or fear.