**For Gayla: Reflections / On Contemplating a Possible Birth and Death**

*April 24, 1998*

Shall I scale the heights no one dares seek?

Soar beyond this vessel’s Earthbound realm?

Cipher thoughts no mortal can conceive?

Capture the grail no pilgrim yet has found?

Only then could I begin to sing

Of all the joys your essence grants to me.

To this poor heart the worlds your sweet love brings.

The way your eyes meet mine and set me free.

The way your smile lights up the darkest day.

A touch of purest grace. A breath of spring.

The faith your presence in this life conveys

To one who draws strength from your soul. Your previous being.

I pause and mourn those countless days gone by

We’ve cast to winds of self. Oh that we knew!

I see those precious moments left and hope

You know how much I love and cherish you.

Perhaps we finally touch and blend. At last

Our hearts and minds are joined as I move on.

Blended in a life. A seed. A path.

A gift. A blessed child. A world beyond.